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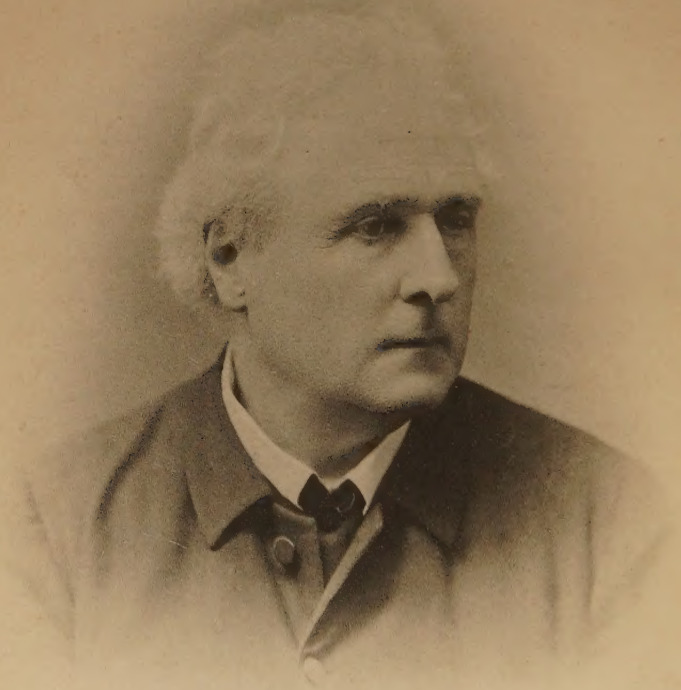


ESSAYS









FATHER IGNATIUS RYDER.

From a Photograph by C. G. Mason.



# ESSAYS

BY

REV. HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER

EDITED BY

FRANCIS BACCHUS

OF THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM

*cc "Ten Personal Studies", by Wilfrid Ward  
#4*

WITH A FRONTISPIECE



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## INTRODUCTION.

HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER was born on 3rd January, 1837. His father, George Dudley Ryder, was at that time a clergyman of the Church of England. His grandfather, Bishop Ryder, after whom he was named Henry, was the first Evangelical to be promoted to the episcopate. He was made Bishop of Gloucester in 1815 amidst a storm of protest on account of his religious views, to which the Government came very near yielding. The hostility of the clergy of his diocese was particularly marked, but it broke down at once before the gentleness and humility of the new bishop. In 1824 he was translated to the See of Lichfield and Coventry. Newman held him in great veneration. He died in 1836. George Ryder married Sophia, daughter of the Rev. John Sargent. The three other Miss Sargents married respectively Samuel Wilberforce, who became bishop first of Oxford and then of Winchester; Henry Wilberforce; and Henry Edward Manning, afterwards Archdeacon of Chichester, and finally Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal.

Fr. Ryder's childhood was passed at his father's rectory at Easton, near Winchester. This is the home described by him with affectionate remembrance in "The Passion of the Past". He lost it in 1844 or 1845, when, on account of Mrs. Ryder's failing health,

the family travelled abroad. Before they returned to England, George Ryder had resigned his living and made his submission to the Catholic Church. Father Ryder's life-long connexion with Newman and the Oratory began as a private pupil, when he was about twelve years old. When he was nearly eighteen he wished to become a member of the Birmingham Oratory, but by his father's advice he delayed carrying out his intention till he had time to think the matter over amidst different surroundings. In consequence he spent the better part of a year at the English College in Rome. He was afterwards for some months at the Catholic University in Dublin, of which Newman was Rector. In December, 1856, he began his Oratorian Noviciate. In 1863 he was ordained Priest. Soon after his ordination he was given charge of the Catholic inmates in a neighbouring workhouse and gaol. Some of his experiences in the latter will be found in the paper entitled "Some Memories of a Prison Chaplain". He was also for many years in charge of the Oratory parish. After Cardinal Newman's death he was elected Superior, and held this office till his health broke down. He died on 7th October, 1907, the last survivor of those whose names are recorded at the end of the *Apologia*.<sup>1</sup>

Two only of the thirteen Papers included in this volume are now published for the first time. These are "Auricular Confession" and "Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*". The former was intended for *The Nineteenth Century* and had actually been set up in type. But it never appeared, because, if the

<sup>1</sup>For a very admirable appreciation both of the man and of his writings the reader may be referred to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Father Ignatius Ryder" (*Ten Personal Studies*, pp. 117 ff.) which originally appeared in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1908.



present writer can trust his memory, Fr. Ryder was not satisfied with it as it stands, and wished to introduce alterations and additions requiring more space than could be allowed. For any shortcomings that he may find in it the reader must lay the blame upon the Editor. The same may be said of the review of Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*. It was never intended for publication, and even the reading of it to a small body of friends was a departure from the fixed habit of reticence which the writer always maintained in regard to the estrangement between Newman and Manning. Though he was by no means naturally a reserved man, on this topic Mr. Purcell's bungling was needed to provoke him even to the extent of communicating his thoughts to a few intimate friends. More than this he could not bring himself to do. With characteristic large-mindedness Cardinal Vaughan wished him, the disciple of Newman, to review Manning's *Life* for the *Dublin*. It was a pity, perhaps, that he could not brace himself to the task. But those who knew him will hardly be surprised that he shrank back from delivering judgment in public upon matters which were more delicate and personal to him than to any other living man. The notes in the Appendix on the controversy with Dr. Ward, though they must, it is feared, prove rather dry reading, will not revive any sad memories. The controversy was a good-humoured sort of *mêlée*, in which hard knocks were given with full confidence that they would be returned in kind without being resented. But there was a serious side to it all which merits attention. Dr. Ward was the leading spirit of a section of English Catholics who were very

intolerant of those who did not share all their opinions. Like a child who pictures to itself a king as a man always seated upon a throne, and always wearing a crown, so Dr. Ward seemed to think of the Pope as always employed in exercising his very highest prerogative. Without a shadow of misgiving he laid it upon the consciences of the readers of the *Dublin* to accept opinions which at this distance of time seem extraordinarily crude. In justice to him and those who agreed with him,<sup>1</sup> it must be remembered that the questions with which he was dealing had been long in abeyance, and their complicated character was only gradually being realised by the men of his generation. "It is difficult," wrote Fr. Ryder, many years afterwards, "to do justice to the extent of the ignorance that prevailed as to the intrinsic merits of the controversy, both amongst Dr. Ward's partisans and amongst mine."

The letters from Dr. Russell printed at the end of the Appendix are given without any note or comment, though on one or two points their writer seems to have misunderstood Fr. Ryder. They are given as specimens of many other letters which he received at

<sup>1</sup> A pamphlet, *When Does the Church Speak Infallibly?* by the Rev. T. F. Knox, was published in 1867. The present writer has not this pamphlet before him, but its general tendency can be inferred from the following facts: (1) It was intended to mark its author's disapproval of Fr. Ryder's views (see *Dublin Review*, July, 1868, p. 316); (2) Dr. Ward found in it a confirmation of "all the principles for which this Review (i.e. the *Dublin*) has been so long contending" (*Dublin*, June, 1867, p. 213). Some years later Fr. Dalgairns in a very touching letter, in the course of which he said, "to differ from Fr. Newman is the one great sorrow of my life," declared that he adhered "entirely to this excellent treatise". This letter was written in 1870 to defend Newman against a bitter and personal attack made upon him in the *Univers*, in connexion with his letter to the Bishop of Birmingham (*Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. i., pp. 226, 227).

the time. All his correspondents agreed that Dr. Ward was doing much harm. They all, like Fr. Ryder, aimed at a punctilious following of the teaching of "the classic theologians". None of them called into question the great doctrine which a few years later was defined at the Vatican Council. Yet such men were often called "anti-Roman," "Gallicans," "liberal Catholics," and the like.

"'Sir, devil take me, if man, or giant, or knight appears for all this of those that your worship mentions; leastways, I do not see them.'

"'How sayest thou so?' answered Don Quixote; 'dost hear not the neighing of the horses, the blare of the trumpets, the beating of the drums?' 'I hear nothing,' said Sancho, 'but a great bleating of ewes and wethers.'—And this was true, for the two flocks had now come near them.

"'The fear thou art in,' said Don Quixote, 'permits thee not to hear aright, for one of the effects of fright is to disturb the senses.' So saying he clapt spurs to Rosinante, and setting his lance in rest descended the hill like a thunderbolt."

The Editor desires to express his thanks to the Editors of the following journals for allowing Essays to be reprinted:—

*The Nineteenth Century, Weekly Register, Dublin Review, Contemporary Review, Macmillan's Magazine.*





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ERRATA.

P. 2, *for* Truchsez *read* Truchsess.

P. 81, l. 3, *for* unknown *read* not known.

P. 244, *for* à l'heure qu'elle est *read* à l'heure qu'il est.

## A JESUIT REFORMER AND POET.

FREDERICK SPEE (1591-1635), Jesuit, social reformer, and national poet—a threefold appellation claiming for its subject qualities very rarely found in combination—should be held, on this account if on no other, deserving of general interest. That he is scarcely known in this country we may conclude from the fact that he is not once mentioned by Mr. Lecky in his account of the witch-burnings,<sup>1</sup> although in Germany his name is inseparably connected with the first successful attempt at their repression.

Jesuits, as both their friends and their enemies will, I take it, admit, are not often either reformers or poets; and the reason is not far to seek. The Jesuit in his normal state is absorbed in the work of individual direction: as regards institutions he is conservative, and concerned to make the best of what he finds. If only he may pursue his apostolic fishing undisturbed, he is inclined to allow the ancient pierheads and breakwaters to stand as long as wind and wave may suffer them. As to poetry, the Jesuit is for the most part without the leisure necessary for its production. Moreover, he commits himself to no course which he cannot pursue with a definite object, and of which he cannot give an account, if called upon, minute by minute. Literature as such, except as a classical exercise for his pupils, has a tendency to irritate him as a possible derogation from the “*unum necessarium*”. In theology, mathematics, physical science, in anything that admits of exact treatment, he is often an adept; but philosophy has of late become too literary and sentimental to engage his sympathy, and as to poetry, even when this is most purely religious, he is inclined to exclaim, in veriest zeal for his Master and not at all in grudging, “*Ut quid perditio*

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Rat. in Eur.*, vol. i.

hæc?" Thus it is that, although there are many hundred volumes of Jesuit verses, these are almost all *ludi* in the learned languages—*i.e.* scholastic exercises, prize poems, etc. With the solitary and partial exception of the poems of the Polish Casimir Surbief, these verses are generally supposed to be little better than creditable performances, without any life or intention beyond the occasion which called them forth.

Besides Fr. Spee, of Jesuit national poets—I mean poets who sang naturally in their native tongue—I can recall no one but the martyr Southwell.<sup>1</sup> He indeed, between the exercises of his thirteen rackings, found certain intervals of enforced leisure, during which, without any scruple, lest he were omitting some more excellent thing, he could pour out his melodious plaints and praises, to his own solace and God's greater glory, in verse which his countrymen would not willingly let die.

Frederick Spee was born in 1591 at Kaiserswerth, near Düsseldorf, in the principality of Cologne. His father, Peter Spee, was seneschal of the little town under the Kurfurst Truchses<sup>5</sup>. He was a staunch and loyal man after a quiet sort, as the one incident recorded of him indicates. At a great banquet of notables, the prince, who was rapidly drifting into Lutheranism in spite of the Emperor's efforts to restrain him, when warm with wine made a violent speech full of the current antipapal slang, and then asked each of his noble guests in turn, with the exception of the Churchmen, if he had not said well. When they had all assented, he turned to Spee, who was in waiting, with "Now, Master Peter, how say you?" Spee answered simply that he was of another mind, receiving his master's rebuke of "Tush, thou art but a fool!" with a quiet laugh. With such a father it need hardly be said that Frederick was brought up a staunch Catholic. There is nothing recorded of his childhood except that he went at an early age to the Jesuit college at Cologne, and that his school career was exceptionally brilliant. In his nineteenth year he entered his two years' novitiate at Trèves.

<sup>1</sup> I do not reckon Spee's contemporary, Angelus Silesius, a Jesuit poet, although both a Jesuit and a poet, seeing that his poetic fame had certainly culminated before he joined the Society.



In 1613, he is teaching grammar and *belles-lettres* in his old college at Cologne, until 1616, when he leaves in order to go through his theological course, returning to Cologne in priest's orders as professor of philosophy in 1621. With the exception of a word now and again of affectionate admiration on the part of superiors and companions, there is no sign to indicate the mighty spiritual growth that was in progress, and which was to become such a beneficent power in the land.

Whilst Spee was engaged in his first professorship (1618) the Thirty Years' War had broken out, and, during the occupation of Paderborn by Christian of Brunswick, the greater part of its burghers, and, generally, of the Westphalian nobility, had become Lutherans. When the country again fell into Catholic hands, Fr. Spee worked as a missionary at Paderborn and Domkanzel, in 1625 and 1626, and was the means of bringing back a large number, especially amongst the Westphalian nobility, to the Church. One incident is recorded of him during this period, too characteristic—I might say too prophetic—to be omitted. He had been called in to prepare a criminal for death. The picture of his past life, so empty of good works, and so choked with evil for which he had made no satisfaction, held the condemned man in a very stupor of despair, from which no efforts of his confessor could rouse him. At last Fr. Spee, almost beside himself with compassion, exclaimed: “You know the labours I have undergone for Christ: all these I freely make over to your account; only be sorry for your sins and grievous offences. Lay hold on Jesus Christ and His merits, and then you can be happy.”<sup>1</sup> The criminal died in peace a true penitent.

The next year, 1627, introduced Spee to the great vocation of his life. Philip Adolf von Ehrenberg, Bishop of Würzburg, obtained him as confessor to the witch-prisons, through which numerous victims had, since the preceding year, been passing to a fiery death.

I must now proceed to give a brief sketch of the monstrous phenomenon, half real, half delusive, of mediæval witchcraft, which, in the form in which Spee came across it, he does not

<sup>1</sup> Merit is not properly transferable; not so good works in their satisfactory character, if God so wills.

hesitate to characterise as the *Hexenwahn*; a madness in which witches, accusers, and judges share alike.

A belief in witchcraft—*i.e.* a system in which, in virtue of a contract explicit or implicit with the Evil One, persons have exercised abnormal powers—has always prevailed largely in the Christian Church, although the preternatural reality of its phenomena has never been authoritatively declared. This cannot be disputed by any one who recollects the patristic tradition regarding the magical powers attributed to Simon Magus.<sup>1</sup> We hear nothing of any ecclesiastical legislation on the subject till the eighth century, when a Council of Paderborn (785) condemned to death “any one who, blinded by the Devil, heathenwise should believe a person to be a witch and man eater, and should on that account have burned him or eaten his flesh, or given it to others to eat”.<sup>2</sup> It is sufficiently noteworthy that this earliest canon on the matter is a condemnation, not of witches, but of witch-burners. Again, in the so-called Canon of Ancyra, most probably from a ninth-century Frank or German capitulary, which made its first appearance in Regino’s collection,<sup>3</sup> witchcraft is treated rather as a delusion than anything else. The witches are condemned for believing or professing “that they ride by night with Diana, goddess of the Pagans, or with Herodias and a countless number of women upon certain beasts, and silently and in the dead of night traverse many lands, obeying her commands as their mistress, and were on certain nights summoned to do her service”. See, too, in the same sense the decree of Auger of Montfaucon, Bishop of Conferans, in the South of France, at the close of the thirteenth century.<sup>4</sup>

Unfortunately for the interests both of humanity and religion, the later mediæval decrees against witchcraft were not framed upon this model. They assumed, on the contrary, as the basis of their estimate of facts, the confessions of the supposed witches—*i.e.* of persons whose imaginations were in

<sup>1</sup> See Justin, *Apol.*, i., 26; Hippolytus, *Refut.*, lib. 6; St. Cyril Hieros., *Cat. vi. Illum.*; St. Max. Tour., *Serm. in Fest. S. Petri.*

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Diel, *Spee, Skizze Biog. und Lit.*, p. 26.

<sup>3</sup> *Circ.* 906.

<sup>4</sup> Montfaucon, *L'Antiq. Expliq.*, lib. iii.

such a condition of abnormal excitement as to render their statements in the main untrustworthy. The result was an infectious kindling of the popular imagination, known as one of the most terrible of the mass-maniacs of the Middle Ages, the *Hexenwahn*.

As I have already implied, the contrast in the character of the legislation of the earlier and later middle ages is not to be accounted for by any change of belief in the reality of witchcraft in general, whatever might be said of certain of its phenomena. The story of Cyprian and Jovita, in the 24th oration of St. Gregory Nazianzen; the famous passage of St. Augustine<sup>1</sup> on the commerce of demons with women, together with the patristic passages, referred to above, on Simon Magus, were accepted as expressing the standard doctrine by such writers as Venerable Bede in the seventh century<sup>2</sup> and by Hincmar, the most enlightened and ablest of the Frank bishops in the ninth century.<sup>3</sup> Various suggestions have been made by way of accounting for the growth of witchcraft, real or putative, between the ninth and sixteenth centuries. Such afflictions as the Black Death; the disturbance arising from religious differences; the intoxication of the New Learning, may each have played a part in bringing it about. Sundry of the Popes, too, contributed to the disastrous movement, especially Innocent the Eighth, in his celebrated Bull, *Summis desiderantes affectibus* (1484). It is, however, only fair to recognise that the Popes did nothing more than accede to the demand of the whole community, accepting the evidence that was given them. In the Bull of Innocent the Pope endeavours to bring the trials into the ecclesiastical courts. But the whole movement was far more a lay than a clerical one. The laity carried everything before them in the witch-courts, as Spee points out, to the grievous prejudice of justice and decency. How little the Popes themselves had to do with initiating these horrors is proved by the statement of Spee, which I believe is allowed to be strictly accurate—*viz.*

<sup>1</sup> *De Civ. Dei*, xv., 23.

<sup>2</sup> See *In Luc.*, lib. iii., cap. 8.

<sup>3</sup> See *De Divort. Loth. et Teth.*, p. 654.

that in Central Italy but few were burned for witchcraft, in Rome itself not one single person.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the persecution was at its height in France, whilst it culminated in Germany nearly a century later. We have the Archdeacon Remigius, in his work on Witchcraft, published early in the sixteenth century, boasting that in Lorraine in fifteen years he had procured the burning of 800 witches. It is some satisfaction to know that he was himself afterwards burned upon the same charge. At Geneva, when Calvin was supreme, during the three months between February 17 and May 15, 1545, there were executed thirty-five witches, and amongst them the executioner's own mother. In Scotland, the Presbyterian witch executions were peculiarly atrocious. The malignant prolongation of torture night after night in order to secure sleeplessness was, I believe, a Scottish speciality.

In this ghastly arena Protestants and Catholics were ardent rivals, as though to keep themselves in practice for one another. In the single town of Elwang, in Swabia, during the space of two years, 1611-13, when its spiritual direction had been entrusted by its bishop to the Jesuits, 300 witches were burned; amongst them a young girl of sixteen on her own delation, and a young bride who on her way to church gave herself up as a witch.<sup>1</sup>

At Würzburg, between the beginning of 1627 and February 1629, 158 witches were burned in twenty-nine burnings. Amongst them we find fourteen vicars (curates) of the principal church, three canons, several town-councillors, a chancellor's widow, a doctor of theology, several youths and boys of noble family, a blind maiden, a little girl of nine with her still smaller sister, many respectable burghers, and Gobel Babelin, the prettiest girl in Würzburg, and a sprightly student who knew many languages and was an excellent musician.<sup>2</sup> In sober truth, every exceptional person was liable to the suspicion of witchcraft—the exceptionally clever, the exceptionally stupid, the exceptionally ugly, the exceptionally pretty. Under Popery,

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Prov. Germ. Sup.*, Decas viii., No. 184.

<sup>2</sup> Hauber, ap. Diel, p. 34.



says James the First,<sup>1</sup> there were more ghosts, but after the Reformation there were more witches ; more putative witches anyhow, and possibly more real ones, for ghost-seeing is a recollection of the past, witchcraft a promise of the future ; and, whether for good or evil, the Reformation was at least a new departure.

If neither Catholics nor Protestants can escape the guilt of the persecution, so neither have failed to furnish protestations against the abuse. The first voice raised on the side of humanity, so far as I know, was the voice of that wonderful anticipator of good things, Cardinal Nicholas de Cusa, Papal Legate in Germany in 1452, who used these weighty words :—

“ Where men believe that these witchcrafts do produce their effect, there are found many witches. Neither can they be exterminated by fire and sword ; for the more diligently this sort of persecution is waged, so much the stronger grows the delusion. The persecution argues that the Devil is feared more than God, and that in the midst of the wicked he can work evil ; and so the Devil is feared and propitiated, and thus gains his end. And though, according to human law and Divine sanction, they (the witches) deserve to be utterly extirpated, yet we must act cautiously, lest worse come of it.”<sup>2</sup>

He goes on to say that he examined two of the poor women, and found them half crazy. These he received to penitence, together with another, a convert of Denys the Carthusian. He had summoned the renowned solitary from his retreat to be his assistant in the work of gentle reformation. The light which promised a new dawn of humanity vanished with its author.

In the first half of the sixteenth century the Protestant Ulric Molitor, at Constance (*De Lamiis et Pythonicis Mulieribus*), and Cornelius Agrippa, at Metz (*De Occulta Philosophia*), attacked the reality of witchcraft and the character of the persecution. The latter even succeeded in establishing the innocence of one of the condemned, and so saving her. His reward was depreciation, repute of magic, and frequent imprisonment. Weier's book (*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*) appeared

<sup>1</sup> *Dæmonolog.*, lib. ii., 7.

<sup>2</sup> Ap. Hartzheim, *Vita Card. de Cusa*, pars ii., cap. 8.

in 1563. Its author was a Protestant physician attached to the person of Duke William of Cleves. The book produced a great sensation, but no practical effect. The writer was vehemently assailed by his co-religionists, and if it had not been for the protection of the Duke, it would have gone hard with him. In England Reginald Scot, in Holland the priest Cornelius Loos, carried on the war against the *Hexenwahn*. Loos died in prison, and his companion Dr. Hade at the stake.<sup>1</sup> I do not care to enumerate works on the other side, of which there were only too many. To oppose, or in any way to criticise, the conduct of the witch-processes was at that time a work of the utmost peril. The Jesuit Adam Tanner, Chancellor of the University of Prague, had ventured, in his *Scholastic Theology*, published in 1627, to reflect upon the justice of the procedure, and to urge milder measures. After his death, in 1632, his body was torn from its grave and burned by an infuriated mob, as that of a witch-fosterer, if not an actual wizard. To use an expression of Brentano's, Spee was called upon "to stay a scythed chariot drawn by wild horses under the lash of a drunken driver".<sup>2</sup> He was prepared for his task by two years of such an experience as to a man of his sympathetic nature must have been little short of a living death; and at the end of the two years it is not surprising that the authorities were glad to be quit of him. He had wearied them out with his ceaseless expostulations, and his undisguised sympathy with their victims. He left his office at the age of thirty-nine, with the white hair of premature old age, but with a heart on fire with the matchless wrongs of which he had been perforce a helpless spectator. Of what these wrongs were he gives us several examples in his *Cautio Criminalis*. To begin with: of the 200 victims whom in his capacity of jail chaplain he had to attend at the stake, there was not one, he tells us, of whose guilt he could convince himself, whilst numbers, he was assured, were innocent.<sup>3</sup> One of his latest experiences was as follows: A young woman came to him from a neighbouring hamlet in great distress

<sup>1</sup> Einleitung, *Trutznachtigall*, p. xi., Leipzig, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> Ap. Diel, p. 48.

<sup>3</sup> *Caut. Crim.*, 1st ed., p. 116. Trans. Germ.

because people were beginning to accuse her of witchcraft. But the worst of all her grief was this, the anxiety lest, confessing herself to be a witch whilst on the rack, she should die with a lie upon her lips and so peradventure lose her soul. As to this last trouble only is Fr. Spee able to give her consolation: he tells her that a merciful God will not reckon against her what she may say in the stress of torture. She goes home greatly comforted, and in due course is racked and burned, but with such conspicuous marks of innocence that, as the authorities tell Spee with malicious ingenuity, if she had not come to Spee she might really have been let off. The *Cautio Criminalis* was completed soon after the year of Spee's dismissal, 1629, and was at once circulated largely in manuscript. It was first printed in 1631 at the Protestant Press of Rintel. Although anonymous, its authorship would seem to have been from the first an open secret. It is a collection of theses in Latin, and closely argued, against the abuses inherent and accidental of the witch-processes, with interludes of vivid description and expostulation. Its plain-speaking is simply tremendous. It is characteristic of the writer that in his hands the syllogistic process seems here to kindle and culminate in fiery bursts of indignation, just as in his compositions on happier themes his prose so frequently blossoms into song. The soft-hearted sentimental poet, as the lawyers thought him, in whom the love of God and man was the one absorbing passion; a man so gentle that even in those fierce times he was never known to use a harsh word even of a heretic, swept down upon them with falcon clutch, and, more dreadful still, with a voice that rang in the ears of men with the shrill thronging notes of his own "nightingale". It was verily "the wrath of the Lamb," that last worst threat of outraged mercy.

He paints in vivid colours the hopeless tangle of accusation in which the poor victim is involved. "Gaia" (the accused) is either of bad or of good repute. If the former, her reputation grounds a presumption of guilt, for vices go in company. If the latter, there is an equivalent presumption against her, for witches are wont to cloak themselves under an appearance of virtue. Again, Gaia either manifests fear or she does not.

If she fears, her fear shows that she is aware of what is in store for her, and is a proof of her consciousness of guilt. If she has no fear, this is yet another proof (*indicium*), for witches constantly make a lying pretence to innocence. What matters it if there is a failure of adverse evidence! she is racked till she becomes her own accuser. She is allowed neither advocate nor the liberty of self-defence, and, were an advocate allowed her, no one would be found bold enough to face the suspicion of sorcery. "And so every mouth is closed, and every pen paralysed, that they neither speak nor write." Even when she is permitted to explain, no one takes the slightest notice of her explanations. If she insists upon her innocence, she is remanded to prison, where she may bethink herself seriously if she will still be obdurate, for exculpation is nothing less than obduracy. She is then brought back and the rack programme is read over to her. "All this constitutes the first stage of her agony, and if she then confesses, she has confessed without the rack." And after such a trial as this Gaia is without a scruple hurried to the stake; for, whether she confesses or not, her fate is sealed—she must die.

"Whether Gaia rolls her eyes in the agony of torture or keeps them fixed, either way it is a proof of guilt. If she rolls her eyes, why else does she so but to seek her (demon) paramour? If her eyes are fixed, 'Look there,' they cry, 'she has found him, she recognises him!' When, after repeated rackings, she holds her peace, when they look on her face and see her biting down her pain, or when she swoons, they proclaim that during her torments she laughs and sleeps; that she has obtained an insensibility by charms; that she is so tough that there is nothing for it but to burn her.

"Although the executioner is an adept in using his instruments to the extremest limit of what human sinews and joints can sustain without rupture and dislocation, yet the most skilful and experienced master fails sometimes. When, as sometimes happens, the accused dies under torture, it is said that the Devil has throttled her, and then forsooth the proper thing is done, as they phrase it, and Gaia's corpse is whipped out and buried by the executioner at the gallows' foot.



“But suppose Gaia does not die under torture, and the executioner’s conscientiousness is such that, without fresh evidence against the accused, he will neither torment her any more, nor, without her having confessed, attach her to the stake, she will return to prison and be loaded with still heavier fetters; and they will leave her a whole year in the solitude of her dungeon to the influences of her situation upon body and soul.”

The consequence being that, what with the mental condition of the distracted prisoner on the one side, and the keenness of the judges on the other, there is in the end no difficulty in burning Gaia alive “on the best academic authority”.

“Why take all this trouble (he cries) to find witches and sorcerers? Believe me, and I will show you where for the future you may find them. Quick! Catch me the very best Capuchin, the very best Jesuit, the very best priest; fling him on the rack, and forthwith he will confess. Is he stubborn? it is because he is protecting himself with charms; but persevere, and you will break him down in the end. And if you want more of them, lay hold of the prelates, deans, and doctors of the Church. I’ll warrant you they will soon confess.”

He complains bitterly of the ignorant inexperienced priests who are sent as confessors: who submit themselves only too readily, as he expresses it, to “the judge’s harness”. He bids them remember that their office requires them, not to stand as a penal instrument between judge and criminal, but as an instrument of reconciliation between the criminal and God. He describes his horror at the abuse of the Sacrament of Penance, when the priest gave out that he would hear no one who would not begin by confirming the truth of the rack-wrung deposition. He gives minute directions how to avoid the snares laid by unscrupulous judges for entrapping the unwary confessor into what might be construed into an admission of the guilt of his penitent. He animadverts on the rulers both of Church and State for their supineness in leaving these enormous abuses unnoticed and unredressed. Of the Jurists he says:—

“There they sit, close to the stove, and hatch commentaries. They know nothing of pain, and yet discourse

largely of the tortures to be inflicted on poor wretches, just as one born blind might compose learned dissertations on colours. To these might well be applied the words of the prophet Amos: 'They drink wine from their cups, and anoint themselves with the best oil, and concern themselves not at all for the sorrows of Joseph'. But put them for half or a quarter of an hour on the fire; how will all their mighty wisdom and philosophy collapse! They philosophise in a childish fashion upon matters of which they know naught."<sup>1</sup>

One great abuse against which Fr. Spee had to contend—an abuse acknowledged as such by all respectable writers—was the committing persons to the rack on the mere rack-extorted evidence of the criminal. He points out that every such process had to be stopped abruptly, lest there should be no limit to the parties involved. But, further than this, Spee attacks the whole system of *diablerie*, so far as it is founded on the untrustworthy evidence of the witches themselves. And in this as well as other points—*viz.* that insensibility is a sign of witchcraft—he finds himself in opposition to authorities of repute, such as Sprenger and Delrio. He feels that the whole system, speculative and practical, is treacherous and pernicious; and he will be stayed in his onslaught by no authority, good or bad. He solemnly challenges the judges to show him how poor Gaia, on whatever hypothesis of innocence, can possibly escape. He divides the instigators of the prosecutions into four classes: 1. Isolated, unsympathetic students, and pious but inexperienced religious; 2. Interested lawyers; 3. The ignorant and spiteful rabble; 4. Dabblers in witchcraft, whose object is to avert suspicion. The German world of Spee's time had witchcraft on the brain. Its barest suspicion made the boldest tremble, and the fear of it clung like a blight to all the higher developments of life. Spee declares that many priests, who would otherwise have said mass every day, abstained from doing so, lest an appearance of somewhat extra piety should be supposed a cloak for witchcraft; and the veteran Tilly, on one of the latest of his victorious battle-fields, when struck by a

<sup>1</sup> *Dub.*, xx.

spent ball which bruised the skin without drawing blood, had to divert the charge of witchcraft by an appeal to other bloody wounds.

It must not be supposed that Fr. Spee did not recognise the diabolical reality of many of the phenomena connected with magic, and various degrees of complicity therein on the part of witches. He saw, however, that the remedy was infinitely worse than the disease; that it was no remedy, but rather the great propagator of the disease—the seat of which lay mainly in the imagination—by its morbid excitation of that faculty; that its method of procedure was characterised throughout by hideous injustice, involving a multitude of innocent victims for one guilty. He strove, therefore, to stop the prosecutions, to stop torture altogether; and, where this could not be, to limit its use by the most stringent conditions, securing that it should never be used more than once in the same case. Above all, he endeavoured to restore the poor victims, whether innocent or guilty, to the communion of Christian charity, whence the character of witchcraft as a “*crimen exceptum*” had gone far to remove them, even as regards their confessors.

“Be a true father (he cries to these last) and comforter of the afflicted; beg the poor things to give themselves wholly to you, for that you will carry them in your heart. Oh, learn sympathy with grief; feel their sufferings as though they were your own. Tell them you would willingly give your life for them were it possible; promise that you will never forsake them. Do not allow these victims to complain that they have found no consolation.”<sup>1</sup>

In the name of humanity, justice, religion, and patriotism Fr. Spee appealed to his country: it was not in vain. In Würzburg the executions ceased almost immediately; the Dukes of Brunswick followed the example; and before the year 1631 was out, the Imperial Chancery took up the book and ordered a new edition. Sporadic examples of witch-burning lasted on far into the next century, but the tide was really turned. Fr. Spee's book, however, was not left unopposed.

<sup>1</sup> *Dub.*, xxx.

His principal and fiercest opponent was the great Protestant jurist and scholar, Benedict Carpzov, but no real head was made against him. Two editions appeared in 1632; a large portion was translated into German in 1647; a complete German translation was published in 1649, a Dutch in 1652, a French in 1660, and another edition of the original Latin in 1695.<sup>1</sup>

Spee gives an amusing story<sup>2</sup> of a sudden conversion to the cause of humanity, very much as if he had been an eye-witness. Anyhow he pledges himself that it is "no fable," as he knows both place and persons. At a place in Germany, "choke full of ashes" from the witch-pyres, he tells us, a certain great prince was entertaining at his table two virtuous and well-informed ecclesiastics. In the course of conversation the prince asked one of them what he thought of the practice they had been hitherto pursuing, of accepting ten or twelve affidavits purporting that the witnesses had met this or that person at the Sabbath, as sufficient to warrant the arrest and racking of the accused. He expressed some scruple on the point, seeing that the Devil is such an absolute master of delusion. The good father answered with the *a priori* dogmatic glibness characteristic of those "who have been scarcely four feet from their own stoveside," that the judge might rest quite satisfied with such a number of affidavits, since it is not possible to suppose that God would allow an innocent person to be so assailed, and that he might proceed without scruple to the torture. The prince still demurred, but the priest stuck firmly to his position. "I really feel for you, my father," the prince concluded, "for having thus pronounced your own sentence, and foregone all power of complaint against me for clapping you into prison, seeing that no less than fourteen persons have deposed to your having been with them at the Sabbath; and, that you may not think I am joking, you shall presently see the documents." "And there stuck my fine fellow, looking like a pat of butter in the dog-days."

In November, 1628, Fr. Spee was sent on a mission to

<sup>1</sup> Einleitung, xvii.

<sup>2</sup> *Cautio*, qu. 48.



Peina, a Lutheran township, which had come into the hands of the Archbishop of Cologne, and upon which he proposed to exercise the "jus reformandi". To do the archbishop justice, he seems to have done little in the way of coercion, beyond insisting upon orthodoxy as a qualification for the town council. Fr. Spee met with his usual success. Few, indeed, were ever found equal to resisting his personal address. Several, even of the Lutheran clergy, were received by him, and amongst them one who went by the name of "mad Sir Tyle" (tolle Herr Tyle), a very worthy fellow, who became quite devoted to the Jesuit. Twenty-three of the neighbouring villages, and subsequently the town itself, embraced the Catholic faith. One incident in connection with this mission deserves to be minutely recorded.

On Sunday morning (April 29, 1629) Spee had to ride to the neighbouring village of Woltorp, where he was to say mass. He rode alone, and his way lay over a wild piece of moorland interspersed with pine-woods, when he was suddenly encountered by another rider. This man was a fanatical Lutheran, who, irritated by Spee's successes, was determined to bring them on the spot to a violent conclusion. He began by giving Fr. Spee a piece of his mind, and the missionary, seeing what was coming, invoked our Lady and St. Ignatius, and clapped spurs to his horse in a bold attempt to push past. The ruffian fired, and though the bullet seems to have gone wide of its mark, for some reason or other, Fr. Spee's horse fell. He managed, however, to get his beast on its legs, and, escaping a second bullet, dashed on for the village. The assassin, finding the pace too quick for a steady aim, drew his sword, and, as they got into the open, managed to ride into Fr. Spee and deal him some severe cuts over the head. Still he sat upright, and his horse kept his pace, and in a few minutes the assassin was distanced, and Fr. Spee rode into the market-place of Woltorp, his face streaming with blood from six wounds on the head and with two on the left shoulder. There he was met by his faithful Herr Tyle, who wept and bemoaned himself at the sight, swearing too a little, gently. Spee quieted him, and begged for some warm water at once to wash his wounds, in order that he might begin the mass.

The worthy man, however, who knew something of what appertained to flesh-wounds, went off shaking his head. He soon returned bringing with him cold water, lint, and fresh eggs, and with the remark, "Warm water, my father, is no good; cold is what you want," he proceeded to dress the wounds. He cut away the flaps of scalp-skin that were hanging over his patient's face, washed the wounds, and bound up his head in a sort of plaster made of the eggs. Although Spee was suffering agonies, he insisted, in spite of the tearful protestations of his congregation, upon entering the church and beginning the service. He got as far as the Gospel, that of the Good Shepherd and the Hireling, which he read to the people, and then said: "My dearest children, judge for yourselves whether I am a good shepherd or a hireling. I bear the insignia of a true and loving shepherd upon brow and shoulder." He wished to continue, but his strength failed him, and he had to lean against the chancel rail. He soon recovered, and after praying for his assassin, insisted upon their singing the hymn "Great God, we praise Thee," but the only response was loud weeping. Then Spee cried to the sacristan, "Sing away! when are you going to begin? Sing with a will!" and though he fainted, and had to be carried out, the congregation, anxious to fulfil the last command of their good shepherd, sang the hymn through, which was broken by their lamentations and sobs.

When Spee came to himself he was taken back to Peina. They had to tie him on his horse, and the faithful Herr Tyle, armed with blunderbuss and sword, held the bridle. He was accompanied the best part of the way by the entire population. Nothing could exceed the sorrow and affection with which he was received by the people of Peina, who vied with each other for his proper nursing and attendance. However, feeling that he was in a most precarious state, and anxious to die, if so it was to be, amongst his brethren, he got himself removed to the Jesuit house at Hildesheim, where he lay for eleven weeks at the point of death. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he hurried back to Peina, and completed his work of reconciliation in September, 1629. His semi-martyrdom had made his influence in all that neigh-

bourhood irresistible. Perhaps we may best realise the singular power of his peculiar reputation from the fact that the monks of the great Benedictine Abbey of Corvy, which had fallen at that time into a state of great relaxation, invited Fr. Spee to their assistance, went through the exercises of St. Ignatius under him, and became thoroughly reformed. He had indeed learned the whole art of the Good Samaritan—the oil and the wine and the bandages—in the witch-prisons of Würzburg, and the most sensitive felt that they could trust their sorest wounds to his handling.

Towards the close of the same year Fr. Spee was sent by his superiors to the old Abbey of Falkenhagen, not far from Corvy, which, having been long deserted by its monks, had been made over some years before to the Jesuits. To this peaceful spot, amongst woods and mountains, Spee retired, under orders to rest and recruit his strength; and it was during this year of leisure that he is thought to have composed the greater part of the poems which form the volume entitled *Die Trutznachtigall*. However this may be, we know that here he put the finishing touches to his *Cautio* before he let it escape from his hands into those of the enterprising friend who got it printed, and that with this period of his life are associated the poems which have made Fr. Spee one of the literary celebrities of his country.

Jesuits are apt to resist the *dolce far niente*, even when it is prescribed them under obedience, and something in the shape of missionary work was a necessity of Spee's life, which no form of literature could supply. This he satisfied by looking up and consoling every afflicted person in his thinly-populated neighbourhood. He has let us into the secret of his unrest:—

“When, on a fair morning, I was considering the sufferings of Christ, and weeping sore with compassion, I asked my Lord which word out of His whole Passion ought to move me the most strongly; He answered, ‘That little word I THIRST, for it transpierces body and soul; for not only in My flesh, but inwardly in My soul, I have thirsted for the salvation of men’.”

The *Trutznachtigall* is itself an outcome of a twofold

thirst for the enjoyment of God and the salvation of man. The poet has, indeed, sung with his breast against a thorn, yet with such music and delicacy of expression, and with such a strong lyric cry, that even men to whom his subject-matter was least congenial have recognised perforce in his "melodious tears" a genuine expression of love, a love stronger than death and hell.

*Trutznachtigall* may be translated "Vie-nightingale," or "a rival of the nightingale"; for the poet would fain vie with the nightingale in his praises of the Creator. The notion of such competition between bard and nightingale is a very common one in the Middle Ages. Albert the Great testifies,<sup>1</sup> "Of this bird I have myself experienced, that it flieth towards those who sing, if they are singing well, and the while they sing listens attentively, but afterwards, as though striving for victory, repeateth the song and answereth".<sup>2</sup>

If ever there was a spontaneous volume of poems, it is the *Trutznachtigall*, and the author's grave little introduction, which might have been written by a schoolmaster editing a volume of selections, has a most quaint effect. It is characteristic of the Jesuit, who must needs give a quite rational account of his every action. Now and again we catch the poet's natural voice, as here: "Je anders nichts allhie gesucht noch begehret wird, als dasz Gott auch in teutscher Sprach seine Poeten hätte".<sup>3</sup> However, his dainty choice of words, though not excluding many a quaint provincialism, and the perfection of his rhythmical technique and accentuation, which marked a new phase in the poetical development of the German language, certainly justifies his presentation of his poems as a contribution to the educational work to which his order had devoted itself. The following stanzas from his *Eingang*, which I have ventured to translate in the same metre, represent perfectly the general scope and character of his themes:—

<sup>1</sup> *De Animal.*, lib. 23.

<sup>2</sup> See, too, the *Philomena* of John of Hoveden, commonly attributed to St. Bonaventure; Ford's *Music's First Martyr*; and Crashaw's *Music's Duel*.

<sup>3</sup> "Nothing else is sought or desired here but that God should have, even in the German tongues, His poets."



Vie-nightingale we turn it,  
 Wounded of Love's sweet dart,  
 So shrewdly doth Love burn it  
 That none may heal its smart ;  
 Gold, pomp, all earthly guerdon,  
 Life, joy it doth despise,  
 Counts all but God a burden,  
 Seeks God the only prize.

Ever it chimes to mortals  
 Of God and God's dear Son,  
 Ever at heaven's portals  
 Pours all its notes in one ;  
 From tree to tree it springeth,  
 It floats o'er hill and dale,  
 In field and forest singeth,  
 To count its notes we fail.

Full many a journey makes it,  
 Of its home-sky bereft,  
 An olive garden takes it,  
 It mourns in hollow cleft ;  
 Anon with joy it singeth,  
 Vie with the lark it will,  
 And praising God upwingeth  
 Full many a holy hill.

Above the meads it hovers,  
 It is of shepherds seen,  
 Where Kedron it discovers  
 Among the pastures green ;  
 It frames a pretty battle  
 Of verselets in its song,  
 And pipes of shepherd's prattle,  
 And sits the sheep among.

Nor longer there it bideth,  
 But lifts it high in air,  
 Through empty spaces glideth  
 On weary pinions fair ;  
 On the Great Tree then lights it,  
 High on the Place of Skulls,  
 Whence nothing now affrights it,  
 Where naught its passion dulls.

The poems may be divided into hymns to the Creator on such themes as are suggested by the different verses of the

“Benedicite”; elegies on the Passion and subjects connected therewith. Here the poet sometimes adopts the form of shepherd dialogues after the model of Virgil’s Eclogues, and colloquies of the soul with the Divine Spouse. Besides these, there is what may be called a ballad of St. Francis Xavier, and two dogmatic hymns, one on the Trinity, the other on Corpus Christi, these latter resembling in the closeness of their dogmatic texture the “Pange, Lingua,” or the “Lauda, Sion”. The eclogues are generally supposed to be the least successful of Spee’s efforts; they are certainly the least congenial to any subsequent phase of taste. The most successful are those which are most direct and lyric in their character.

To Fr. Spee the whole of creation was a vast instrument ever resounding the praises of its Creator. Nature presented him with an endless pleasure-garden, the delights of which he keenly appreciated; but through its green lawns was ever flowing “the brook Kedron,” the stream of the Passion, and its most delicate beauties were ever ministering in the poet’s mind to the solemn scenes of Olivet and Calvary, and were enhanced tenfold by their service.

Flowers and fruits are ever a delight to him, and he heaps together the tender country names of flowers—often poems themselves—with the fervour and profusion of an Elizabethan poet (Poem 22):—

Ei da, du gülden Kaiserskron,  
 Aus vielen auserkoren,  
 Auch Tausendschön und Widerton,  
 Nasturz und Rittersporen,  
 Jelängerlieber, Sonnenthau,  
 Basilien, Brunellen,  
 Agleyen auch und Bärenklau,  
 Dann Mohnsam, Glock und Schellen.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Ho there! thou golden Cæsar’s-crown,  
 Chosen from out so many,  
 And amaranth and maidenhair,  
 With nightspur and nasturtium,  
 With honeysuckle and sundew,  
 And brownwort and sweet-basil,  
 Acanthus too and columbine,  
 Poppies, bluebells, and harebells.

He pictures fruit as a "children's dream," black cherries and peaches "wan as sallow death". I confess he had suited our taste better had he stayed his metaphor with the Laureate's "apples wan with ripeness," and let the image of death alone; however, it was hardly an ungracious image to him. In his tenderness for birds, "das Federbüschlein zart," one is reminded of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," and he hangs over their nests "Kinderbettlein," like a mother over her baby's cot. His twentieth poem is a hymn in which he and the birds, his "winged psalteries," form the choir. Of course the nightingale is his choragus:—

O Nachtigall, du schöne,  
 Verdienest rechter Weis,  
 Man dich fürnehmlich kröne,  
 Mit höchstem Ehrenpreis,  
 Wie magst es je doch machen,  
 So sauber, glatt und rund?  
 Das Herzlein dir möcht krachen,  
 Fürcht ich, wanns geht so bunt.<sup>1</sup>

In Poem 5 he teaches the nightingale the Holy Name:—

Ach ruf und ruf, o Schwester zart,  
 Mein Jesum zu mir lade,  
 Mir treulich helf zu dieser Fahrt,  
 Dann ich in Zähren bade.  
 O Schwester mein,  
 Sing süsz und rein:  
 Ruf meinen Schatz mit Namen;  
 Dann kurz, dann lang  
 Zieh deinen Klang:  
 All Noten greif zusammen!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> O nightingale beloved,  
 Thou servest in right wise,  
 And so they crown thee foremost,  
 As for the highest prize.  
 Those notes how could'st thou utter,  
 So clear and smooth and round?  
 Thy small heart must be bursting,  
 I fear, so quick the sound.

<sup>2</sup> Ah! call and call, my sister dear,  
 My Jesus bring unto me;  
 True help in this my need afford,

The nightingale vies with her echo in this holy contest till "her high heart breaks," and "the golden lamp is extinguished by the strong gale" of song. But the last note is a sigh so subtle that no echo can repeat it, and the poet lays the crown of victory upon her corpse, and goes his way with the wish that he may inherit her voice and her fortune.

In Poem 13, "a picture (Conterfey) of man's life," the lovely flower which must die before nightfall is dwelt upon with a tenderness which the type appropriates as well as the antitype:—

Da gund es lieblich blicken,  
 Gab auch so süszen Ruch,  
 Ein' Kranken mochts erquicken,  
 So läg im letzten Zug.  
 Ein Lüftlein lind von Athem,  
 Rührt an das Blümelein :  
 Da schwebts, als an ein' Faden  
 Gebundens Vögelein.<sup>1</sup>

And the lamentation is for both:—

Die Seel hats auf der Zungen,  
 Allweil wirds blasen aus ;  
 Nun musz es sein gerungen  
 Mit Tod und letztem Strausz.

For I in tears am drowning ;  
 O sister mine,  
 Sing sweet and fine,  
 My Treasure for me naming ;  
 Now quick, now long,  
 Wind out thy song,  
 And bind all tones together.

<sup>1</sup> So daintily it glitters,  
 Gives forth so sweet a breath,  
 The sick it might enliven,  
 Though lying sick to death ;  
 A zephyr gently playing  
 Uplifts the flower's head,  
 Which to and fro is swaying  
 Like bird in slender thread.

. . . . .



O weh der kurzen Stunden!  
 O weh, da schläft es ein!  
 Jetzt, jetzt ist schon verschwunden  
 Mein zartes Blümelein.<sup>1</sup>

In the *Goldnes Tugendbuch*, of which I shall speak more particularly hereafter, and which contains an earlier version of many of the poems of the *Trutznachtigall*, the version of the Conterfey has some beautiful touches of its own—e.g. v. 4:—

So selig auf dem Stiele  
 Schwankt blühend hin und her,  
 Als ob mit Engeln spiele,  
 Als ob kein Tod mehr wär.<sup>2</sup>

And (v. 6) we have the agreement of childhood and old age in their estimate of flowers:—

All Schönheit musz hier weichen,  
 Spricht Greis und Kind zu dir.<sup>3</sup>

In the *Spiegel der Liebe* (n. 11), the longest of all Spee's poems, he dwells upon the grief of Magdalene over the empty tomb. Amid a certain monotony of sighs and tears, there is a finely individualised pathos in her cry that that "better part" which her Master had promised should not be taken from her is now indeed lost. Very naïvely quaint and true is the small account she makes of the two angels:—

<sup>1</sup> Lips scarce the soul restraining  
 To breathe it forth are due,  
 And now is naught remaining  
 But death and death's last strew.  
 Woe for life's short abiding,  
 Woe for sleep's final hour,  
 That now is wholly hiding  
 My little gentle flower!

<sup>2</sup> It on its stem's upstaying,  
 Swings blushing here and there,  
 As though with angels playing,  
 As though no death there were.

All beauty here is vanquished,  
 Quoth the old man and the child.

Ach nit, nit euch, ihr Knaben,  
 Ihr Jüngling, flügelreich,  
 Ach euch will sie nit haben :  
 Weicht ab von dannen gleich.<sup>1</sup>

They almost annoy her, as possibly hiding what yet might be there. The self-forgetful audacity of love expressed in the "Tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away," is made the theme of powerful amplification; and the *Wörtlein Maria*, which tells all, is "the little spark" of such a fire of joy that all expression fails.

By far the most powerful of the Good Shepherd poems appears in the *Tugendbuch* (p. 121).<sup>2</sup> A shepherd boy will not return to his father's house without his sheep, lost in the wild night; his shepherd cry, "Schäflein, Schäflein, du liebstes Schäflein mein," melts into the "seven words" on the cross, which he ascends in order that he may be heard the farther, and so draw the wanderer to himself. With this most characteristic poem we may compare, by way of contrast, n. 42, "Ecce Homo," in which the intensest feeling finds expression in Scriptural and dogmatic forms (v. 3):—

Schau den Menschen, den die Liebe  
 Viel zu stark am Herzen brann !  
 Sie von Himmel ihn vertriebe,  
 Nacket er zur Erde rann,  
 Er zum Menschen unverdrossen  
 Sprang von seinem gülden Saal ;  
 Ihn die Menschen gar verstoszen,  
 Hassen, meiden überall.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Ah no, not you, ye pages,  
 With youth and wings and all,  
 Get out there from before me,  
 I'll not have you at all.

<sup>2</sup> What does duty for it in the *Trotznachtigall* is altogether inferior.

<sup>3</sup> "See the Man" in whom love kindled  
 In His heart so strong a flame,  
 That, His heaven all forsaken,  
 Naked unto earth He came ;  
 Into manhood undisdaining  
 Sprang He from His golden state,  
 And by man is still rejected,  
 Still pursued with scorn and hate.

The most famous of all his poems is n. 21, a hymn to the Creator. Of the eighteen stanzas I give the third and the last as specimens:—

In etlich tausend Jahren,  
 Viel tausend Sternen klar,  
 Kein Härlein sich verfahren,  
 Gehn richtig immerdar.  
 Wer deutet ihn die Straszen,  
 Wer zeigt ihn die Weg,  
 Dasz sie nit unterlassen,  
 Zu finden ihre Steg ?  
 O Mensch, ermesz im Herzen dein  
 Wie Wunder musz der Schöpfer sein !  
 . . . . .  
 O Schönheit der Naturen,  
 O Wunderlieblichkeit,  
 O Zahl der Creaturen,  
 Wie streckest dich so weit !  
 Und wer dann wollt nit merken  
 Des Schöpfers Herrlichkeit,  
 Und ihn in seinen Werken  
 Erspüren jeder Zeit ?  
 O Mensch, ermesz im Herzen dein  
 Wie Wunder musz der Schöpfer sein !<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Through many thousand cycles,  
 How many stars so bright  
 Have not one hair's breadth wandered,  
 Have gone for ever right !  
 Who pointed out their courses,  
 Who marked them out their way,  
 Which never more may fail them,  
 From which they never stray ?  
 Think, man, within this heart of thine,  
 How must the great Creator shine.  
 . . . . .  
 O comeliness of nature,  
 O wondrous loveliness,  
 O wide-spread world of creatures,  
 In numbers numberless !  
 Who then can fail to notice  
 The Maker's master-hand,  
 And trace Him in His working  
 In sea and sky and land ?  
 Think, man, within this heart of thine,  
 How must the great Creator shine.

One is reminded of Addison's famous lines :—

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;

and Thackeray's commentary :—

“It seems to me those verses shine like stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven a sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up with a joy of thanks and prayers.”

See especially v. 2 :—

Des Tags bis auf den Abend  
Die Sonn gar freundlich lacht,  
Zu Nacht der Mond, Gott lobend,  
Führt auf die Sternen Wacht.<sup>1</sup>

When we compare, as Englishmen will be apt to do, Fr. Spee's poetical work with that of English devotional poets of the same date, of Crashaw and Herbert and the earlier Southwell, we are struck with the comparative absence of verbal conceits in the German poet. There are very few of those “quaint enameled eyes” which form the beauty and the bane of so much contemporary English work. There is none of that tossing as it were of a thought from hand to hand in which Herbert so delights, and in which he is often so delightful. There is none of Southwell's sententious chewing the cud of a pleasant or a melancholy fancy. Spee's lyric movement is too direct and vehement for any such recovery. He flings his flowers, as flowers are flung in a procession, before the Blessed Sacrament, carelessly and without any tender unwillingness to let go. In the child-like direct vehemence of his devotional expression he resembles Crashaw far more than he does his fellow-Jesuit Southwell. But Crashaw is full of such conceits as I can recall but one of in Spee—*viz.* where the latter asks St. Joseph to mix roses with the fodder of the ox and the ass in order to sweeten the breath with which they warm their shivering Saviour. Passionate

<sup>1</sup> From morning until evening  
The friendly sun laughs bland ;  
At night the moon, God praising,  
Leads up the starry band.



iteration is frequent enough in Spee, but we never meet with the epigrammatic word-play suggestive of self-complacency in one's own ingenuity. He sang with his breast against a thorn, and yet, as Vilmar well remarks, there is something playful in the tone in which his love of external nature finds expression which recalls the ancient Minnesingers. It may be, as some critics have remarked, that Dawn and Night, with their white and rosy lights and brown shadows, have a rather too conventional apparatus of epithet. They are to him in some degree classical personages; but his birds and flowers, and his "little brooks that wrestle with the stones," are always delicious realities.

The rhythmical perfection of his verse is admitted by all his German critics to be unique, or all but unique, in his century; and English readers who recollect that German literature is considerably junior to their own can hardly fail to be astonished at Spee's very modern music.

I have already referred to the third of Spee's works, the *Goldnes Tugendbuch*. It was first published at the same time as the *Trutznachtigall*, in 1649, fourteen years after the author's death; but in composition it must have somewhat preceded it, as it contains many of the poems in an unmistakably earlier form interwoven in its prose. It is a collection of exercises, a good deal of it in the form of a dialogue between priest and penitent, on the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and is thus divided into three parts. The first contains exercises of faith on the Articles of the Creed, in which each Apostle appears chaunting his article from a golden throne, in spite of the clamours of a gainsaying crowd; on the narratives of Holy Writ; on the acts of the Martyrs; and on a variety of other motives tending to the strengthening of faith. In the second section, on Hope, all the difficulties and temptations against that virtue are discounted, and every motive for trust in God's mercy enforced by example and parable. In the third, Charity, are innumerable exercises of love, practice here rather predominating over exhortation, the latter having been mainly achieved in the preceding sections—*i.e.* we have various ways of hearing mass, and a practice for "praying always". The character-

istic nature of the book is the marvellous energy with which it constrains every vocal prayer to minister to mental prayer of the highest and intensest order; a process in some sort imaged by the kindling prose which culminates in poetry.

Leibnitz, in a letter quoted by Fr. Diel (p. 89), expresses his boundless admiration for this work, although he does not care for the verses: "I am fallen strangely in love with it for the beautiful deep thoughts it expresses so well, and which are calculated to touch the souls even of the basest and most world-engulphed". If any one shares M. Renan's ambition to be the author of a new prayer-book, not so much with a view to its use by "dainty fingers," as for the comfort of weary hearts, he could hardly do better than put the *Goldnes Tugendbuch* under requisition. One passage I shall allow myself to quote; it is from the first chapter of the section on Hope. Those who recollect Fr. Spee's experience in the witch-prisons will at once understand the field in which its lessons were learned and applied:—

"*Qu.* 1.—Tell me honestly and from the bottom of thy heart, my child; if thou hadst all thy sins which thou hast committed from thy childhood's days even unto this hour upon thy conscience, and now presently before thou leavest this room must needs die and appear before the strict tribunal of God, and there receive the incontestable sentence under which thou must abide for all eternity, how would it be with thee for courage? Wouldst thou despair of God's mercy, or whither wouldst thou betake thee? Bethink thee awhile, and then answer me what thou wouldst do.

"*Ans.*—Oh no, I would not despair, I would still hope God would be merciful to me. I would hope that the dear Blood of Jesus Christ would not allow me to perish everlastingly. I would hope that if I cried right out of my deep misery to God, and right inwardly from the love of God, He would have compassion upon all my sins and would hearken unto me.

"Oh God! as much and a great deal more I hope from Thy tender mercy, and this hope shall not be borne from my heart for ever. For I know Thee already much too well, O Jesus, Thou meekest of all, and I know that Thy love for Thy poor children is much too great. Thou hast let Thyself go in the

way of expenditure on our behalf too far, and now Thou canst not with all Thy Almightyness even once come to this, that Thou shouldst thrust out one single right penitent sinner from before the mercy-seat of Thine everlasting Goodness, and why then should I despair? Ah me! ah me! if all the sinners of the whole world did but know Thee aright, how it would grieve them that they had ever angered a Master so unspeakably gentle. Ah, my Jesus!

“*Qu. 2.*—But how would it be, my child, if thy whole life long thou hadst done no good thing, but on the other hand hadst upon thy conscience all the sins that had been committed from the beginning of the world by evil spirits and men, wouldst thou not then despair? Bethink thee and give me an answer.

“*Ans.*—I would not despair.

“*Qu. 3.*—But if being in such a state of sin thou of a sudden camest into an assured danger of death; for instance, if midmost a fierce sea thou wert suffering shipwreck, what thinkest thou, how wouldst thou abide it? Set it before thine eyes in a right lively manner, and tell me what thou thinkest. The ship is sinking, the storm hath the upper hand. There is no help for thee, there is no creature that can deliver thee, down thou must go. There is no priest far or near; the abyss awaits thee and Hell, and now, even now, thou art to be lost for all eternity; art thou not yet of a mind that thou wouldst despair?

“*Ans.*—No, no, I would not despair, I would from the bottom of my heart cry unto God. I would present before Him the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, I would wholly hope and trust that He would nevertheless help me, and would in a moment have compassion upon my miserable sins, if only I would love Him above all things. He could not refuse to pardon me again. He would give way in my regard to His unspeakable tender mercy, and in such a hope I would fearlessly let myself slip into that sea, as though I were sinking into His arms. For He is everywhere, and nowhere can one escape Him (Ps. cxxxviii.); and where He is, there is His tender mercy, and this too is infinitely great! Ah, my God!

“*Qu. 4.*—Thou hast answered right well, and done true

honour to the Most High Majesty of God in that thou hast attained to so noble a conception of His goodness. Now, then, I must know something further. In case the Lord God because of thy sins should afflict thee with a loathsome disease, even as He did the godless Antiochus, as we read in Holy Writ (2 Maccab. 9), and no one should be able to abide thee on account of the frightful stench and infection; if even thy friends and relations had thrust thee forth from the house, and thou must needs lie without, to die like a beast, deprived of all human comfort and assistance; and even when thou didst have a priest sent for, he should flee away from thee, crying out that thou wert already lost, that God had already cast thee away, and thou must be damned for ever: oh say what wouldst thou then do—wouldst thou not at length despair?

*Ans.*—Yet would I not despair, O Thou my God!

*Qu. 5.*—But when now further thy strength altogether fails thee, thine eyes are darkened, thy hearing gone, thy tongue paralysed, thy breath choked, and now, even now, thou must die; and thereupon a vast number of evil spirits gather round thee, shrieking out in monstrous fashion that thou must come forth and be delivered over to them for all eternity, wouldst thou not then despair?

*Ans.*—I would certainly even then not despair: God could in a moment still deliver me.

*Qu. 6.*—If, when in these straits, thou shouldst cry to all the blessed in heaven, and if they should all answer thee with one voice, that they could not help thee, that it was too late, and that God had already cast thee off for ever, wouldst thou not then despair?

*Ans.*—No, I would not yet despair, O God, O God!

*Qu. 7.*—But if the Mother of God herself should give thee a like answer, would not then all thy courage fail?

*Ans.*—No, not at all; so long as I had breath I would evermore hope.

*Qu. 8.*—But if Christ appeared to thee, and declared that His precious Blood would no more avail for thee with His Heavenly Father, and thou must therefore be damned, wouldst thou have any power then of hoping?



“*Ans.*—As long as I lived I would hope, for so long I should always be able to reconcile myself with God (Job xxxi.). His fatherly and motherly heart is so endlessly tender that it would, as it were, break and fly asunder whenever a sinner with a really true and pure contrition and sorrow should come in contact with it; wherefore I would never give myself up for lost: I would hope, yea, I would hope.

“*Qu. 9.*—But how! would you not believe Christ? Could He by any possibility tell you a lie? You must now infallibly despair.

“*Ans.*—No, no, of a surety no. So long as I should have breath I would not despair of His mercy. For even if God Himself should say that He would damn me, that I should never be admitted to pardon, that would all be on the understanding that as long as I lived I did not convert myself to Him (Job xxxi.). Therefore I will never give myself up for lost, but bewail my sins and creep back with the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.). Out of the abyss of His mercy would He then receive me back as He did the Ninevites and others upon whom He had already spoken the sentence of death, and yet admitted them again to pardon. O God, my God! O God, kinder than all others, Thou art a God so full of compassion that even when Thou settest Thyself against me, and wouldst pour out all Thy Almightyness with infinite wrath upon me, I would never despair of Thy mercy. I know Thee much too well, for all Thy ways are Truth and Mercy. Thy Father's heart is much too soft; Thy compassion is far too great; Thou canst not contradict Thyself: Thou hast long ago declared that Thou wouldst show mercy to all who should be converted to Thee. Now it is impossible that Thou shouldst gainsay Thyself, and so I cannot despair. Accursed be the man who hopeth not in Thee. In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever (Ps. xxiv.).”

Was ever more generous wine poured from the flask of the Good Samaritan? All through the book one feels that the writer is staunching wounds, not merely meditating, exhorting, or poetising. I can recall, besides the book of Job, but two works which produce this same effect of tender realism: Savonarola's *Commentary on the Miserere Psalm*, composed for

his own comfort during the last days of his imprisonment, and *The Sufferings of Christ*, by Fr. Thomas, the Augustinian, a collection of Meditations on the Passion wherewith he kept alive the faith and hope of his fellow-captives in a Moslem prison.

In 1631 the troops of Gustavus Adolphus overran a great portion of the Rhineland, and Fr. Spee had to leave his pleasant retreat at Falkenhagen for Cologne, where we find him professing moral theology in the years 1631 and 1632. During that time he had as his pupil the famous Busembaum (reputed the fountain-head of modern Probabilism), who always spoke of his master with enthusiastic admiration, and regretted exceedingly that nothing of his moral theology course had been published.

During his brief residence in Cologne, in addition to his professional duties, Fr. Spee worked very hard in the confessional, having a great number of penitents; and many conversions both from heresy and ill life were due to his efforts. Amongst the latter we are told of a certain grand lady who was wholly given up to gaieties of a very questionable sort, and exercised a very bad influence in the neighbourhood. She was very beautiful, and it was the fashion amongst the young men of the place to entertain her with nightly serenades beneath her window. Now Fr. Spee was a skilful musician and choir-master, as well as a poet, and had set many of his verses to music. So one night he sent his choir to the lady's window, and there they made such excellent music concerning the love belonging to heavenly things, and Fr. Spee's spirit in words and melody so wrought with her, that, altogether forsaking her former life, she thenceforward gave great edification to the whole town.

We hardly know the occasion of Spee's next and last removal, but in 1633 he left Cologne for the Jesuit house at Trèves, where he had made his novitiate, and where his brief but ardent course was to terminate. His health had been very delicate ever since the attempt upon his life which had so nearly proved successful, but nothing could moderate his zeal for work. He went on for the next two years doing parochial work, and revising his *Trutznachtigall*; and it looked

as if this heroic life would end in a quiet prosaic wearing out : but this was not to be.

In August of the year 1633 Trèves had been delivered over by its governor to the French, and the Jesuits, who were strong Imperialists, had had their schools closed. They were still holding on in a small way as parish priests in their Church of St. Simeon at the Porta Nigra, when, in the beginning of 1635, the Government issued a decree for their expulsion, which was to be carried into effect on the 27th of the ensuing March. It was the night between the 25th and the 26th of March when the Imperialist Graf von Rettberg, at the head of 1,200 men, managed to effect an entrance, and, after some eight hours of desperate street fighting, found himself master of the town. During all this time Fr. Spee was busy among the combatants, doing important service to friend and foe, carrying the wounded on his shoulders into safe corners where he slaked their thirst, dressed their wounds, and, where it was needed, gave them the last sacraments. Five hundred Frenchmen were slain, and as many more, with their leader, were taken prisoners. As soon as the battle was over, Fr. Spee hastened to Von Rettberg and prevailed upon him—Heaven knows how, except that Spee was not an easy man to refuse—to grant all the prisoners their liberty. Within a month of the capture of Trèves, Fr. Spee had the consolation of seeing all the prisoners who were fit to travel well supplied with clothes and money by his charity, and *en route* for their homes. Many, however, of the wounded of both sides still lay in hospital, where a pestilence soon added to the difficulty of the situation. There it was that Fr. Spee at once established himself as confessor, nurse, physician, and general servant, and there he met with his reward : they brought him home to die. He died surrounded by his brethren on the 7th of August, 1635, with no last words that have come down to us, but “ full of hope and happy ”. He lies in the crypt of St. Simeon’s Church <sup>1</sup> at Trèves, and his epitaph says as much and no more : “ Hier liegt Friederich Spee ”.

<sup>1</sup>This is not the church as I found on a subsequent visit to Trèves. I believe it is the Church of the Blessed Trinity, but am not sure. I could not get into the crypt.

If my readers in any degree share my feeling for this man of love and song and suffering, they will not fail to rejoice that this last phase of his life—a public life of something less than ten years—ends with so true a cadence.

Requiem pro anima tali non cantamus,  
Immo est introitus missæ "Gaudeamus,"  
Quia si pro martyre Deum exoramus,  
Ut Decretum loquitur, Sancto derogamus.



## REVELATIONS OF THE AFTER-WORLD.

A VERY interesting intellectual phenomenon of the day, most assuredly, is the growing enthusiasm for the study of Dante. It would almost seem as though by gazing in the Florentine's mystic glass men would fain recover a belief in that after-world which it images so clearly—a world amidst the calm details of which their strained and excited imaginations at least can find a rest they cannot find elsewhere. I have long fancied that some presentation of the thoughts on the after-world of souls who may claim kindred with Dante's in faith and realism, though not, of course, in the art of expression, would be not unacceptable. The revelations of such as St. Brigit, St. Hildegarde, the Monk of Evesham, are, if they are nothing more, at least the most vivid thoughts of holy souls upon the most interesting and exalted of all topics. But at the very outset of my undertaking I find myself hindered; my way is barred by Professor Salmon, who, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Purgatory and Private Revelations," written, I am ashamed to say, as long ago as October, 1883, has made controversial capital out of this very subject. I would fain walk in the solemn shadow, "amid the bitterness of things occult".

Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,  
Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,  
Che di pel maculato era coperta ;  
E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto,  
Anzi impediva tanto il mio cammino,  
Ch' io fui per ritornar più volte volto.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "And lo! almost where the ascent began,  
A panther light and swift exceedingly,  
Which with a spotted skin was covered o'er :  
And never moved she from before my face ;  
Nay, rather did impede so much my way  
That many times I to return had turned."—Tr. Longfellow.

Neither can I think it open to me, as it was to Dante, to avoid the combat. The Professor has written a telling article which clings and stings like a jelly-fish, and is as difficult to lay hold of. It is genial in manner at least, if not jaunty, and the writer knows a good deal about his subject, and has the appearance of discounting objections.

I must ask my readers to excuse a somewhat disproportionate controversial introduction to an essay which is, in intention at least, quite uncontroversial.

“My quarrel (says Professor Salmon) with that Church (the R. C.) is not that she guides her children wrong in respect to such (private) revelations, but that she abdicates her functions and neglects to give them the guidance they have the right to expect; so that on a point which lies at the very foundation of faith they wander in the most hopeless disunion and confusion.”

This is the whole of the professor's quarrel. He does not charge the Church with enforcing a belief in such revelations, for he admits that “it is as free to the most devout Roman Catholic as it is to myself” respectfully to decline any such revelation; but he complains that she leaves various so-called private revelations in their normal probability, without pledging her authority either to their being or not being what they profess to be.

And now I hardly think anything else is wanted for the collapse of the professor's charge save a simple statement of the theory upon which the Church's action is based. Before we complain of the Church for neglecting to do this or that, we must inquire whether she is possessed of the power to do anything of the kind. The truth is she has not, and has never pretended to have, a commission to deal *directly* with any other body of revealed doctrine save that deposit entrusted to her at Pentecost. *Indirectly*, indeed, she has the power of dealing with any doctrine whatever, whether professing to be revealed or not, so far as to declare its conformity or nonconformity with her own revelation. Supposing, however, the doctrine under examination to be in sufficient conformity with her own, and precluding all notion of a rival system of authority, which would really be an extreme form of doctrinal nonconformity,

the Church has no power whatever to define that such a doctrine is or is not revealed. The world may be full of revelations, for aught we know or the Church knows, from the story which the heavens are telling to the vision of Dante. All that the Church can do, after passing the doctrine of the revelation as wholesome, is to exhibit the probability, greater or less, based upon the character of the author or the transmitter and the circumstances of the delivery, of its containing verily a revelation of God. So much, then, for the charge of "abdication of a function".

But how would it be if the professor were to shift his ground somewhat and to complain, not of a "function abdicated," but of the lack of an important function properly appertaining to a Church; no longer of a neglect but of an impotence, and this regarding a point which lies at the very foundation of faith? I grant that this is a very serious charge, but it is a charge which comes with a very ill grace from one whose own Church has not only no such power, but does not know her own mind as to what she has received in the deposit of faith, nor has any idea of how to secure uniformity of faith, on the most essential points, among her members; but I have no intention of getting off with a *tu quoque*. I answer, then, that the point which the Church is supposed not to be able to decide, instead of lying "at the foundation of faith," lies outside it altogether, has nothing whatever to do with it. How can it concern the faith of any Catholic believer who, under the authority of the Church, is enabled to use his faith as a touchstone of the orthodoxy of any doctrine which may be presented to him, that he does not also know whether such orthodox doctrine be privately revealed by God to its enunciator, and thereby certainly true, or excogitated with more or less probability by him or her in meditation upon what has been already revealed? It would be satisfactory, pleasant, edifying, to know it; but in no sense can it be necessary, except on the assumption of the inadequacy of the Gospel revelation. "If I have a word to say to this one or to that," we can conceive Christ saying, "what is it to thee? Do thou follow Me."

Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, in answer to the charge

that the Church is a mint of new doctrines, has pointed out that her decisions, even those which seem to take the newest form, all run upon the old lines, and are concerned with certain few heads of doctrine. In regard to private revelations, it would be an extravagance to speak of them as containing any new doctrine whatever. I think it would puzzle Professor Salmon to produce anything from them which could be called a doctrine at all, besides doctrines of the Catholic Church or the teaching of approved theologians. What one really finds is a vast number of picturesque details more or less harmoniously filling up the outlines presented by Scripture of the mysteries of Christ's life and sufferings, accounts of particular judgments, and descriptions of the after-world. The *Divina Commedia*, as has been so often pointed out, is an accurate reflex of Catholic theology. So too, as far as their doctrine is concerned, are all the approved private revelations.

Although the professor has admitted, as far as words go, that a Catholic is free to accept, or not, such revelations, it may be as well to see exactly what the classical author on the subject, Amort (*De Revel. Privat. Regulæ*), lays down. He says of such revelations, particularly instancing those of St. Hildegarde, approved by Eugenius III., and those of St. Brigit, that the approbation only secures their containing no doctrine at variance with faith and morals. And as to the particular facts narrated, they cannot be rejected without temerity, unless on good historical grounds—"nisi veritas in facto aliquo historico certioribus documentis doceatur". Such revelations can never afford a primary ground for a definition, they can only be quoted *ex abundanti* after the doctrine has been approved by an appeal to Scripture and tradition; doctrinal revelations without such proof would be presumably suspect. Error may intervene even in revelations which are in substance from God. Such approved revelations are at most probable; they admit of being set aside without any note of temerity. For this last he appeals to De Alassio, Qualifier and Consultor of the Roman Inquisition. He quotes from Fr. Cuper, the Bollandist, the statement that there is no fact, sacred or profane, asserted in private revelations but you may discuss it, and decide for or against it on its proper evidence.



After this, is it not a little too bad of the professor to insist that Fr. Faber uses these revelations just like Scripture, because in a wholly uncontroversial work in which he would nourish the imaginative piety of his readers, he speaks of God's word to St. Catherine, or St. Brigit, without any qualification? Faber's appeal to Bellarmine shows that he had no idea of introducing any new theory on the subject, for Bellarmine never uses a private revelation except as subsidiary to formal proofs from Scripture and tradition.

Professor Salmon presents the Catholic Church under the figure of a vast manufactory of beliefs: "As when you go into some great manufactory you may be shown the article in all its stages—the finished product with the manufacturer's stamp upon it; the half-finished work; the raw material out of which the article is made; so it is in the Roman Church". So it must ever be, I answer, where faith is a living thing, wherever there is the *fides quærens intellectum* of St. Anselm, and the *intellectus obediens fidei*. No tree, except an artificial one, ever clothed itself, as though at the word of command, in evenly developed ranks of flower or fruit; but spray and bud and blossom, ripening or ripe fruit in various stages of development, characterise the living tree. "Their faith is a growing thing," says the professor. I accept the dictum; only, by no means does it grow out of the authority of private revelations. The instrument of its growth is that meditation and assimilation of revealed doctrine which distinguishes those who really assent to what they believe from those who are contented with mere abstractions and formularies. And the same temper of mind, the same meditative practice, is the condition and instrument of private revelation. Whatever of direct Divine communication these so-called private revelations do contain is the reward and seal of the ascetic and mystic contemplation of the mysteries of faith. Professor Salmon's co-religionists are for the most part singularly free from any dangers that may result from an excessive realisation of the faith that is in them.

On one point I can make no pretence to dispute with Professor Salmon—the possession of the Abbé Cloquet. He is a priest, it would seem, who uses private revelation largely

to upset the conclusions of modern science and to defend himself against the action of his ecclesiastical superiors. That he is ultimately suppressed hardly detracts from his effectiveness, for he is absurd and brilliant and rebellious to the last. If I am not much mistaken, the episode of M. Cloquet is the *raison d'être* of the professor's essay, and the rest an accompaniment only. Under this aspect, but I think under no other, the essay is a success. The abbé is an *enfant terrible*, and says just what the professor would and Catholics would not like him to say, and there is no escape. If a controversialist chooses to make play with a tipsy priest, to take a parallel instance, the argument is unanswerable so far as it goes. But then it does not go very far, and is not, perhaps, in the very best form.

And now, having acquitted myself as best I may of my "lonza," I shall proceed with what is the main intention of this essay, and attempt to introduce the great Swedish seeress of the fourteenth century, St. Brigit, giving some selections principally from one class of her revelations, the records of particular judgments.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, it is only thus indirectly that she presents us with any conception of the after-world. She does not lead us by the hand through the "aer bruno" of hell, or the circling terraces of purgatory, or the eloquent lights of paradise, like Dante or the Monk of Evesham. It is only a side glimpse, as it were, that is obtained during the critical moment when the soul stands before its Judge. Christ is ever the central Figure of her revelations; her special devotion is Christ's Passion; and it is as the triumphs or defeats of that Passion that these judgments are contemplated.

St. Brigit was born in 1304, of the royal blood of Sweden. From her tenth year, when she heard a vivid sermon on the subject, she was devoted to an almost continuous contemplation of Christ's Passion. In obedience to her father she married, when a mere girl, Ulpho, the young Prince of Nericia, in Sweden, a spouse in all respects worthy of her. To him she bore eight children, all of whom, as her old

<sup>1</sup>The judgment each soul is supposed to undergo immediately after death.

biographer insists, were elect citizens of heaven, for, of the four sons, two died in infancy, two were slain in the Holy War; whilst of the four daughters, two were models of married innocence and two were nuns. Of these last, Catherine, who had been previously married, became a canonised saint like her mother, of whom she was the devoted companion till St. Brigit's death in 1373.

I have come across no account of St. Brigit's personal appearance. To judge from her portraits, which look real, she was slight in stature and with no pretence to what are commonly accounted good looks. Not so her daughter Catherine, who is described as a stately, gracious personage, possessed, in a miraculous degree, of the peculiarly aristocratic privilege of always appearing well dressed, whatever she might be wearing. Of her it is related that once, when pacing a vine-trellised walk with some noble Roman ladies, it devolved upon her, as so much the tallest of the party, to gather the clusters hanging above their heads. As her ragged sleeves fell from her upraised arms the whole company marvelled exceedingly at their goodly texture and dainty fashion, and asked one another where Catherine, in her self-imposed poverty, could have found such garments. The same phenomenon was noticed by those who came to visit her on her deathbed. Her poor couch so shone, as it were, with precious stuffs, that her visitors could not summon up courage to offer her an alms.

St. Brigit's devotion to the Passion, especially since her husband's death in 1344, issued in a vast number of active works of charity on behalf of the poor and sick. Whilst making Rome her headquarters, she passed a large portion of her time in going on pilgrimage from one holy place to another, kindling hearts everywhere with her strange words of power, in the cause of piety and reformation. She travelled in a sort of state, with chaplain, doctor, cook, etc. But this only served to articulate with more precision the real poverty and hardship of her life, as she made herself a mere conduit for the distribution of her large substance amongst the poor. She would always insist upon sleeping on the bare ground, and often, we are told, would her daughter

Catherine watch till her mother was asleep, and then thrust her own garments under her in order that she might sleep somewhat more softly. She made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the purpose of fastening the Holy Places in her heart. She founded an important order of women and men<sup>1</sup> under the title of the Most Holy Saviour, one great house of which we possessed in England, Sion House. She laboured most strenuously in the task, afterwards accomplished by St. Catherine of Sienna, of restoring the Pope to his Roman throne from the moral captivity of Avignon. Despite her prophetic character, she was very quiet as well as firm in all her actions, with nothing in any way overstrained and heart-sick about her. A valiant woman and a prudent, her one thought was how she might spend herself to the utmost advantage of those for whom Christ died. This homely, practical character comes out very distinctly in her revelations, many of which take the form of exhortations and instructions. Her prayers form one of the principal sources of the non-liturgical devotions of the Church. She died in Rome in 1373.

The following shows the temper in which she received her communications, and may serve for a prologue thereto:—

*“ Words of Christ to the spouse as to why He rather speaks to her than to others.—*Many wonder why I speak to thee and not to others who are leading a better life and have served Me a longer time. To these I make answer by a parable: There is a certain lord who hath many vines, of each of which the wine tastes of the soil in which it is planted. When the wine has been made, the lord of the vines now and again drinks of the inferior and lighter wine, rather than of the better. And if perchance some one present and seeing it shall ask the lord wherefore he doth so, he shall make answer, that it was because this wine was sweeter to him and pleased him more at the moment. Neither for this does the lord cast aside and contemn the better wine, but reserves it for honourable use at a fitting season; each for that to which it is best suited. So do I with thee. I have

<sup>1</sup>The women held the temporalities.



many friends whose life is more pleasant to Me than any wine, more fair in My sight than the sun. Nevertheless, because it hath pleased Me I have chosen thee by My Spirit, not because thou art better than these, or to be compared with them, or their superior in merits, but because I have so willed it; because I make of the foolish wise, of sinners just. Neither when I do thee this favour do I therefore despise others, but I will keep them for other use and honour, according as My justice shall require. Therefore humble thyself in all things."

The essential idea of the state of the Christian after-world is not local but personal—a state dependent upon certain direct and conscious relations with One who is at once the sum of all that is desirable and the expression of essential goodness; a goodness, therefore, which is simply relentless in its aversion to evil. Thus, when we distinguish the Divine attributes, speaking of God as just or merciful, we import no distinction into the Godhead, as though now God yielded Himself to motives of compassion and anon dealt mere justice, whereas the formal difference lies in the quality of things, not in God. When we say that God is just and merciful we attribute to Him the positive qualities connoted by these epithets, not their distinction the one from the other. Of course this is equivalent to saying that we do not know God in the sense of comprehending Him even in regard to His most obvious attributes. God, who is essential goodness and therefore essential love, as such does at once constitute the essential beatitude of heaven, the essential damnation of hell, and the discipline of purgatory. In this last God's goodness at once attracts by its desirableness and repels by its sanctity, until at length the soul's contrasted evil is wholly racked away, and love prevails completely. Not, of course, that it is not more proper to essential love to embrace and satisfy than it is to punish or to purge, but that the fire which in its quality of light illuminates and cherishes does also, according to the subject-matter committed to it and its various relations thereto, both melt and harden, purify and destroy. So it comes about that many of the Fathers—St. Hilary and St. Ambrose, for example—speak of

God as girt with fire, through which all must pass who would attain unto Him, even His most holy Mother—a fire to the wholly pure simply innocuous, but to all else either a barrier like the fiery swords of the cherubim guarding Paradise or a grievous purgation. We find the same idea reproduced in Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*:—

. . . the keen sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
And scorch'd and shrivell'd it; . . .

It is this essential identity, as far as God is concerned, between His love and His hatred that finds expression in those words of Dante's sentence above hell gates which so shock the sentiment of many of his modern readers:—

Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore ;  
Fecemi la divina potestate,  
La somma sapienza, e il primo amore.<sup>1</sup>

I have said that the notion of place does not enter into the essential idea of the after-world. But of course it is its natural complement, necessary to its imaginative conception, and generally accepted as a reality. Heaven, the society of angels and saints, is represented as a holy city from which dogs and evil-doers are excluded, and this would seem to imply place. But even as regards heaven, it is common to interpret Christ's words to the penitent thief—"This day thou shalt be with me in paradise"—as showing that where-soever to any one the Godhead is unveiled he is in heaven. Thus it appears that if heaven is a place, it is something also not limited to place. Neither is hell, though understood to be a place, any more limited, for the devils carry their outer darkness about with them as the angels the vision of God.

In one of the earliest forms of the legend of Faustus, Mephistopheles is made to say in answer to a question, "Hell is no place; but as a bubble of water fleeth in the wind, so is hell ever fleeing before the breath of God"—words which emphatically recall the *procella tenebrarum* of St. James.

<sup>1</sup> "Justice incited my sublime Creator ;  
Created me divine Omnipotence,  
The highest Wisdom, and the primal Love."—Tr. Longfellow.

As to purgatory, the essential idea of which we meet with in the earliest Christian writings, it certainly was not regarded from the first as a place apart, that is to say, a distinct place, from hell; but as representing a state of hope in hell (previous to the general judgment) as contrasted with the state of others who have no hope. To this indistinctness, perhaps, we owe such legends as that of the delivery from hell of the Emperor Trajan. Such certainly is the picture presented to us in the "Revelation" of the Monk of Evesham in the twelfth century. In St. Brigit purgatory is not certainly the same place as hell; but in its lowest and most painful portion is, as it were, a chamber above the place of hell into which its penal fire pours and its devils enter to torment; not, indeed, for mere torture but as rough grooms, from the intolerable anguish of whose handling none in the lower purgatory, except by special privilege, were exempt. Some, according to the same authority, do not know that they are saved; surely a survival from the ancient indistinctness of place. This last is quite inconsistent with the modern conception of purgatory, as it is with Dante, who wrote half a century before St. Brigit. One cannot but remark that the poet here represents a higher stage of theological development than the saint. This goes some way to show how little purgatory owes to private revelation as an authoritative source.

Although I have to make this admission as to the primitive rudeness of some of the saint's conceptions, now and again extending to her theology, I venture to think that she is not therefore the less interesting. She is always careful to insist repeatedly that her representations, full as they are of physical detail, are only approximations to spiritual facts which cannot themselves be described.

In the record of a vision foreshadowing the judgment of one yet living, who is condemned to purgatory, we read: "Then it seemed to the spouse that, as it were, a place terrible and dark was opened, in which she beheld an inwardly glowing furnace, and that fire had no other fuel for burning save demons only and live souls. Above this furnace appeared the soul whose judgment she had before witnessed.

Now the feet of the soul were fastened in the furnace, and the soul stood erect, as it were a man (*tanquam una persona*). It was standing neither in the highest place nor in the lowest, but, as it were, in the side of the furnace, and its form was terrible to look upon. The fire of the furnace seemed to draw itself up through the feet of the soul, as water is drawn up through pipes, and under violent pressure to rise up above its head in such wise that the pores of the skin became like veins flowing with liquid fire; and its ears became as it were a smelter's bellows which, with their continual heaving, were moving the whole brain. Its eyes seemed uprooted and sunk in so as to cleave to the back of the head. Its mouth was open, and the tongue drawn out through the broken nostrils and hanging over the lips, and the teeth driven like iron nails through the palate. The arms were so elongated that they reached the feet, and the hands were clenched, and exuded as it were burning pitch. A cuticle seemed to cover the soul like the skin of a body; and it was as it were a linen wrapping drenched with sperm, so cold it seemed that all who gazed upon it shuddered, and from it came as it were the filth of an ulcer, with corrupt blood and so evil a smell that it might be compared to none other even the most grievous smell in the world."

From the handling of demons, which belongs to this lower purgatory, this soul was by special privilege delivered, "because solely for the honour of God it had forgiven the grievous offences of its deadly foes, and made friends with its great enemy".

"Above this place there is another place where the pain is less; this being no more than the failing of the powers in respect of strength, beauty, and the like. Even as if, to use a simile, a man had been ill, and when the sickness thereof and pain had gone he should be wholly without strength until he gradually recovered. Above this is a third place where there is no other pain save the craving to attain unto God. In the first place, there is the handling of demons, there are presented to the soul the forms of deadly worms and raging beasts, there is the heat and cold, the darkness and confusion which proceed from the pain that is in hell.



There some souls have a less pain, others a greater, according as they have satisfied or not for their sins while they were in the body. Then the master—that is the justice of God—putteth the gold—that is the soul—in that other place where there is no suffering save a failing of the powers, where the soul will abide until it find refreshment at the hands of its friends, or from the ceaseless good works of Holy Church. For the more succour the soul shall receive from its friends the sooner it will grow strong and be delivered from that place. After this the soul is brought into the third place, where there is no other pain save the desire of coming into the presence of God and His blissful vision. In this place do many linger and for very long, among whom are those who, whilst they lived in the world, had not a perfect desire of attaining to the presence of God and His vision.

“ Know, too, that many die in the world so just and innocent that they at once enter into the presence and vision of God; and some have made such satisfaction for their sins by their good works that their souls suffer no pain; but there are comparatively few who do not come to the place where there is the craving to attain unto God.

“ And so all the souls sojourning in these three places partake in the prayers and good works of Holy Church which prevail in the world, and especially in what they have themselves set on foot whilst alive, and such as their friends perform after their death. Know, too, that as sins are of many shapes and kinds, so, too, are there many different punishments. Even as the hungry man rejoices in the morsel that comes to his mouth, and the thirsty man in his draught, and the sad in joyful tidings, and the naked in his garment, and the sick man in going to his bed, even so the souls rejoice in partaking in those works which are done for them in the world.

“ After this were heard from purgatory many voices crying, ‘ O Lord Jesus Christ, pour forth Thy charity into those in the world who have spiritual power, and then we shall have a greater share than heretofore in their chants and lections and oblations ’.

“ Now above the place from which this cry was heard

appeared as it were a house within which many voices were heard saying, 'The blessing of God upon those who succour us in our need'. From this house an aurora seemed to spring, and beneath the house were seen clouds which had nothing of the light of the aurora, and from them came a mighty voice saying, 'O Lord God, give of Thine incomprehensible power a hundredfold reward to each one of those who is lifting us unto the light of Thy Godhead and the vision of Thy face'."

With this compare the exquisite passage, *Purgatorio*, cant. xi. :—

Così a sè e a noi buona ramogna  
 Quell' ombre orando, andavan sotto il pondo,  
 Simile a quel che talvolta si sogna,  
 Disparmente angosciate tutte a tondo,  
 E lasse su per la prima cornice,  
 Purgando le caligini del mondo ;  
 Se di là sempre ben per noi si dice,  
 Di qua che dire e far per lor si puote  
 Da quei, ch' hanno al voler buona radice ?  
 Ben si dee loro aitar lavar le note,  
 Che portar quinci, sì che mondi e lievi  
 Possano uscire alle stellate rote.<sup>1</sup>

St. Brigit's conception of the devil is one of the most appalling in the whole of diabolic literature. It combines the ferocity of Satan with the bitter gibing humour of Mephistopheles: "'O Judge' (he is made to exclaim), 'give sentence that the soul of this soldier which so resembles me may be united with me in wedlock.' Answereth the Judge, 'Say

<sup>1</sup> "Thus for themselves and us good furtherance  
 Those shades imploring, went beneath a weight.  
 Like unto that of which we sometimes dream,  
 Unequally in anguish round and round,  
 And weary all upon that foremost cornice,  
 Purging away the smoke-stains of the world.  
 If there good words are always said for us,  
 What may not here be said and done for them  
 By those who have a good root to their will ?  
 Well may we help them wash away the marks  
 That hence they carried, so that clean and light  
 They may ascend unto the starry wheels."—Tr. Longfellow.

what right in justice hast thou to her?' And the demon answered, 'I ask of Thee, first, when one animal is found like unto another do they not say, This animal is of the lion kind, this of the wolf, and so forth? Now then I ask of Thee, Of what kind is this soul, and which does it most resemble, the angels or the devils?' To whom the Judge, 'It resembles not the angels, but thee and thy kind, as sufficiently appears'. Then cried the demon, as it were scoffing, 'When this soul by the fire of unction, that is Thy charity, was created, it was like unto Thee, but now, having despised Thy sweetness, it has become mine by a threefold right: first, for it resembles me in disposition; second, for we have like tastes; third, for we twain have but one will'.<sup>1</sup>

In the same vision we are presented with an example of what I shall venture to call the aristocratic element of grace; an idea indeed inherent in Catholic theology, though hardly to find acceptance amongst modern humanists. The fiend's triumph in the loss of this soul is shortlived, his laughter perishes on his lips.

"For lo, a most beautiful star was ascending to the higher heaven, and seeing this, the devil held his peace. And the Lord said to him, 'Unto what is she like?' Answered the demon, 'She is fairer than the sun, but I am blacker than smoke. She is full of all sweetness and Divine love, I am full of all malice and bitterness.' Then said the Lord, 'What thinkest thou of this, and what wouldst thou give that she might be delivered into thy hand?' Answered the demon, 'All the souls that have fallen into hell from Adam even unto the present hour I would willingly give for her; and moreover, I would willingly suffer as sharp a torment as though the points of swords innumerable were to meet in one, point to point so closely as not to leave the space of a needle's point between them, and I to be sifted through them from the height of heaven even unto hell, that this star might be delivered into my hand'."

In a vision of "the judgment of one yet living" we have the Blessed Virgin as the *Advocata* coming to the assistance of the Guardian Angel, who has been put to silence.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the hideous interchange of natures, *Inferno*, cant. xxv.

“After this, countless demons were seen hurrying hither and thither, like sparks from an angry furnace,” whilst they chant their dreadful *credo* of faith without love, extolling the Divine justice and in its name demanding their prey.

“If that thing which Thou lovest above all, which is the Virgin that bore Thee and who has never sinned; if she had sinned mortally and had died without Divine contrition, Thou so lovest justice that her soul would never have attained to heaven, but would have been with us in hell. Therefore, O Judge, why dost Thou not adjudge this soul to us that we may punish it according to its works?”

“After this was heard the sound as it were of a trumpet, which when they heard they held their peace. And straightway a voice spake saying, ‘Be silent and hearken all of you, angels, souls and demons, to what the Mother of God saith’.

“And immediately the Virgin herself, appearing before the judgment-seat and having as it were some great matter concealed beneath her mantle, spake and said, ‘O enemies, you that persecute mercy and love justice without charity, although these defects appear in his good works, on which account his soul should not attain to heaven, yet see what I have here beneath my cloak’. And when the Virgin had opened the folds of her mantle there appeared under the one as it were a little church in which some monks were seen; and under the other fold were seen women and men, friends of God, religious and others, who all cried with one voice, ‘Have mercy, O most merciful Lord’.

“Then for a space there was silence, and the Virgin spake, saying, ‘Scripture saith, He who hath perfect faith can by it remove the mountains of the world. What then can and ought the voices of these to effect, who both have faith and have served God with fervent charity? What then will the friends of God be able to do whom this man has asked to pray for him, that he might be kept from hell and attain unto heaven; for he sought no other reward for his good works save heaven. Cannot all their tears and prayers lay hold of him and raise him up, so that he may obtain before his death Divine charity with contrition? And I, too, will add my



prayers together with the prayers of all the saints in heaven, whom he was wont especially to honour.'

"And then the Virgin added: 'O demons, by the power of the Judge I bid you give heed to that which you now see to be just'. Then they all answered as with one mouth, 'We see that in the world a little water and a mighty breath<sup>1</sup> appease the anger of God, and that in like manner God is appeased unto mercy and charity by thy prayers'."

In the judgment of acquittal on Charles, St. Brigit's son, the fiend fiercely complains of the Blessed Virgin's interposition:—

"'Here, Thou Almighty Judge: I make complaint to Thee that a woman who is both my mistress and Thy Mother, whom Thou so lovest that Thou hast given her power over heaven and earth, and over all the demons of hell, that she it is who hath done me wrong in the matter of this soul that is standing here. For I, according to justice, after this soul had gone out from its body, should have taken it to myself and presented it in my company before Thy judgment-seat. And lo, thou just Judge, this woman, Thy Mother, before the soul had gone out of the man's mouth, taking it into her hands, presented it under her high patronage before Thy judgment-seat.'<sup>2</sup>

"Then Mary, the Mother of God, thus replied: 'Listen, thou devil, to my answer. When thou wert created thou understoodest the justice that is in God from eternity and without beginning. Thou hadst free will to do what most pleased thee, and although thou chocest rather to hate God than to love Him, yet thou still understandest always what ought to be according to justice. I say then to thee, that it belonged to me rather than to thee to present this soul before God, the true Judge. For, whilst this soul was in the body, it had a great love for me, often revolving in its heart the

<sup>1</sup>The water and the Holy Ghost in Baptism.

<sup>2</sup>See the reverse fortune of Guy of Montefeltro (Dante, cant. xxvii.).

"Francis came afterward, when I was dead,

For me; but one of the black cherubim

Said to him, 'Take him not; do me no wrong:

He must come down among my servitors'."—Tr. Longfellow.

thought that God had deigned to make me His Mother, and had willed to exalt me above all creatures. And on this it began to love God with so great a love that it was wont often to say in its heart, "So exceedingly do I rejoice that God holdeth the Virgin Mary, His Mother, the dearest of all, that there is no created thing nor sensible enjoyment in the world that I would take in exchange for that joy; nay, I would choose that joy above all earthly joy. And if it were possible that she could fall off from God by one least point of the dignity in which she now is, rather than this should happen I would choose instead to be eternally tormented in hell. And therefore, for that blessed grace and exceeding glory which He has given His Most High Mother, may infinite praise be rendered!" See, therefore, O devil, with what a will he died. How then doth it seem to thee, whether is it more just that his soul should be taken under my protection before the judgment-seat of God, or should fall into thy hands to be cruelly tormented?' And the devil answered, 'I have no right that the soul which loved thee more than itself should fall into my hands before judgment is pronounced.'

Never, I venture to think, has the judgment of reprobation been so fearfully illustrated as in the following vision:—

"Then was seen a great host gathered about God, unto whom God spake, saying, 'Lo, this soul is not Mine. For the wound of My side and of My heart it had no more compassion than for the piercing of a foeman's shield. Of the wounds of My hands it took no more heed than of the rending of a frail rag. The wounds of My feet were as easy to it as though it looked upon the cleaving of a soft apple.'

"Then spake the Lord unto it, saying, 'Thou didst often ask in thy lifetime wherefore I, God, died in the flesh. Now, therefore, I ask of thee, wretched soul, wherefore art thou dead?' And it answered, 'Because I loved Thee not'. And the Lord answered the soul: 'Thou hast been to Me as an abortive child to its mother, who suffers no less a pain for him than for the one that comes forth alive from her womb. Even so, at as great a price and with as grievous suffering, I re-

deemed thee as I did any one of My saints, although thou hast taken little heed. But as the abortive child shall not enjoy the sweetness of its mother's breast, or the solace of her voice, or the warmth of her bosom, so thou shalt never taste the ineffable sweetness of Mine elect, because My sweetness has not pleased thee. Thou shalt never hear My words to thy profit, because thine own words and the world's were pleasing to thee, while My words were bitter. Thou shalt never experience My love and goodness, because thou wert cold as ice to everything that is good. Go, then, into that place where abortions are wont to be cast, where thou shalt live in thy death eternally, inasmuch as thou wouldst not live in My light and life.'"

It has been often remarked that the so-called revelations of saints contradict one another in more or less important details. When such contradictions occur they no doubt emphasise the imperious subjective element in such manifestations. But in the case of St. Brigit's purgatory one feels that in its ferocious fiend-inflicted torments it presents a very different picture from that with which modern theology has made us familiar, and which the *Dream of Gerontius* has introduced into our literature: a picture this last of willing loving patience and almost self-inflicted suffering. But there is ample room for both conceptions, and indeed the modern view is in part indicated by St. Brigit when speaking of that higher house of purgatory whence the aurora springs. That there should be a ruder escape, a lower sweep, as it were, of the net of God's compassion in the sea of fire, for the benefit of the worst of those who turn their last moments to account, should be a welcome thought to all who retain hell and heaven as ultimate co-ordinate alternatives. Christ's last school of morals cannot, in its lowest form, be too roughly elemental if it is to embrace souls which have passed through this life without coming up to the first standard.

St. Brigit was probably the fiercest denouncer of ecclesiastical abuses that ever lived. On the principle "potentes potenter torquentur," popes and cardinals who wasted the Church's substance or misused her subjects met with no sort of forbearance at her hands. Sordid prelates who, forgetful

of the spiritual riches which is their portion, seek after worldly goods, are "swine masquerading in copes," who at the castle banquet, when their lord presses his choicest viands upon them, grunt a surly refusal ("voce porcina et refutatoria") and greedily demand their accustomed husks, until kicked out into the yard by the indignant servants.

In a spirit of larger and more solemn sarcasm she thus describes the defection after wealth of the Christian community of her day:—

"The Son of God spake: 'I am as it were a king standing in the midst of a plain, upon whose right are set his friends, and upon his left his foes. And whilst they are thus standing cometh a voice of one crying unto the right, where they are all standing well armed, with their helmets closed and their faces turned towards their Lord. And thus crieth the voice: "Turn unto me and believe in me, for I have gold to give you". And when they had turned, saith the voice a second time, "If you would see the gold, undo your helmets, and if you should desire to possess it I will fasten them again, after my own fashion". And upon their consenting he fastens their helmets wrong side before, so that the front holes, through which they ought to see, fall behind, and the back part of their helmets blinds their eyes so that they cannot see, and he, thus crying, leads them blindfold after him.'"

Whatever may have been the abuses in the Church of St. Brigit's day, this at least in common justice should be remembered, that the vehemence of her denunciations did not render her the less acceptable to its authorities. These have ever been ready, at the worst of times, faithfully to accept the "*vulnera diligentis*," in accordance with St. Augustine's dictum, "*Ama, et fac quod vis*". They showed themselves exceedingly anxious that no word of the Lord should be lost, even when it threatened to break in vengeance upon their own heads.

"And Eli asked him, 'What is the word which the Lord has spoken to thee? I beseech thee hide it not from me. May God do so-and-so to thee and add so-and-so if thou hide from me one word of all what were said to thee.' And Samuel told him all the words, and did not hide them from



him. And he answered, 'It is the Lord, let him do what is good in His sight'."

Seldom, indeed, was it that even the worst popes and bishops refused to accept the reproofs of any whom they were able to regard as the servants of God. With one more extract we will take our leave of St. Brigit. It may be considered as embodying her philosophy of life; and modern criticism, whilst probably designating it as pessimism, will hardly deny its vigour.

"Wherever bread is being made, there must of necessity be much kneading and working. But before the master of the house is set the wheaten bread, and before the household an inferior bread, and a third bread still worse is given to the dogs. By this kneading is understood tribulation, inasmuch as a spiritual man is troubled because God has not honour of His creatures, and because there is so little charity. All whosoever are troubled in this wise are the wheaten bread, in which God and all the heavenly host rejoice. But all those who are troubled at worldly adversities, these are the inferior bread, yet many such are enabled to reach heaven. But those that are troubled at this, that they are not able to do all the evil that they wish, the same are the bread of those dogs that are in hell."

## SAVONAROLA.<sup>1</sup>

### PART I.

FATHER LUCAS tells us in his Preface how this Biography of 442 closely printed and profusely annotated pages has grown out of a projected review of Pastor's rejoinder to his critics.<sup>2</sup> Those who know Fr. Lucas can well understand his sense of the imperious necessity of fully mastering his subject, and his bibliographical list of ten pages witnesses to the thoroughness of his research. The result is the fullest, and we think in some respects the fairest, appreciation of Savonarola that has appeared in English, not excepting the translated volumes of Villari and Pastor.

He needs no apology for treating *de novo* so well worn a subject as the case of Savonarola, for its interest is inexhaustible—as indeed it is with all stories which enlist the sympathies and passions of humanity; and here the circumstances are altogether unique. For consider, here is a friar who, a decade or so before Luther, denounced the reigning Pontiff in tones which still vibrate; who resisted him to the death, and moved for his deposition; who died under the ban of Church and State, condemned at once by the Signory, the Pope, and the General of his Order, after his reputation had been pulverised by a confession of guilt, however this may have been extorted, and however, after extortion, manipulated; whose anguished friends, for the moment at least, forsook him almost *en masse*. And yet his memory has been cherished in the Church with a tender regretful reverence that has gone far to canonise him in many minds. Not only have generations of his disciples

<sup>1</sup> *Fra Girolamo Savonarola*, by Herbert Lucas, S.J. (London: Sands & Co., 1899).

<sup>2</sup> *Zur Beurtheilung Savonarola's, etc.*, Freiburg, 1898.

kept his memory green, but Popes have interfered to protect his reputation with kindly expressions of good-will. Even the stern all-searching hands of the Inquisition and the Index have passed but lightly over his works; and great saints have bowed before him and worshipped, or all but worshipped.

Moreover, this mild action on the part of the authorities of the Church has been persisted in under extreme provocation. On one side the reformers claimed Savonarola as their precursor, republished several of his writings, and hurled them at the heads of their adversaries; on the other hand ardent champions of the Pope like Catharinus did not hesitate to brand him as a scandalous rebel if not a heretic, and to clamour for a general suppression of all that he had written.<sup>1</sup> And still he lies upon the Church's breast as one apart, at once the child of her heart and the victim of her hands; or, if I may use such an illustration without offence, it is as though a mother had overlain her child when the infant was rousing her to a consciousness of mortal peril, in the very convulsion of her waking. Fr. Lucas does well to count upon our interest, nay our craving to know all that can be known on such a subject.

In dealing with the critical points of his hero's story; his work religious and political in Florence; his employment of the children as missionaries; his attitude towards the Papal excommunication; his prophecies; he is far more generous than Dr. Pastor. There are no allusions to the Salvation Army; no attempt to pooh-pooh the Friar's work as ephemeral. There were extravagances here and there, he thinks, but emotional work must involve a certain reaction—witness the missions of our own day—and a solid and glorious result remained in many hearts; and as to his political work, to a great extent it was forced upon him, and was in the main good. He ignores Dr. Pastor's gratuitous attempt to involve Savonarola in a charge of Gallicanism. He insists that even in his resistance to the excommunication he may have been

<sup>1</sup> "Discorso contra la dottrina e le profezie de Fra G. Savonarola." Venezia, 1548.

very probably in good faith, and in actions that were objectively the least defensible have committed no serious sin. This hardly touches the note of a reviewer in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, who concedes that Savonarola's every act may have proceeded from a motive of divine love: but it is much.

I admire the indomitable justice of detail with which Fr. Lucas metes out his praise and blame. I am grateful, but somehow I am not quite satisfied. I am reminded a little of the effect produced upon me by Landor's emendations of *Paradise Lost*: deletions on a considerable scale, condensations, change of emphasis; all of the emendations clever, many of them brilliant; and some few of which it was hard to impeach the advantage. And then like the invasion of the tide came the thought that after all Milton is Milton, and that it is an ungracious task to clip an eagle's wing.

Fr. Lucas goes so far towards admitting Savonarola's sanctity that one is inclined to be surprised that he does not go further; that he does not accord him that large and liberal treatment which is the due of saints. Of course the Friar is not safeguarded by the sanction of authority, as are the canonised saints; still there is something, one would think, due to the type, apart from individual registration. I should imagine that the bulk of Fr. Lucas's readers will either go further in their acceptance of Savonarola or not so far. They will find it hard to maintain their balance upon the critical edge of appreciation, which has been assigned them with such conscientious nicety.

Praise, or rather apologetic approbation, is dealt all round: to the Friar a Benjamin's portion, to the Borgia a quantum as of Peter's Pence; and even the judges with their rackmasters and hangman have no reason to complain. I am afraid I desiderate a little more hearty prejudice on the right side, but I am forgetting how hard it is to be clear and sonorous and at the same time fair, especially when controversy from every angle has trampled the ground into mud.

I suppose one main ground for regarding Savonarola as a saint, *i.e.* a conscientious persistent soldier of Christ, ever combating for the right as it appears to him, and on the



highest of motives, the love of God, is this, that besides his actual fighting for the cause of God, he has given clear evidence of a deep spiritual life which he not only lived himself, but from which he nourished numberless children of grace who could say, "In thy light we shall see light". From his earliest days with his novices at St. Mark's to the last days in the dungeons of the Signory, when, with a frame broken by torture and his reputation shattered, he converted his dissolute jailer by the energy of his prayer—Burlamacchi says that the man found him raised from the ground in ecstasy—he was able to supply his neighbours' lamps with an oil that never failed.

Although Burlamacchi's life is a medley by several hands, and sundry of its statements of fact must be controlled, no one has disputed the truth of its portraiture. As it was with St. Philip Neri, who loved his memory, Savonarola's conversation, with all who had intercourse with him, was the very music of the spiritual life. The first glimpse we get of him in prison, when the storm of violence and ignominy had begun to abate, and it became possible to see things as they are, the last before the closing scene, he is on his knees quietly meditating on the "Miserere" and the "In te Domine speravi". The river of his life is moving in its regular course, the course that it had always maintained, "ad consummatorem Jesum," although its surface had been so broken and disturbed by the flaws of contrary winds. Fr. Lucas's theory is that we have here a man highly gifted both by nature and by grace, but in whom there is a vein of "subtle pride" which asserts itself now and again with poisonous effect, not so much upon the man, who is supposed to be in good faith, as upon his action. This same "subtle pride" has ever been a sort of *diabolus e machina* in the ascetic school. It is so subtle that it can always be supposed, whenever a man of God is awkward and refuses to fall into line, especially if he happens to tread upon your toes. For my own part I have always found pride a sturdy self-exponent, most unlikely to be ignored and forgotten, but I speak as one less wise. Why are we not satisfied with saying that here and there the Friar was carried away by his spiritual exaltation

to do what does not admit of objective justification. It is pleasant to find a Franciscan, the annalist Luke Wadding,<sup>1</sup> speaking of him as “solo fortassis vehementis zeli nimio ardore ultra metas evectus”.

I have been in the habit of considering with Fr. Lucas, that Savonarola's attitude with regard to the Papal excommunication, however it may be excused, could not be strictly justified. Since Fr. Lottini's powerful article in *Il Rosario*,<sup>2</sup> the whole subject would seem to require reconsideration.

As to Savonarola's bearing with regard to the Pope's command to reunite St. Mark's with the Roman-Tuscan Congregation, which furnished the case for his excommunication, I must admit that if he resisted actively he was in the wrong, and incurred the excommunication *latæ sententiæ* denounced in the Brief of November 7, 1496. On the other hand, he was quite justified in throwing the whole responsibility upon the Pope, and in declining all initiative not definitely prescribed, in what he regarded as a binding of the living to the dead or the dead-alive. He certainly made no secret of his detestation of the plan, but Fr. Lottini contends that he never organised any resistance to it. He read the Brief of reunion to his brethren, which was all that was required technically to give it effect, whilst encouraging the community to appeal to the Pope for reconsideration. It was for the superiors of the new congregation to take action by sending a visitor, etc. Had they done so, Fr. Lottini thinks there is nothing to show that Savonarola was prepared to resist.

He proceeds to point out that the so-called Brief of excommunication of May 13, 1497, is purely declarative of an excommunication supposed to have been incurred by Savonarola, by a behaviour to which the previous Brief of November 7, 1496, had attached this penalty. But if we compare the two Briefs, we find Savonarola declared in the latter to have incurred excommunication, in virtue of the former Brief, for not having carried out the reunion, whereas the former Brief only denounces excommunication upon all such as “contradict or oppose obstacles” to the reunion. It is a case

<sup>1</sup> Lucas, p. 437.

<sup>2</sup> Maggio, 1898, “Fu veramente scomunicato il Savonarola?”

technically of *coup manqué*. As a point of legal analysis I regard Fr. Lottini's position as unassailable. Fr. Lucas is contented to reply that the Friar never availed himself of any such plea, but based his resistance upon the gross injustice of the excommunication. That is true, but it might have been difficult to bring home the effect of a technical informality to his audience. It is difficult to suppose that he himself did not recognise it, or that his enemies did not, when they allowed him to communicate and receive a plenary indulgence without such absolution from excommunication as would naturally have been a prominent feature in the record.

Whilst I regard the informality as invalidating the so-called excommunicatory Brief, and as such, reflecting much discredit on the Roman Chancery, I am inclined to believe that the excommunication *lata sententiæ* of the first Brief was actually incurred both by Savonarola and the whole community of St. Mark's through their "Apologeticum Fratrum Sti Marci," a manifesto published presumably in April, 1497; which, therefore, was in all probability under the Pope's eyes whilst he was framing the excommunicatory Brief of May 13. This manifesto is by the brethren, as distinct from their Prior—their position as Florentines, whilst he was an alien, giving them a special claim to protest against externalisation. Savonarola, however, identified himself emphatically with them in his preface. Therein they formally proclaim resistance and brave excommunication. A careful abstract of the document is given by Fr. Lucas in the chapter immediately preceding that which treats of the excommunication, but he does not quite seem to have recognised its practical bearing upon Fr. Lottini's thesis.

The informality of the excommunication, the Pope's expression communicated through the Florentine ambassador that its publication was "contra mentem suam," may account for its not having been treated finally as a matter of the external forum. The absolution from it was probably given privately in the sacramental forum, and so unrecorded by the Benedictine who was authorised to hear the prisoner's last confession.

Whatever may be thought of the above theory, there can

be no doubt that Savonarola contested the validity of the Pope's excommunication on broad grounds of justice, and ultimately refused to yield to it the external deference generally recognised as due even to an unjust sentence. It is this external resistance, which, with Fr. Lucas, I do not pretend to justify objectively, that we are called upon to account for: to explain I mean, how so good and earnest a Catholic could have failed to see what to us appears an obvious duty. Fr. Lucas has spared no pains to do Savonarola justice. If in some respects he has failed to do so, it is, I think, because he has attempted too scrupulously to combine in one breath minute alternations of subjective excuse with objective condemnation. What one wants, is, as accurate an analysis as may be, of the atmosphere in which Savonarola was living, so as to understand what mist it may be presumed had bound his eyes, eyes both intellectually and spiritually of exceptional keenness.

Fr. Lucas admits (p. 246) that there are cases in which an excommunication may not only be regarded as invalid *in foro interno* but ignored and resisted *in foro externo*, viz. when the sentence can be publicly shown to be null either in consequence of some legal flaw, or because it contains "an intolerable error". There was a legal flaw as we have seen, but this was not pleaded, though it can hardly have failed to infect the position with a sense of injustice. "The intolerable error" is defined (see note, p. 247) as involving the prescription of something "quod communiter et in genere suo est peccatum". I would note that "to pass over to the other side of the road" is not a sin "in genere suo," yet a grievous sin it might be nevertheless, if one lay on this side in mortal necessity. Innocent IV., in the passage quoted (p. 242), appeals to no such limitation of the right of resistance, as, "unless he can make it clear". What he says is, "unless there should be a strong presumption that from the execution of the command there would ensue a disturbance of the peace of the Church, or other evil consequences, for then he would sin by obeying".

Savonarola had more and more come to regard Alexander's action towards himself and his work in Florence "per modum



unius" as a contest of unrighteousness with righteousness, and this was largely the opinion of the better sort among the Florentines; and when he saw that his abstaining from preaching involved the running down of all the moral strings about him, he may well have thought the claims of charity paramount, and the "error" that withstood him "intolerable". This was doubtless confirmed by the brutal carelessness with which the ecclesiastical weapon had been clubbed, as it were, as though any weapon would serve to beat a dog with, and by the cruel revival in the prelude of the quite gratuitous charge of heresy.

Neither must we forget the extent to which excommunication and absolution therefrom had become a matter for diplomacy; and still worse, were only too frequently bought and sold. At an earlier period Savonarola had been offered a Hat if he would change his tone, and Burlamacchi tells us that it was notified to him that if he would pay a cardinal's debt of 5,000 crowns he might have absolution. Even if this were a rumour merely, it would go far to explain the Friar's passionate denunciation of any attempt on his part to obtain absolution. If between the precipices of rebellion and simony his steps wandered, we can hardly be surprised.

It was notorious that Alexander VI. had bought the Papacy. It was not merely that certain favours had been interchanged, certain guarantees given. In the clash of political interests, ordinarily accompanying a papal election when the Pope was a temporal ruler, it was hardly possible to avoid a certain sort of "negotiatio"; but here a man whose fetid life should have excluded him from the meanest office in the Church was elevated to the supreme pontificate by gross and manifest bribery. There had always been canonists in the Church who regarded such an election as hopelessly invalid, although it was very commonly held that the subsequent acceptance of the Church conveyed a practical "sanatio" and readjustment.

Cardinal della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., had repeatedly denounced the election of Alexander as invalid, and moved for a General Council to depose him. In the second year of his Pontificate, 1505, that is to say, a year and five months

after the death of Alexander, he issued his famous "Damnatio simoniacæ electionis Summi Pontificis Romani cum poenarum impositione in electum eligentesque et eorum complices," which was subsequently confirmed in the Lateran Council. Fr. Lucas, whilst granting the probability that the "Damnatio" was little more than an authoritative insistence upon a principle of Canon Law upon which the Cardinal della Rovere had been acting, a principle the acceptance of which might account for the *bona fides* of Savonarola in regarding, as he had come to do, the Simoniac as no Pope, maintains that even had the "Damnatio" existed in Savonarola's time before Alexander's election, it would not have justified him in personally moving for the deposition. He insists (p. 432) that the right of raising a protest was strictly limited by Julius to the Cardinals, and even among them "restricted to those who have been present at the election," "a quocunque Cardinali qui eidem electioni interfuerit opponi et excipi potest". I venture to think that a careful examination of the document will prove that no such restriction exists.

There is nothing in the words quoted necessarily implying restriction. Those present are inevitably the first mentioned, as the first upon whom the obligation of resistance would fall. The case is expressly contemplated, amongst others, of the simoniacal election being absolutely unanimous, when the only Cardinals who do not *ipso facto* lose their status would be those who were not present. Such of the electors as unite themselves to the externs within eight days of their being summoned are thereby restored "in pristinum statum," which they had forfeited by their simony (§5).

(§3) "It is lawful for every and any Cardinal," and "for the Roman clergy and people, etc., etc.," to forsake and avoid the Simoniac, whatever seeming obligations they may have contracted towards him, "ut magum, ethnicum, publicanum, et heresiarcham". Then precisely (§7) of those Cardinals "qui electioni predictæ simoniacæ non interfuerint," it enacts that, whether the electors have joined them or not, they may proceed to a fresh election, the simoniacally elected remaining for ever ineligible and incapable of redintegration by any subsequent acceptance, however persistent (§1 and §2). Julius,

in declaring the Simoniac Pope to be "non apostolicus sed apostaticus," is repeating the words of Nicholas II., whom he would seem to be consciously interpreting.

Certainly the "Damnatio" contains no clause that would preclude the Friar, one of the most influential persons of his day, from moving for the Simoniac's deposition. As it was, the Bull could have had no retrospective action, and if Savonarola is to be defended, it must be upon the authorities which the Bull represented. He can appeal to the protesting Cardinal della Rovere and to the opinion of the great canonists Hostiensis and Johannes Andreae that simony constituted, as it were, an "impedimentum dirimens". Combining with this thought, and, perhaps, dominating it, was the feeling that the Pope had ceased to be a believer in a judgment to come, and so, according to the prevailing view, had either *ipso facto* ceased to be Pope or was liable to deposition. But whilst we may thus explain, and in a measure justify the conclusion to which Savonarola had gradually come, it is impossible to justify the imprudent violence of his isolated opposition to what after all was the authority in possession. Coinciding as this did with the decline of his influence in Florence, it threw him into the hands of his enemies and sealed his fate.

Before leaving the "Damnatio" I would insist that no such enactment can preclude a "Sanatio" effected by the acceptance of the Church in the case of any Pope not certainly known to be simoniacal, as regards his official and especially his dogmatic utterances, on the principle "Communis error commune jus".

## PART II.

Fr. Lucas is, I think, hardly either fair or philosophical in his dealing with Savonarola's prophetic claims. He meets Luotto's dilemma "either prophet or impostor" effectively enough with "nay but deluded". But he goes on to suggest that the extraordinary verification of so many prognostications is to be attributed to political foresight, secret information, etc., without realising that it would be somewhat hard to reconcile such cold-blooded calculation with the rhap-

sody of prophetic fervour, under conditions of perfect honesty. On the other hand, I would maintain a fourth position as far better meeting the circumstances of the case, *viz.* the supposition of a true prophetic spirit occasionally crossed by delusion. The consciousness of the reality of the "inspiratio" might encourage an unwarranted, and therefore probably false, dilation of its subject on the plane of the imagination. We find that this takes place even in the revelations of canonised prophetesses such as St. Brigit and St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi. This, and nothing less, is proved by the way in which they now and again flatly contradict one another. If, then, Savonarola's prophecies do occasionally lose themselves in dreamland, or disport themselves in trivialities, he need not on that account cease to be accepted as a prophet. It may be admitted that for a prophet in active breathless combat it must be particularly hard effectually to winnow the grain from the chaff.

A prophet, it is said with some plausibility, ought to attest his prophecies by miracle. Indeed, for his own safety, unless he is merely a prophet of smooth things, he should have the gift of miracles. Without it he is as one in battle mounted on a brave horse, but weaponless. In God's providence, however, the two gifts have not always gone together. Jeremias prophesied and worked no miracle, and was killed by his hearers. It were wise for the prophet who works no miracle to hearken to the words of Elisæus to the young man whom he sent to anoint Jehu and prophesy the fall of the house of Ahab, "*aperiesque ostium et fugies et non ibi subsistes*". Even when prophecies are accompanied by miracles they are by no means exempt from criticism. Take, for instance, the example of St. Vincent Ferrer. His prophecies were enforced by coruscations of miracles, and his main prophecy was that the Last Day was close at hand. His latest biographer, Père Fages, is reduced to the ingenious hypothesis that, as it was with the prophet Jonah, the Judgment was stayed, the prophecy unfulfilled, owing to the saint's success in preaching it; and I would not say that this is not the true account.

Savonarola's principal prophecy was of the awful judg-



ment about to fall upon perverse priests and prelates. Many of those who heard him beheld the sack of Rome in 1527 and the fierce suppression of the clergy in Northern Europe. To the former event Cajetan refers in his commentary on St. Matthew, when speaking of the worthless salt, "Lo sperimentiamo hor'noi prelati della Chiesa, in un' particolar' modo, dati per giustissimo giudizio di Dio in preda, in sacco, ed in prigionia, non nelle mani d'infedeli, ma di Christiani: perciocche essendo noi eletti per sale della terra noi siamo svaniti, ne piu a cosa veruna utili, ecceto che alle cirimonie e beni di fuori, noi siamo stati calpestati, anchor' di corporal prigionia, insieme con tutta la città di Roma".<sup>1</sup>

Fr. Lucas is no doubt right in urging that the Church has authority to try the spirit of the prophets. It is very necessary that prophecies which handle dogma should be tried by the standard of dogma, but Savonarola's prophecies were not of this kind. It is hardly consistent with the "haec dicit Dominus" to wait for either "nihil obstat" or "imprimatur".

With regard to the famous ordeal by fire to which the rival parties of the Dominicans who defended, and the Franciscans who attacked, Savonarola, engaged their champions, I hardly think Fr. Lucas has done the former justice.

The ordeal itself was a piece of barbarism, not to say a canonical offence; and it is vastly to the discredit both of Church and State that no serious effort was made to stop it. Savonarola himself was strongly opposed to it, at least in the form proposed, and only yielded to pressure. At the same time he was convinced, first, that the Franciscans would never face the fire; second, that if they did, God would declare himself against them by the survival of the Dominican. The Franciscans professed that they believed in no such interposition, but were content, if their adversary were but wiped out, to perish with him—a sentiment scarcely befitting a Christian, if sincere, and in its melodramatic combination of murder and suicide somewhat suggestive of brag.

Fr. Lucas accepts the Franciscan account that the frustration of the trial arose simply from the Dominican

<sup>1</sup> Neri, *Apol.*, p. 18.

champion Fra Domenico's insistence upon carrying the Blessed Sacrament into the fire. If this be the case, I cannot but admit that the Franciscans were so far in the right. For their champion might fairly have claimed the same privilege, and so either both champions would have escaped and the ordeal failed, or one at least of the sacred hosts been destroyed, which might hardly escape the imputation of irreverence. On the other hand, the Dominicans, Burlamacchi and Neri, insist that the main impediment lay in the absurd suspicion of the Franciscans that their adversaries were carrying charms. The first writer evidently here embodies the testimony of eye-witnesses; the latter would seem to depend upon Alexander Strozzi, the young Dominican novice, with whom Domenico, to meet the Franciscan suspicions, exchanged clothes, and whom Neri tells us he knew as an old friar. Fr. Lucas evidently considers that he is dispensed from entering into the details of the Dominican account, on the strength of certain Dominican admissions, which are as follows: (1) Burlamacchi remarks that Fra Silvestro, the third of the trio, had a revelation, "che in verun modo v'entrasse senza il Sacramento"; (2) Fra Domenico, in his autograph confession, insists that his desire to carry the Blessed Sacrament with him arose from a "movimento di Dio"; (3) Savonarola in his confession declares, or is made to declare, that he would not have allowed Fra Domenico to enter the fire otherwise: the contention being that under these circumstances there could have been no question of Domenico's yielding the point. I must admit that Fr. Lucas's case is a very strong one.

On the other hand, I would observe that we are not told when Fra Silvestro had the revelation. It might have been after the alternative of the crucifix noted by Burlamacchi had been rejected by the Franciscans. Domenico in his confession is concerned to vindicate himself from the charge of irreverence towards the Blessed Sacrament; and he does so by asserting that he was acting under a "movimento di Dio," and that he was sure that neither he nor it would have been burnt. He does not say that he made it a *sine quâ non*.

Fr. Neri,<sup>1</sup> presumably representing Strozzi, declares that Domenico abandoned his notion of carrying the host when he found it gave scandal, and proposed the alternative of chasuble and crucifix; that this was objected to; and then followed the stripping and examination for charms and interchange of garments with Strozzi which concludes the first scene. In Burlamacchi the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament is Domenico's suggestion as an alternative to the crucifix which had been objected to; whereas the stripping, etc., belongs to the first and not the last scene; although it would seem to have been prolonged, in a sense, throughout the drama, for the Franciscans are said to have persistently surrounded Domenico lest Savonarola might enchant him afresh.

One significant fact—it can hardly be an invention—is asserted by Burlamacchi. The Franciscan Rondinelli “che dovea entrar nel fuoco non vi comparse mai”:<sup>2</sup> neither did his backer di Puglia, although some said he was “in Palazzo”.

We can never know the precise truth of the matter; but on the whole, I am inclined to believe that the Franciscan leaders were deliberately playing into the hands of the Friar's enemies, and richly deserved the reproach of the voice that cried the first time they came up to receive the annual stipend decreed by the Signory for that day's work, “ecco prendete il prezzo del sangue tradito”.

The episode of the ordeal is not of first-rate importance as far as our estimate of Savonarola is concerned; historically it was the beginning of the end. The Pope and the Signory were already his enemies, and now the populace turned against him, for he had not responded to their expectation, and the grand spectacle they had looked for had ended in a fiasco. This was on Saturday, April 7. On the Monday Savonarola was in prison awaiting tortures and death.

Fr. Lucas tells us (p. 407) that the consideration that Savonarola's deposition was not only extracted by torture but, as every one recognises, elaborately and repeatedly garbled and

<sup>1</sup> *Apol.*, p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> “Who was to have entered the fire, did not turn up.”

distorted, "had all but determined him to pass over entirely the three processes of Fra Girolamo". However, on second thoughts, believing that he has discovered a sort of clue to distinguish true statements from forged, he addresses himself to the painful task. Though without quite sharing his confidence, I should have been sorry if he had refrained, for reasons which will appear presently.

By way of prelude I would say a word on the subject of torture-wrung confession. When once a man condemned to torture begins to distinguish, as they for the most part did, between what he may admit, and so in all probability ought to admit, and what he may not; between legitimate equivocation and the falsehood which is not lawful—if indeed any statement be not lawful under circumstances which openly contradict its validity—he is at the last disadvantage, and his enemies will largely have their way with him. When all is said of Savonarola's weakness under torture, so little that is in any way compromising could his enemies elicit, that they had thrice to falsify his deposition before they could face the public with it. Manhood is so often at its lowest ebb in the dentist's chair, I have often thought, because the victim's mouth is open and he cannot clench his teeth. When about to be tortured—who knows but you may visit Thibet—do not attempt to draw a cunning line between this and that, but set your teeth and groan when you cannot pray, nay, if you swear in a loose general way, it may be assumed that God will forgive you easily. But, whatever you do, do not make distinctions—a logical exercise for which you are inevitably out of gear. Not one syllable could Topcliffe extract from the blessed Fr. Southwell, not even the colour of the horse which he rode upon a certain day; and this because it had fared ill with another martyr of the Society who in his agony unwittingly betrayed a Catholic friend, by what he thought a harmless admission.

I cannot feel confidence in Fr. Lucas's criterion of what it would and what it would not be worth while a forger to invent; but I admit that, on the whole, the invention is concerned with Savonarola's motives, rather than with his actions and doctrine, which had long been public property.



And now I will draw attention to what these processes make quite clear, *viz.* that the torture was not addressed to the discovery of facts and accomplices; in secret the Friar had taught nothing. The letters inciting to a General Council were in the Signory's hands, and no attempt was made by the writer to disguise his action. The monstrous iniquity of his torture lay in this that it was addressed simply to elicit what might destroy his reputation for integrity and sanctity, and thus break his heart and the hearts of those who loved him. No criminal code that I know of in the world's history has pretended to justify such a proceeding.

The Friar had braved death under appalling circumstances, and had long looked forward to martyrdom; but he was a man with a most sensitive organisation, and the reiterations of torture, often on side issues, tried him excessively. He was anxious to shed his blood for the reformation of the Church. But, alas, even to saints—witness our English martyrs—it is not always granted formally to motive their deaths.

His habit would seem to have been to begin by calmly and clearly stating his justification; afterwards, in order to be relieved from the stress of torture he allowed himself to use ambiguous words. Moreover, one of his contemporary apologists, Vivioli, admits that he sometimes literally contradicted himself. If this last be true, there are two accounts, either of which the reader or the torturer may accept at his discretion.

I do not object to Fr. Lucas's exculpation of Alexander from any special injustice or cruelty in his dealings with the Friar. I have always felt that this was really a slender item in the indictment against him. The Pope was a genial rather than a bloodthirsty man, and had a pretty humour of his own—witness his remark to the Florentine Ambassador, "You are as fat a fellow as I am, master secretary, but, by your leave, you have a very meagre commission"; and he was curiously indifferent to strictures on his morality. But when the Friar took him by the throat, as he did in his appeal to Christendom against his legitimacy, he had to kill him or get some one else to kill him.

As to the Papal commissioners, Savonarola's judges, Romolino and the Dominican General, Torriano, Fr. Lucas gives up their Report as embodying "a wilful perversion of the truth for which no palliation appears to be possible". Indeed, these men, not contented with the curial forgery, must needs embroider lies of their own. The former, who received a Hat for his pains and died Cardinal Bishop of Sorrento, is abandoned to our indignation, the latter is painfully whitewashed, on the score of a complimentary epitaph, dwelling on his humanity, recorded in Wadding, *Annales Minorum*. The Report as it comes down is unsigned, and Fr. Lucas likes to think that it may possibly be the work of Romolino only. Father Neri<sup>1</sup> on the other hand, describes Torriano as ambitious for the Hat, which his early death fortunately precluded; and remarks that he had been from childhood "sempre nutrito nella finissima conventualità di Venezia," that is to say, as I would interpret it, "in the delicate relaxation of the unreformed convent of Venice".

Of Romolino he records (p. 208) the testimony of an eyewitness, the Bishop of St. Agnuolo, that he died standing upright in his bed with every sign of internal burning, and smoke issuing from his mouth, with this one cry repeated constantly to the end, "o Dio, ohime, quei frate".

"Our readers," says Fr. Lucas, "will, we trust, be thankful if we pass rapidly over the closing scene." Nay, after the weary time he has kept us within the precincts of the torture chamber, we find the last scene in the Piazza a positive relief. The atmosphere of calumny and torture no longer envelops the Friar. He, the stripped, discarded felon, is radiant, and as ever from his own abundance has where-withal to endow his fellows.

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene.

But neither do I care to linger.

Upon one point, however, I am anxious to insist. His last words have been given differently, not in substance but

<sup>1</sup> *Apol.*, p. 203.

in form. The bishop who went through the form of degradation, spitefully and absurdly imported a phrase of excommunication running, "I cut thee off from the Church of God"; whereas, degradation is merely a reducing to the ranks from the clerical status. Again, to speak of excommunication to one who has received Holy Communion, and is about to be given a plenary indulgence, was a hopeless blunder as well as a crime. To the "Abscindo te ab Ecclesia Dei" Savonarola appended the single word "militante," a perfect correction, for this was precisely what the degradation under the circumstances did. In handing over the victim to the executioner it brought his connection with the Church Militant to an end. The correction was most gentle, in view of the brutal insult; yet was it a winged word instinct with triumphant hope. Thus it is reported by Pietro Delfini who was present. Burlamacchi has amplified it into "militant not triumphant, for the latter is not within your province". Now we cannot conceive the disciples letting drop one of the Master's last words, but commentary and amplification is the natural resource of affection.

I regret Fr. Lucas's quotation from *Romola* for it is absurdly inaccurate, in that it makes the commissioners from their tribunal pronounce Savonarola and his companions heretics and schismatics, instead of merely reciting their sentence and its motive. Their only action *de presente* was to offer a plenary indulgence.

Savonarola, as did his companions, died on the gibbet before the flames kindled underneath could reach him. He died with his face towards a surging, howling mob, with his right arm raised as though in benediction, whilst his many friends devoured their hearts in secret.

He died penitent, as every good man must die, and prone to make the most of every fault, nay, almost to accept his enemies' appreciation of them. Of what precisely he repented God only knows. There is no record of his making any *amende* to the Pope. In his commentary, however, on the "Miserere" made in prison, in which each verse is applied to himself personally, he reproaches himself "che se stato scandalo nella chiesa," which looks as if it referred to his resistance to the

excommunication. Here I think with Fr. Lucas that, blinded by his zeal, he went too far. To draw a hard and fast line on this side and on that, so as to mark the precise moment and degree of his aberration I find too hard a task.

Alas for the time, now happily long past, when the servants of the moral law were sometimes obliged to measure their obedience scrupulously, lest they should exceed by one tittle the lowest requirement of necessary discipline. The problem may well, towards the close of his career, have upset for the moment the overtaxed brain of Savonarola; indeed, in his deposition he speaks of the contest as assuming in his memory the character of a dream. However this may be, the saints who worshipped him, St. Philip and St. Catherine of Ricci, seem to have accepted his persistent open resistance to unrighteousness, whatever its incidental defects, as a priceless example. St. Catherine had recourse to him as her special intercessor with God; St. Philip had his picture over his prie-dieu with the inscription, "B. Hieron. Savonarola Martyr"; and the Vallicella library contains a copy of his works given by the Blessed Giovenale Ancina to St. Philip, a saint to a saint.

Fr. Lucas, as a set-off, tells us that another great saint, St. Ignatius Loyola, excluded his works from the libraries of the Society. But surely a passage from the letter of St. Ignatius of December 20, 1553 (*Civ. Cat.*, Aug. 6, 1898, p. 315), goes far to neutralise the weight of the opposition. The saint thus explains his action: "E così la Compagnia, essendovi tanti libri di authori buoni senza controversia, non vuol si tenga nelle mani author controverso. Non li condena però ne li biasima." It was an act of prudential economy, in order to avoid domestic controversy. How could even the most devoted son of St. Ignatius see in this an equivalent to the life-long devotion of St. Philip and St. Catherine!

I do not think Fr. Lucas has been happy in his treatment of the vexed question of the sentiments of Benedict XIV. The tradition that he thought Savonarola worthy of canonisation may be well founded, or it may not, I have no means of judging; but to speak of Benedict's *Elenchus Sanctorum, Beatorum servorum Dei, virorumque aliorum sanctitate ven-*



*erabilium et illustrium*, in which Savonarola is found, as a mere index, is absurd; the more so that the general index, in which, amongst other persons and things, Savonarola finds his place, is amply sufficient for ordinary reference. Benedict's object is quite clear; it is to insist that the piety of Savonarola's life, the penitence and humility of his death, and after his death the growing fame of his sanctity; the cultus paid to him by St. Philip and others, established a probable sanctity, quite sufficient to justify St. Catherine in her devotion; and under this aspect Savonarola claims a place in the *Elenchus*. As to Fr. Lucas's contention that Benedict could not possibly have considered Savonarola worthy of canonisation, seeing that he regarded "this argument of theirs" impugning the justice of his execution, as "sine fundamento": without laying stress upon the phrase "of theirs," I would urge the following parallel. Had Elizabeth ever caught Fr. Parsons, can any one, conversant with sixteenth-century history, doubt that she might have justly hanged him? And yet might he not, for all that, be thought worthy of canonisation, not as a martyr, perhaps, but as a saint?

To appreciate the feeling of saints for Savonarola we must realise the unspeakable corruption which reigned in the high places of the Church. Except *ad hoc* for the ending of the great Schism, the parliamentary reaction associated with the Councils of Pisa, Constance and Basle, had failed. It had failed because with the best intentions, and under extreme provocation, it tended to violate the divine constitution of the Church by laying a human hand, not always of the cleanest, upon the "plaustrum" that bore the ark. The Pope's status was confirmed by events that disintegrated conciliar opposition. We learn from Pastor's invaluable volumes that for some at least of the Popes their success was a stimulus to serious efforts at reform, but for many, it did but harden them in their evil courses. Perhaps no one brings home to us the corrupting influence of the Curia in the simoniacal distribution of benefices, more convincingly than St. Antoninus, who after summing up as the judgment of "the doctors," the condemnation as a simoniac of the notary who

should exact for executing a deed a sum based upon the value of the benefice assigned, quietly subjoins: "Tamen pro notariis facit stylus Curiae Romanæ secundum quam taxata sunt omnia beneficia secundum qualitatem ipsorum".<sup>1</sup>

The following confession was made by Adrian VI. through his representative at the Nuremburg Congress. "We honestly confess that God has suffered this persecution of the Church by the Lutherans on account of the sins of men, especially of priests and Prelates. . . . We know that in this Holy See for many years have come about abominable things, an abuse of spiritual matters, an excess of ordinance, everything turned to the worst. Neither can it be wondered at if the disease has descended from the head to the members, from the Popes to their subjects, 'neither was there any who did well, no not one'."<sup>2</sup>

What though the Jesuit chronicler Pallavicini deprecates what he calls "an excess of ingenuousness": for us it is the one adequate confession, and the noblest and wisest since the "Nos quidem juste" pierced the darkness of Calvary and opened Heaven. How little Adrian was able to effect, the despairing sentence on his tomb informs us, "Proh dolor quantum refert in quae tempora vel optimi cujusque virtus incidat".<sup>3</sup>

We have already quoted Cajetan: Catharinus, author of a most violent attack upon Savonarola, a man, however, of unblemished life, and one of the keenest theologians of his day, ever most devoted to the Holy See, yet for the nonce, in his commentary on Galatians (p. 276) dedicated to Julius III., would seem to have caught the very spirit of the Friar. He is arguing that even the Pope is subject to fraternal correction.

"But should any one object that not all Popes like Peter are men to listen patiently to good advice when they would fain satisfy flesh and blood, let him consider that no one is permitted to neglect his own duty because another neglects his. Let them see to it then lest that 'woe' be not the por-

<sup>1</sup> *Sum. Theol.*, pars ii., tom. 2, p. 59.

<sup>2</sup> *Quart. Centen.*, March, p. 88.

<sup>3</sup> *Civ. Catt.*, 6th Agosto, 1898.

tion of very many, 'væ quia tacui,' for their excuse is one not unfrequently leading into sin. Many most unworthy actions we know have been done by Popes, to whom if those who seem to be pillars had frankly exposed their mind, and had urged the eminent scandal and grossness of the fault, our loving mother the Church would not now be mourning the scandal of her little ones. But nearly everything is upside down; very few have any courage; many hold God's truth in the bonds of iniquity; the number of flatterers is boundless, but whoever they are they shall abide the judgment."

Even the pillars reeled, and God's servants hung their heads and grew numb with a degenerate reverence, the foster-child of fear. They needed St. Augustine's warning, "ut in parte veritatis, non in parte falsitatis, humilitas collocetur . . . ne humilitas constituta in parte falsitatis perdat præmium veritatis".<sup>1</sup> And they needed nothing less than the caustic infliction of Savonarola's example.

Magliabecchi, the greatest Italian scholar of the seventeenth century, thus classifies Savonarola's enemies: They consist, he says, "o di gente scelerata, o di gente appassionata, o di gente male informata". Most assuredly Fr. Lucas belongs to none of these three classes. Neither would it be fair to describe him as in any sense the Friar's enemy. Nay, if we compare his first chapters, especially as they originally appeared in the *Tablet*, with his closing panegyric, in which his hero figures as the General Gordon of Catholic reform, we cannot but feel that a lengthened acquaintance has issued in an honest friendship. Here and there, however, a fragment of the old formation accosts you with something of the effect of a cinder between your teeth.

I have had repeatedly to ask myself the question, to what extent do our conclusions regarding Savonarola, which run so far together, finally differ? Perhaps the difference may be thus imaged: To Fr. Lucas, Savonarola appears as a meteor, on the whole of benign influence, but which has failed of being a star through refusing to revolve in its prescribed orbit. Whereas to me, he seems, as it were, the moon

<sup>1</sup> *De Nat. et Grat.*, c. 34.

in a night of storm, whose aspect is frequently obscured and troubled, but which, whenever the clouds break, shows itself essentially serene and holy. If I am right in regarding the Friar as no wandering broken light, but as an orb drawing its normal light from the sun of justice, as a saint and hero, then assuredly he should be dealt heroic measure, and Fr. Lucas's elaborate system of give and take, however honest and scholarly, is, so far, inadequate. You cannot reproduce a statue in mosaic.



M. EMERY, SUPERIOR OF ST. SULPICE,  
1789 - 1811.

M. EMERY was Superior of the Congregation of St. Sulpice and of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Paris during the French Revolution, and on through the best part of the rule of Napoleon. A devoted Churchman, in the stress of the Revolution, he could not find it in his heart either to conspire, or rant, or run away; but, yielding to the successive paroxysms of *de facto* authority, as he thought it befitting in a servant of one whose kingdom was not of this world, did yet oppose to every enactment which he saw to be contrary to the law of God or of the Church a resistance as steadfast as the everlasting hills. Brought up on Gallican principles, he was none the less a strenuous defender of Papal rights against secular tyranny, even when this was supported by the dangerous concessions of sordid or craven prelates. Often persecuted to the death by the Revolutionary tribunals, he was continually denounced by ardent exiles as a traitor both to Church and Throne: yet lived he on, and survived to die with the halo on his eighty years of the almost universal approbation both of friend and foe, justly regarded as an incarnation of ecclesiastical prudence and self-sacrificing devotion, and as a precious link between the old—pre-revolution—world and the new. His life may afford matter of legitimate curiosity to thinkers of every shade of opinion and sympathetic bias, if only of as much as might attach to a brood-hen sitting quietly on her nest the night through amidst a wilderness of foxes.

We have two lives of M. Emery, one by the learned Sulpician, M. Gosselin, in 1861, the other by the Abbé Meric in 1885. The latter gives various interesting documents *in extenso* which are only referred to in the former, and fuller

extracts from M. Emery's private papers, but the style and sentiment of the earlier "Life" is more in keeping with its subject, and to my mind is by far the pleasanter reading.<sup>1</sup>

Jacques André Emery was born at Gex in Picardy, in the year 1732, of a respectable family of the long robe, a class from which so many of the best type of Frenchmen have sprung. Louis XV. was on the throne, and France, with a corrupt court infecting its upper classes, a clergy distracted by religious controversy, a commerce ruined by war and reckless speculation, and a literature that at its best only half believed in anything of good report, at its worst took virtue and religion as its natural prey, was steadily drifting into that deadlock which issued in the Revolution. There is only one incident recorded of Emery's childhood, but it is amusingly like the man. For some piece of childish mischief his father was going to beat him; the boy made a run for it, but the father, although a cripple, soon managed to catch him. We are told that whilst our hero was undergoing his doubly earned punishment, his mind was wholly absorbed by the problem of how it came about that he with two good legs had failed to escape from his father, who had only one.

After passing through his school and college course with considerable distinction, he entered, just before receiving priest's orders, the Congregation of St. Sulpice. This celebrated congregation, to which the Church of France owes a unique debt of gratitude, had been founded by M. Olier in the first half of the preceding century. It was devoted entirely, to the exclusion of every other work, to the training of ecclesiastical students for the secular priesthood. The aim of the Sulpicians was to make their men specialists, if they might be so called in a field which is so large, in all that appertained to the ecclesiastical vocation, but above all to train them to that independence of character and distinctness of aim without which a priest cannot be in the world and not of it. In their intercourse with their students they are distinguished from ordinary professors, even of theology, by a genuine

<sup>1</sup> For further notices of M. Emery, see Picot's *Mémoires pour Servir, etc.*, Cardinal Consalvi's *Mémoires*, M. Icard's *Observations sur quelques pages de la Continuation de l'Histoire de l'Abbé Darras*, 1886.

familiarity. In their studies, religious exercises, and amusements the life of the professors and students is one, to a degree <sup>not</sup> unknown outside the walls of a monastery, and seldom even there. The consequence was that the student generally carried away an affection and reverence for his old masters which survived all the vicissitudes of a long life of influences the most adverse to his early training, and either preserved him against them or at least brought him home at last. The thoughts that opened the way to Talleyrand's death-bed repentance were the souvenirs of St. Sulpice.<sup>1</sup>

As an instance of the Sulpicians' entire devotion to the interests of religion, I may mention that, when Canada became ours in 1765, sooner than relinquish their seminary work in Montreal it was agreed that the Sulpicians of Canada should become British subjects, and be released from all dependence upon the mother house in France. On what this must have cost Frenchmen, and the Sulpicians were French to their finger-ends, I need hardly dwell.

In the theological disputes of the day among which their congregation first saw the light, the Sulpicians took as little direct part as possible, whilst quietly on all occasions taking the side of ecclesiastical authority. They dealt with life, and only indirectly with opinion, exhibiting for the remedy of existing evils what might be called a kitchen or dietary treatment as contrasted with the drastic measures of the professed controversialist. In this course they were eminently successful, and it is to their labours more than to any other cause that the Church of France owes the fidelity during the critical period of the Revolution of so many of both orders of her clergy. They cultivated moderation as a science; and by this it is by no means meant that they were neutrals or trimmers. They firmly adhered to the decisions of the Holy See and of the *major et sanior pars* of the Episcopate, but they carefully abstained from all that might in any way wound or irritate, without convincing, those of the opposite party with whom they might be brought into contact. They did not hesitate to minister, when allowed, even in dioceses in which

<sup>1</sup> See *Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup*, par Lagrange.

the authorities were known to be secretly opposed to the Bull "Unigenitus". Contented to give half a loaf as better than no bread, they invariably managed in the long run to give nothing less than the whole.

One of the first places to which M. Emery was appointed was that of Professor of Moral Theology at the Seminary of St. Irenæus at Lyons, of which the Archbishop was precisely one of these favourers of the party of the Appeal as it was called. Here he had a very difficult part to play, but he managed either to win the Archbishop over for the moment to his own view of the disputed points, or to mark his opposition without giving offence. The truth is, the rôle of moderation, where principles are in any degree at stake, requires a very strong man to sustain; one who has a firm and distinct grasp of all the principles bearing on the subject, and a clear view of their application in every detail. Without this it is impossible for him to give so much without losing all, or being frightened out of the idea of conciliation for ever. He will hardly walk so near the edge without falling over, or at least, if he does maintain his position, it is at the cost of spasmodic efforts, now on this side now on that, to preserve his balance, efforts which are often far more irritating to opponents than the strongest antagonism. In this art, if so it can be called, and not rather a virtue or gift—the gift of prudence—M. Emery was a proficient, and he was destined to exercise it in the highest interests and under the most critical circumstances. After being six years Superior of the Seminary of Angers, during a great part of which he performed the work of Vicar-General of the diocese, he was in 1782, when just fifty, raised to the office of Superior-General of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, to which was attached the immediate superintendence of the Paris house. This was perhaps as trying a position as a man could occupy in those times. The air was full of revolutionary sentiment. There was a widespread suspicion that the day of the clergy was over, that they were out of date; that in the region of morals the reign of the *philosophe* had begun. Even within the sacred walls of the Seminary the sentiments of Rousseau and the air, if not the morals, of Voltaire were beginning to find a foothold, and



there were seminarists when M. Emery undertook the superiorship who had persuaded themselves that the character of the *petit maître* and the *philosophe* might be advantageously combined with that of the cleric. The rising generation of ecclesiastics, without being quit as yet of the old allurements of a brilliant career and rich endowment, were exposed to the sickening influence of a scepticism which tended to deprive such allurements of their legitimate counterpoise.

M. Emery's first efforts were directed against the extravagant dandyism of his subjects. Long hair, powdered and frizzed into three stages supported by pins, was becoming fashionable among the students. He delivered to the Seminary a most powerful address on the subject—a grave address, amply supported by quotations from Fathers and Councils, but with a subtle vein of irony running through it, which was never allowed, by the traditional tact of St. Sulpice, to degenerate into anything harsh or rude. Without ever “putting the boy upon the man,” to use an old English expression, he managed to speak to them as to gentlemen who were his children. He succeeded in reducing the hair culture of the Seminary within decent bounds, and M. le Friseur was heard to complain that his annual income had been docked to the amount of eight thousand livres. But it required continuous solicitude and unsparing labour before the frivolous seminarists of that day could be moulded into fit material for the martyrs of the Revolution.

There was a hard rebellious element among the students which refused for a considerable time to submit itself to M. Emery's firm but gentle sway. We are told of one—a supposed somnambulist—who was seen to creep into the Superior's room at night and drive a knife into the bed, fortunately unoccupied; and later on of a gunpowder explosion in the dead of night, but which produced more alarm than mischief. However, after the expulsion of a few of the ringleaders, things began gradually to settle down, and week after week the new Superior gained more and more the respect and affection of his subjects. At that time, for one reason or another, probably owing to the failure of many of the *petits séminaires*, mere boys of fourteen or fifteen were sent

up to St. Sulpice, who had never been away from home before. One of these, M. de Villèle (afterwards Bishop of Bourges), tells us that M. Emery, finding how strange and homesick the poor lad was, gave him *carte blanche* to come to his room at all hours, whenever he was inclined. He would come in with a "Mon père, je m'ennuie," and the response was always "Pauvre enfant, il s'ennuie," and the Superior would at once forego any employment, however important, and devote himself to interest and amuse the boy until the dreary fit had passed. M. Emery could, however, be stern enough on occasion. Years after, one of those whom he had expelled for insubordination, and who had afterwards been made bishop, came to visit him. While seated at recreation with the students, his lordship began to talk of old times, and, addressing himself to the Superior, reminded him of the merciless way in which he had packed off all the rebels; concluding with, "Well, those you expelled are, all three, bishops, and the one you pardoned, the poor informer, isn't". M. Emery, who felt that this was not quite the thing for his seminarists to listen to, replied with extreme gravity: "Vous êtes trois aujourd'hui évêques! Et qui vous a dit, monseigneur, que ce n'est point une suite de la punition?"

He was an extraordinary judge of character. For some time he had astonished and somewhat scandalised his colleagues by his persistent toleration of the vagaries of a certain young de Retz, a very disedifying student though in deacon's orders, sufficiently attractive to be a thoroughly mischievous companion, and frequently causing deliberate annoyance to his superiors. "He ought to have been sent away long ago," they said; "what can M. le Supérieur be dreaming of?" And so it went on for some considerable time. One evening, towards the end of the vacation of 1783, de Retz went out into the garden with sundry of his companions, and sat talking with them by the fountain. He fell into a long fit of silence, gazing steadfastly at the sky, then thronged with stars. Suddenly he broke out with a terrible cry, "Beau ciel, je ne te verrais donc jamais," weeping the heart-broken tears of a St. Peter or a St. Augustine. From that moment de Retz

became a changed man, leading a life of extraordinary piety and mortification. They used to find the places where he had been kneeling wet with his tears. So deep an impression did his saintly penitence make upon all in the house, that we are told that after he left the Seminary M. Emery would resort for his private devotions to the poor cell which, at de Retz's own request, had been given him over the granary, saying that it was still full of the odour of his sanctity, and that there he hoped to be allowed to live and die when he could retire from the superiorship. De Retz devoted himself to the Chinese mission. On the eve of his departure, when some of his Seminary friends suggested that he was going out to seek martyrdom, he made them the significant answer, "*Messieurs, le martyre viendra peut-être vous trouver, sans que vous alliez le chercher*". Indeed martyrdom, with many other things good and bad, had long been in the air. As long ago as when M. Emery was Superior of Angers, having noticed that the seminarists were in the habit of leaving their places in the refectory before the reader had concluded the last phrase in the martyrology, which was always, after the martyrs of the day had been named, "*et alibi aliorum sanctorum martyrum,*" etc., he thus checked the disorder: "*Messieurs, vous n'écoutez pas avec attention cet endroit de la lecture, qui est cependant le plus intéressant pour vous. Vous ne pouvez guère compter que votre nom soit un jour inséré dans le corps du martyrologe, mais vous pouvez très-bien espérer d'être un jour compris dans l'alibi.*"

It was mainly through the instrumentality of de Retz, and others like him, that M. Emery was able to bring about the reformation that he desired. He himself, although overwhelmed with business thrust upon him on all sides, both from within and without, was always the first in every religious exercise, frequently conducting them himself. He often lectured on various branches of ecclesiastical learning, encouraging to the utmost M. Olier's special devotion to the "written word of God". He was fond of appealing to non-Catholic philosophers, such as Leibnitz and Bacon, as witnesses against those who were attempting to crush religion

in the name of philosophy.<sup>1</sup> Such was the tenour of the pre-Revolution period of his superiorship. It was a seven years' preparation for the most terrible of all trials, that of a strong man unarmed in a mortal crisis who may neither fight nor flee, but whose every movement is fraught, not only with the responsibility of self-preservation under the most difficult circumstances, but with that of the safety of numbers of defenceless persons more or less dependent upon his advice and example.

For just a moment, in the early days of July (1789), we catch a glimpse of the keen-eyed, active man, eager to see others perform the duty which was not his. Some days before the fall of the Bastille, M. Emery gave the Marshal de Broglie warning of what was coming; but a creeping paralysis, half fear, half philanthropy, possessed Court and King, and M. Emery quickly saw that he had for the future for all practical purposes to reckon with the people, and with the people only. It became his one object to fall in cheerfully with the popular action as fully and as far as the laws of God and of the Church permitted. Soon after the taking of the Bastille, he was threatened with a visit from the mob, who knew that two of de Broglie's sons were seminarists. M. Emery having secured a secret outlet of escape for such of the seminarists as he had not already disposed of—sixty out of the hundred had already taken refuge with their friends—calmly awaited the visit, with a good stock of bread, wine, and money wherewith to entertain his importunate guests, and if thereto they wanted blood, why, as he said, they might have his and welcome. However the visit was for the time postponed. The Seminary went to its vacations at Issy in October, just after the massacre of the King's body-guards, amongst whom was a near relative of the Superior's. All the ordinary duties of the Seminary were continued without interruption until the approach of the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in 1790, when a call was made upon all classes of citizens to assist in preparing the Champs de Mars for

<sup>1</sup> He subsequently published two works with this object, *L'Esprit de Leibnitz* and *Le Christianisme de Bacon*.



a grand civic celebration. M. Emery thought it advisable to send a band of seminarists, armed with spade and pickaxe, and accompanied by several of their directors, to assist in the work. They were fortunately soon able to retire. The mob chaffed the young men good-humouredly about Seminary restraints, and promised to pay them a visit and carry them all off to the ball on the grand day. "Fortunately," as a seminarist remarked, "when the day came they had forgotten us."

M. Emery made no difficulty in taking the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, administered on July 10: "Je jure d'être fidèle à la Nation, à la Loi, et au Roi, et de maintenir de tout mon pouvoir la Constitution décrétée par l'Assemblée Nationale et sanctionnée par le Roi". This was generally accepted by the bishops and priests of France as a purely civic act, the decree of the "Constitution Civile du Clergé" not having yet come into operation. The National Assembly insisted upon taking two of the principal rooms of St. Sulpice for the sittings of the Luxembourg section of deputies, and another large room they occupied with soldiers. M. Emery, although acutely feeling the infliction, received the deputies with the most perfect good-humour, saw that everything was made comfortable for them, and took care that a good hot luncheon found its way up to them every day. This last attention they never forgot; indeed, its memory stood between M. Emery and the guillotine on more than one occasion. He would sometimes attend their debates, which, indeed, were often distinctly audible through the folding-doors. He told his seminarists that the natural eloquence of a certain *ci-devant* butcher surpassed anything that he had ever heard, and that on one occasion he would have been completely carried away against his better judgment, unless his mind had been thoroughly made up on the point. After some further delay the Assembly insisted upon the administration of the oath of acceptance of the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," which completely secularised the dioceses of France and severed them from all connection with the Holy See. This was refused by all the bishops save two, and by the vast majority of the priests. Amongst these the Sulpicians were

conspicuous for the unanimity and distinctness with which they testified their refusal. The consequence was the general dissolution of their establishments. In Paris the Curé of St. Sulpice from the pulpit publicly refused the oath, and narrowly escaped with his life from the hands of the infuriated mob. He was supported by the community of St. Sulpice. Within the seminary itself the oath was not actually administered, which enabled the religious exercises and studies to go on *sub rosa*, for a time longer, very much as usual. In the meantime M. Emery, as Superior-General, addressed a circular to his brethren, in which he announces his intention of remaining in Paris to form a centre of union for the scattered Sulpicians, whom he encourages to continue their work as far as possible in the form of schools of private venture. He bids them in thrilling words rejoice at least in this, that they are suffering clearly for the cause of God, and that the death of the Congregation must needs be "*pretiosa in conspectu Domini*". He begs them, as far as may be, to omit nothing of their ancient way of life, concluding with the solemn blessing, "*Deus pacis det vobis pacem sempiternam in omni loco*".

After the consecration by Talleyrand of the Constitutional bishops, and the intrusion of Gobel into the see of Paris, M. Emery took the precaution to put what he valued most of the treasures of the community—*viz.* the various relics of the saints and of the ancient fathers of the congregation—into the charge of a certain Marquise de Villette, who was well known as one of the great friends and favourites of Voltaire, but who had been lately reconciled to the Church by M. Emery. These relics owed their security to their being deposited in Voltaire's old house, which he had left to the Marquise, and being in consequence generally regarded as somehow or other appertaining to that philosopher. With the seminarists and directors who still remained M. Emery continued the ordinary exercises and studies, adding thereto daily readings from the "*Acts of the Martyrs*," and keeping every Friday as a strict fast in preparation for death. On the occasion of the King's flight, in June, 1791, the country house at Issy was ransacked to see if it had not afforded a

refuge to the fugitives. The fatal 10th of August, 1792, when the Tuileries was stormed, found remnants of the Sulpician community still in existence both in Paris and Issy, and they have left on record that some of the wounded Switzers were laid for a time in the courtyard of St. Sulpice, *en route* for the hospital. Then came the September massacres. Amongst those confined in the Carmes, and who fell in the massacre of September 2, were eight of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, though not of the Paris house. M. Emery actually managed to visit his imprisoned brethren at the Carmes. After the massacre it seemed to M. Emery and his companions that for certain their time was come. They were even informed that the Superior had been actually delated, and of the very day on which they were to be all removed to one of the prisons, which in that September season were fast becoming mere shambles. They assembled in their chapel for confession and communion, and encouraged one another to meet death with constancy. However, a benign influence had interposed, neither wholly spiritual nor wholly material, but of a mixed character, the tender memory of a savoury past. Under its inspiration first one deputy then another of the Luxembourg section rose and testified to the civic virtues of Citoyen Emery; to the altogether particular attentions by which he had proved his affection for the cause of the people in the persons of its representatives, providing for their wants with a careful completeness that left nothing to desire. One is reminded of the dictum of George Eliot's Mrs. Linnet. If "hard carrots 'ull lie heavy on the stomach, piety or no piety," the reverse fortunately is also true, "patriotism or no patriotism". Thus again, for a time, was the danger averted. M. Emery took the opportunity of disposing of the remaining seminarists with their friends, and remained alone in the Paris house with three or four of his colleagues.

At this time a most critical question arose to divide the Orthodox (non-constitutional) clergy—*viz.* the lawfulness of taking the following oath, which was formally proposed to them in the September of this year: "Je jure de maintenir de tout mon pouvoir la liberté, l'égalité, la sûreté des personnes

et des propriétés, et de mourir, s'il le fallait pour l'exécution de la loi". It appears that the question of its lawfulness had been eagerly discussed in the prison of the Carmes just before the massacre, and that those for and against were about equal. Could it be lawfully taken? The alternative was enforced exile, and a people left without lawful priestly ministrations. Under these circumstances M. Emery betook himself to the Corps Législatif itself, and especially to the Girondist deputy, M. Gensonné, the acknowledged author of the decree. He presented him with his own reading of the oath in the sense in which he thought it might be taken, asking him whether his sense was the sense intended. M. Gensonné replied, without hesitation, that it was. Upon this M. Emery and a large number of the clergy took the oath, being careful, however, to have the sense in which they took it registered. His interpretation came to this—that "liberty" meant liberty from arbitrary power; "equality," equal punishment, equal taxation, and equal aspiration to State offices, thus excluding privilege on the one side, and servitude on the other. Moreover, according to M. Emery, and those who thought with him, it was merely an undertaking to defend a *de facto* legality, and not a profession of faith in an article of the "Droits des Hommes". In this latter sense, however, it was understood and repudiated by very many of the clergy and bishops, especially among the exiles, and M. Emery found himself denounced in many quarters as nothing less than a traitor and an apostate. He was vehemently attacked by Monseigneur—afterwards Cardinal—Maury, who tried to persuade him that the Pope (Pius VI.) had in private condemned him, and that there was nothing for it but to follow the example of Fénelon and retract. M. Emery answered that he had taken every precaution before committing himself to the oath, that the emergency being so pressing and no direction having come from Rome, one way or the other, they had to act. That, on the understanding that the Pope was opposed to the oath, were it to take again, he would refuse, but that as to retracting, unless the Pope should prescribe retractation, he would not undertake the responsibility of an act which would involve the destruction of the whole of the non-con-



stitutional clergy. What tried M. Emery more than anything else was the scandal taken by some of his own Sulpicians who were in exile, at his conduct. He concludes a very noble letter to one of these weaker brethren with the suggestion that perhaps his critic had felt an undue complacency in the conduct of the congregation, and that this frailty on the part of the Superior may have been required for its mortification. "But have patience!" he exclaims, "for there will be a compensation greater perhaps than you could have hoped or even wished"—meaning his own martyrdom. He fully expected, as matters were then developing, that there would be a general massacre of the non-constitutional clergy. In this he was mistaken, but only, it would seem, because the Revolution had become too omnivorous for any systematised scheme of destruction. Soon after the King's death, in January, 1793, the prisons began to fill with persons of every shade of political opinion—Royalists and Girondists, Orthodox clergy and Constitutionalists; nor were there wanting to complete the *menu* Republicans of the extremest type, who had managed somehow or other to give offence to their dread mother, the one and indivisible, and were in consequence submitted to the stern discipline of the guillotine.

Ever since the intrusion of the Constitutionalist Bishop Gobel, M. Emery had been acting as one of the Vicars-General of the exiled Archbishop of Paris. In May a letter was intercepted which M. Emery was transmitting to that prelate. The letter was from the Abbé Edgeworth, also acting at the time as a Vicar-General. It was politically sufficiently colourless, but M. Emery's papers were seized, and after he had been kept six days at the Mairie, where he was subjected to various interrogatories, he was lodged in the prison of Ste. Pélagie, as "prévenu de correspondance contre-révolutionnaire," in those days a very sufficient introduction to the guillotine. After another six days, however, he was released, on the very day of the fall of the Gironde, through the intervention of various friends, among whom we are glad to recognise some of his *ci-devant* guests of the section Luxembourg, and once again the same influence was exercised in obtaining for M. Emery free lodgings in the house of St.

Sulpice, evidently by the same persons, although appearing for the moment under the imposing title of "Section Mutius Scævola," after which, as an influence for good, we hear of the Luxembourg deputies no more.

Six days after his delivery from Ste. Pélagie a summons was sent to the prison by the public accuser requiring him to appear before the revolutionary tribunal: his friends had only just been in time. At least it was a chance of death evaded, and a few weeks' reprieve secured, and in those swift-footed days a little time might mean a great deal. The 16th of July found M. Emery under arrest, with forty others, including some Sulpicians, who had been secured when resorting to him for advice. The Convention seems to have been subjected just then to an acute accession of anti-sacerdotalism, and we are pained to find a "Comité révolutionnaire de la section du Luxembourg" thus hounding on Fouquier Tainville in his work of priest-hunting. "Nous vous prions d'envoyer de francs patriotes qui puissent découvrir ces traîtres tout en Dieu." His companions were dismissed, but M. Emery, after sustaining a long interrogatory on very much the old charges, which may be summed up under the head "incivisme," was committed at first to the Carmes, and then, on August 4, to the Conciergerie. In this prison he lay until April 4, 1794, when he was removed to the prison of the Collège du Plessis, where he remained till he obtained his liberty in the following October, an imprisonment altogether of about fifteen months. This was in many respects the most remarkable period of M. Emery's life. He entered upon his imprisonment with the conviction that he was to die, and that very speedily. His first care was to make arrangements for supplying his place in the conduct of the Sulpician congregation. We have his letters of advice to sundry of the dispersed members and to the House in Baltimore which he had established just at the beginning of the troubles, and which he looked upon as a possible refuge for those amongst them who were forced to leave France for ever. These letters are full of kind remembrances to students and old servants, but they are the letters of one who entertains no doubt but that his fate is sealed. Of himself, as ever,

he speaks cheerfully, but very modestly: "he believes that he is ready". But that is no reason why he should alter in any way his old Sulpician way of life. The room in which he is confined during the day is a large one, filled with prisoners of all sorts and conditions, but he finds a corner to himself, and there begins the day with his hour's prayer and several hours' study. The noise is distracting, in spite of the cotton-wool with which he plugs his ears, but with bread-crumbs he is fairly successful. Of books he has two besides his Breviary, a Bible (the large edition of Vence) and a Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. Afterwards he congratulated himself upon having gone through the last consecutively for the first time, having previously only known portions. Every day for several hours he thus sat at work at a little table, with his crucifix before him and beside it a little well-executed model of the guillotine. He liked to get used to things, he said. When his prayer and reading were over he was always ready to make himself useful to his companions in small things as well as in great: first, if it might be in any way possible, to reconcile them to God, and so enable them to meet with courage the death which to many was so imminent; secondly, to cheer them and keep them going, with the same cordial self-forgetfulness with which he devoted himself to the poor lad "*qui s'ennuie*". He converted numbers, amongst others three of the Constitutional bishops, including Gobel, the intruder of Paris, and Aglé, a young "*fille publique*" of twenty, who abashed her brutal judges by the brilliant audacity of her defiance. Two young officers who had fallen under his influence became of great assistance in bringing up others to him, and acting in a way the part of catechists. There is extant a letter of one of them, in which he describes himself as M. Emery's "*chien courant*," to put up the hares for him. Others tell us that this same young man never missed his two hours' prayer every day. Indeed something was wanted both to cheer and soothe the ghastly monotony of a life in which the tumbril daily carried off its load of victims, and no one in that fluid society knew whose turn would come next, and when, more ghastly still, the air became rife with rumours of a fate compared with which the guillotine's embrace were

a "consummation devoutly to be wished"—when a frenzied mass might break in at any moment, and sabre and knife and crooked nail anticipate the delays of justice.

Most wonderful was M. Emery's popularity with all classes in prison. He was unanimously elected their president; and when, on one occasion, a larger wave than usual of new prisoners came in, and, declining to be bound by the previous election, insisted upon a fresh one, again the unanimous choice fell upon M. Emery. He laughed and said he supposed the note of *Père Supérieur* was to stick to him to the last. He managed through some kind friends to procure an extra good table for the prisoners during the Carnival time, and then got them all to keep a strict fast on the Ash Wednesday. In fact he did very much what he liked with them. He was sixty-two years of age at this time. We have his portrait, though taken some ten years afterwards, and it is a sufficiently remarkable one: an immense dome-like forehead, an under jaw like the girder of a bridge, and betwixt, almost like a tortoise within its shell, vivacious eyes, delicate nose, protruding under lip; a face of vast power, much refinement and kindness, yet with a certain grotesqueness of angle. He had all the dexterous conversational sword-play which distinguished the age of Voltaire, combined with a kindly considerateness for every form of trouble which won all hearts. A man of wide reading, and in spite of his incessant occupation, exceedingly well versed in scientific investigation, he was never at a loss for matter of conversation. Of an aftertime we are told that, so much had M. Emery's ability fascinated a young man of the period, that he asked a friend if it were possible so clever a man could believe in religion. The other rejoined, "Go and see M. Emery say Mass, and you will not any more ask whether he believes". He was the life and soul of the prison. "Ce petit prêtre," as Robespierre called him, "qui empêche les autres de crier"; whilst, in recognition of a yet deeper debt, women and even men have been seen to kiss the place where he had been standing. Amongst his companions in the Conciergerie were the Duke and Duchess de Noailles Mouchy, who were shortly afterwards guillotined. "Ne craignez rien," the latter writes to



her two daughters, " nous ne succomberons point à la tentation ; nous avons ici un ange qui nous garde."

Whilst in this prison M. Emery slept in a chamber immediately below that occupied by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and he had the privilege of administering consolation to that matchless sorrow. One midnight, with the connivance of one of the officials, after informing the Queen of what was to take place, he mounted the staircase to her room door, where, after a few moments' conversation, he was able to give her absolution. He was visited from time to time by a priest, who managed to exchange a pyx full of hosts for the one which he had emptied, so that he was seldom without the means of communicating himself and others who required it.

But how was it that, when so many perished, M. Emery continued to be spared—that his course to the guillotine was arrested until the fashion languished and gradually changed? Not from any goodwill on the part of Robespierre or Fouquier Tainville we are assured, although, as I have noticed, the former recognised a certain usefulness in him in regard to keeping others quiet: he was to die anyhow, sooner or later. Twice at least his name appeared in the programme of the day's victims. Once the advocate Barbier, an influential and devoted friend of Emery's, who was employed to revise the list, obtained its erasure at the price of a hundred louis. Another time, on finding Emery's name head the list, he managed to exceptionalise it, *emphasis gratia*, as that of a "chef de parti" who must be exceptionally dealt with, and so bracketed it off. I think Providence meant him to live for the sake of the many to whom he made death easy. I think, moreover, that it is hard to kill, except by accident, a man who never either funks or sulks, even in a Reign of Terror. On one occasion M. Emery was actually under orders to mount the next tumbril, but, so it was, when the tumbril came his name was not called. Thus the eventful months slipped by: July 27, 1794, saw the fall of Robespierre, and on the 25th of the next October M. Emery was let out of prison. Men were beginning to look round and calculate damages, and see what yet remained to them, as the great swell

of the inundation gradually receded. They were more or less sick of blood, and would fain find some *modus vivendi* one with the other, and the prisons gradually disgorged the remaining victims.

On February 21, 1795, the Convention decreed "La liberté des cultes," which allowed Catholic priests to open a certain number of oratories both in Paris and in the provinces. On May 30 from all such officiating priests was exacted an oath of "submission to the laws of the Republic". M. Emery was not obliged to take it, as he was exercising no public function; but, as the universal referee on all such matters, he gave it as his unqualified opinion that such an oath was perfectly lawful. The Government had been careful to point out that the "civil constitution of the clergy" no longer formed a portion of these laws. The clergy of Paris for the most part, and a large number of the provincial clergy, took the oath, and their conduct subsequently received the approbation of Pius VI., but many refused. On September 29 the Government, irritated by the opposition of a considerable number of the clergy, imposed another oath running as follows: "Je reconnais que l'universalité des Français est le Souverain; et je promets soumission et obéissance aux lois de la République". The question of the lawfulness of the new oath gave rise to the most violent disputes, and almost created a schism. The Archiepiscopal Council, which represented the exiled Archbishop of Paris, contented itself with insisting that each party should tolerate the other until the Holy See should pronounce. M. Emery, who was a member of the Council, was absent on a visit to his native place in Picardy, but he was quite in accord with the Council's judgment. He underwent something like a persecution at the hands of those who were determined to force an opinion from him one way or the other. He confined himself as far as possible to drawing out the principles and authorities upon which the question turned, and the alternative senses of the decree, thus supplying to each one the material for forming his own opinion. Yet it is sufficiently clear that he thought the oath might be taken. Writing very frankly on the subject to a friend at a distance, he shows

plainly that, though disbelieving in the sovereignty of the people as an essential inalienable right, and therefore recognising that it would be unlawful for him to take the oath in this sense, he thought the phrase in the decree admitted of being interpreted as a mere assertion of the *de facto* sovereignty of the French people, and a profession of submitting thereto. He never was called upon practically to decide the question for himself. In October, 1795, the Government of the Directory succeeded to that of the Convention, and in September, 1797, they proposed to the clergy yet another oath, which had already been exacted from the two Councils of State and all public functionaries: "Le serment de haine à la royauté et à l'anarchie, d'attachement et de fidélité à la République et à la Constitution de l'An III". This was accompanied by a declaration which explained that the oath did not imply any hatred of kings as such, or any position as to the best form of government in the abstract, but was simply an expression of determined hostility to the violent efforts of kings on the one hand and anarchists on the other to upset the established government. Here, again, opinions were divided, but the mass of the clergy were decidedly against its lawfulness. M. Emery's efforts were all directed to the preservation of peace, and to prevent the difference of opinion issuing in a schism. For his part, he thought that the oath, in the light of the declaration, might be taken. It was reported that Pius VI. had by word of mouth condemned the oath, but irrespective of the declaration, which apparently had not been brought under his notice. M. Emery abstained from giving any direct advice upon the matter, but his views were very generally known. His conduct in regard to these various tests of loyalty which were successively proposed by the Revolutionary Government was at least consistent. It was based upon the lawfulness and supreme expedience in the interests of religion of accepting all the pronouncements of *de facto* authority which were not in distinct opposition to the principles of morality or religion, in default of any decision to the contrary of the Head of the Church. In spite of the violent opposition he had to encounter from so many of his brethren, I

venture to think that his conduct on the whole has been typical of the conduct of the Church in like contingencies. M. Emery had, perhaps, a larger share than any other ecclesiastic of his day in resetting the limbs of ecclesiastical discipline in the Church of France during the reflux of the Revolution which ended in the supremacy of Napoleon. His advice was sought by all parties. He was mainly instrumental in bringing back numbers of the Constitutional clergy to the obedience of the Church, and in providing homes and, where this was possible, fresh establishments for the religious whom the Revolution had scattered. To this period belongs his book entitled *Le Christianisme de Bacon*, in which he continued his favourite scheme of appealing to every phase of sane philosophy against the *philosophes* of his day. It appeared in 1799, and subsequently provoked the strictures of that brilliant, irreconcilable de Maistre, who pretended that Emery had been led astray by a wandering fire which he had mistaken for a ray of the sun. In 1799 Napoleon, as First Consul, succeeded to the Directory, and in 1800 M. Emery found himself in a position to reconstitute the establishment of St. Sulpice in a small house in the Rue St. Jacques, and soon after obtained possession of the Church of St. Sulpice. Amongst the new students we meet with the names of de Quélen and Affre, who held successively the Archbishopric of Paris.

We now enter upon the third and last period of M. Emery's career, that which brought him in contact with Napoleon. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the effect produced upon Churchmen, who had seen all their cherished institutions overwhelmed in the vortex of the Revolution, although it had of late sullenly begun to give up its dead, by the first conciliatory overtures of Napoleon. From amid the dragon folds of the Revolution there appeared for the first time the figure of a man dominant over the dragon; a man who might be appealed to and treated with, who had evidently conservative instincts, who would fain do something besides destroy. His gracious manifesto to the clergy of Milan, containing something very much like a profession of Catholic Christianity, which was issued a few days before the battle of Marengo,



was hailed with enthusiasm by the French clergy as an earnest of better things. At the interview of the Vicar-Generals with Napoleon on his return to the capital, M. Emery produced a copy of the manifesto, and asked whether it might be reprinted. Napoleon's only remark was "Prenez garde au Ministre de la Police". Obstacles were thrown in the way of reconciliation by the violent opposition excited principally by the *émigrés* against a very inoffensive form of the oath of submission to the Constitution. Cardinal Maury circulated the report that the oath had been condemned by the new Pope, Pius VII. This cardinal, whom we shall meet again tame enough upon the Imperial wrist, is thus sharply etched by one of M. Emery's correspondents: "Le Cardinal Maury est connu depuis longtemps comme donnant ses pensées pour celles des autres, et ses décisions pour celles de Rome. Un fait certain, c'est qu'il ne sait et ne saura rien."

In the excitement of newly kindled hope it was difficult even for the most prudent to walk with sufficient circumspection. M. Emery got himself into trouble by distributing a pamphlet on behalf of a friend who had been imprisoned amongst the lunatics of Bicêtre for preaching against the excesses of the Revolution. His papers were seized and he was thrown into prison. This time it was a small room at the Prefecture of Police, meant to hold twelve prisoners, but in which M. Emery made the sixtieth, and this in the stifling heat of July. Men and women, respectable and the reverse of respectable, but all of the poorest class, were crammed in together. But nothing in the form of prison life came amiss to M. Emery. He established a common table at his own expense, and turned over the bed his friends had brought him for the use of the women. He devoted a good deal of his time to the instruction of a small child he found amongst the prisoners. After a week all the prisoners, except six and M. Emery, were drafted off into other quarters at the solicitation of M. Emery's friends, especially of Mademoiselle Jouen, his zealous disciple and benefactress, who were anxious for his health, to the great distress of the prisoners and to the old man's manifest annoyance. Mademoiselle Jouen, who

visited him daily, says that this was the only occasion on which he ever really scolded her. After a detention of eighteen days he obtained his freedom, as nothing serious could be made out against him. On the morrow (July 16, 1801) the Concordat was signed between the Pope and the Emperor by Cardinal Consalvi, and in the ensuing month the Pope demanded the resignation of the ancient French Episcopate. With this action of the Holy See M. Emery was thoroughly in accord, whilst recognising its extreme and exceptional character, and he did his utmost to induce submission. He with great difficulty avoided the acceptance of three bishoprics which the Emperor tried successively to force upon him. On the contrary, the old man's object was, if possible, to resign his superiorship of St. Sulpice. But his subjects, with whom he had still kept up relations during the tempest of the Revolution, were determined that he should not leave the helm now that they were entering upon less stormy but hardly less dangerous waters. By degrees he established the old seminary discipline in more convenient quarters. He managed, to his great satisfaction, to buy back a number of the books of the old library which had been dispersed, and the relics returned into his hands from their temporary sojourn in the house of Voltaire. But the old buildings adjacent to the Church of St. Sulpice he could not obtain, though once he got the Emperor's word for it, as they were condemned to fall in the interests of street improvement. The "old boys" of St. Sulpice rallied round him, and many of the ancient affectionate relations were re-established. He managed to buy back the old country house at Issy; and even when the Congregation was on the verge of extinction—nay, had been formally extinguished by the Emperor—we find him at the end of his life quietly recovering it with an eye to the possible future.

M. Emery's relations with Napoleon were most noteworthy. The two men had this in common: they each possessed that particular kind of presence of mind which allows the judgment to act with increased precision and calmness as dangers thicken. Scarcely any one in the days of Napoleon's greatness—he had been declared Emperor in 1804—ever

ventured to hint disagreement with anything he might advance, but M. Emery had no such scruples. On one occasion in 1805, in a private conversation, his comment upon a remark of the Emperor's was, "Sire, you are wrong!" "How? I wrong!" exclaimed Napoleon, but little used to be addressed in such language. "Sire," rejoined M. Emery, "you ask me for the truth, and it does not beseem either my age or my character to play the courtier. I am obliged therefore to tell your Majesty that you are wrong on this point, and in so doing I do not believe that I am failing in the respect that I owe you. Of old in the Sorbonne we used the same language, and even added, 'that is absurd,' and no one took offence, even if he were of royal blood, when maintaining the proposition that gave rise to it." Napoleon took it all very graciously, and dubbed M. Emery "his theologian". He repeatedly testified his respect and affection for the old Sulpician. "He is the only man who can make me afraid," he said to Madame de Villette, M. Emery's relative. On one occasion he spoke of him as follows to the Count Molé: "He is the first instance I have met with of a man gifted with a real power over men, of whom I never demand an account of the use he will make of it. So far from it that I should like, if it were possible, to entrust to him the whole of our youth. I should die then with more confidence in the future." On one occasion, sooner than interrupt his talk with Emery, he let three kings kick their heels in his antechamber for a good half-hour, till the conversation—hardly calculated to be a very agreeable one, for M. Emery was expostulating with him on his treatment of the Pope—was concluded. In the course of this conversation the Emperor complained that an old theologian like M. Emery could not find him a way out of his difficulties with the Pope, boasting that had he leisure for a six months' course he could have found a way for himself. M. Emery answered, "Sire, you are indeed happy to be in a condition to master your theology in six months. For myself it is now more than fifty years that I have studied and even taught it, and I have not mastered it yet." M. Emery was sometimes the recipient of the curious favour which Napoleon would bestow, when very

much pleased, upon those he liked, of being taken by the ear. The Prince Primate Archbishop of Ratisbon was much upset by being thus treated, and complained of it to M. Emery, who answered, laughing, "Monseigneur, I received the same favour as your Highness but dared not boast of it, but now I share it with so great a personage I shall tell every one".

In all their personal intercourse the Emperor never failed to treat M. Emery with consideration and even with affection. Nevertheless, he was haunted with suspicions, carefully fostered by Fouché, of the possible danger of M. Emery's influence, and in consequence the suppression of St. Sulpice was continually threatened, and, just before M. Emery's death, actually accomplished. Three times Napoleon tried hard to make him a bishop, probably as a mild form of suppression, and manifested for some time considerable displeasure at his refusal. But in 1808 he received and reluctantly accepted, as a distinct favour from the Emperor, the responsible office of Life-Councillor of the University. In 1809 he had to sit as one of a Commission, consisting besides of Cardinals Maury and Fesch, an archbishop, and four bishops, and the General of the Barnabites, to deliberate upon the relations between the Empire and the Holy See. M. Emery, as one of the secretaries testifies, sturdily upheld single-handed the rights of the Papacy, and refused to append his name to the report, which was signed by all the rest except the Barnabite, who had retired at an early stage of the proceedings on the plea of ill-health. The report was to the effect that under the circumstances the Pope might be ignored, the new bishops instituted in spite of him, and his excommunication disregarded.

At the beginning of 1810 the question of the validity of Napoleon's marriage with Josephine was raised, with the view of enabling him to contract a second marriage with Marie Louise of Austria. As the line taken by M. Emery in the matter has been severely and very plausibly criticised, it will be well briefly to detail the circumstances bearing on the matter. Napoleon's marriage with the widow Beauharnais in 1796 had been contracted before the civil authority at a



time when there was no difficulty in having recourse to the parish priest of the contracting parties. The marriage therefore, according to the law of the Church, was null. When the coronation of the Emperor and Empress was about to take place in 1804 a revalidation of the marriage was demanded both by the Pope and by Josephine. To this Napoleon gave his consent, but subsequently insisted that the ceremony should take place with the utmost secrecy in the Chapel of the Tuileries at midnight, without the presence either of the parish priest or any other witnesses: that is to say, without conditions which the Council of Trent demanded on pain of nullity. With these conditions it was of course open to the Pope to dispense. Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor's uncle, undertook the business. In his final interview with the Pope he did not indeed specify any particular matters for which he required dispensation, but merely suggested that in his position he might probably require very extended powers. The Pope's answer was "I give you all my powers". When it came to be an object with the Emperor to lay stress upon the absence of conditions necessary for the validity of the marriage, Cardinal Fesch protested that he had never asked for powers exceeding the ordinary faculties granted to prelates in his circumstances, and consequently had never asked or received powers to permit him to dispense with the conditions in question, thus acknowledging himself as an accomplice in a gross act of deception practised by the Emperor both on the Empress and the Pope. When Pius VII. was told of Fesch's contention he is said to have exclaimed, raising his hands to Heaven, "How can he say this when he knows that I gave him all my powers?" It is pretty clear that Fesch honestly asked and really obtained and executed the dispensation, and afterwards, in his subservience to his nephew, told a lie about it. The matter was not referred to the Pope in 1810, who was in confinement at Savona, but was submitted to a tribunal created for the purpose, with the sanction of the Commission above mentioned. The tribunal was threefold, representing the Diocese, the Province, and the Primacy, with a graduated appeal from the lowest *officialité*, as it was called, to the highest. On January 12 the marriage was declared null, on

the ground of the absence of witnesses, for which no dispensation had been obtained. Neither the name of M. Emery, nor indeed that of Cardinal Fesch, appears attached to the sanction given by the Commission; but when pressed, as he always was on such occasions, for his opinion, he said that he was disposed to recognise: 1, The competence of the tribunal, seeing that it was custom only and not canon law which reserved questions concerning the marriage of princes to the Holy See, and that under existing circumstances such recurrence was practically impossible; 2, The soundness of the decision, grounded as it was upon Cardinal Fesch's testimony.

In consequence he saw no reason for declining to participate in the ceremonial of the second marriage. It is difficult to deny the nullity of the revalidation on a plea not insisted on, but indicated as in reserve, *viz.* the absence of consent on the Emperor's part. Nothing is more clear than his determination not to bind himself, and that the absence of witnesses was insisted on for this very purpose. Josephine never appealed to the Pope, as Alison pretends. Although intensely distressed at the Emperor's action, which she had long foreseen, as Bourrienne tells us, she formally acquiesced in it. The correctness of M. Emery's view of the matter may, I conceive, be disputed; it was at least sincere and consistent.

In the June of this year the Congregation of St. Sulpice and its connection with the Seminary of Paris was formally suspended, and M. Emery was prohibited from residence within the Seminary walls. The Emperor was jealous of the Sulpicians, and especially their Superior, as interfering with his project of ecclesiastical centralisation; but he still retained his personal regard for the man. At the crowded meeting of deputations to congratulate the Emperor on the New Year (1811), Napoleon, who was passing in silence down the long lines, suddenly stopped in front of M. Emery, who was in his place amongst the Councillors of the University, and asked him if he was yet eighty. "Very nearly, Sire," was the answer, "for I am seventy-nine." "Well," said the Emperor, with a gracious smile, "I wish you ten years more." Speaking of this afterwards, M. Emery remarked that he

feared such an accumulation of good wishes might work him evil. Since his dismissal from the Seminary he had been allowed to reside at the country house of Issy, and, as his connection with the University gave him frequent business in Paris, he hired a lodging, a single room, in the neighbourhood of the Seminary. When Sœur Rosalie, the famous Sister of Charity, and his great friend Mademoiselle Jouen, visited him there they found him in good spirits. He reproached them for their want of faith. "We have powerful enemies," he concluded, "mais ils passeront, et nous restons après eux." But when others, who perhaps did not so much need encouragement, would ask him how it was with him, he would look at them fixedly and reply, "Mori lucrum". For more than twenty years he had borne a burden of responsibility, unofficial indeed, and hardly recognised, but none the less real, such as perhaps had devolved upon no other Churchman in Christendom, the Pope alone excepted. And yet another struggle was in store for him before he might be suffered to depart in peace. Another Commission was appointed by the Emperor, consisting of Cardinals Fesch, Maury—who had been lately elevated to the Archbishopric of Paris—and Caselli, two archbishops, three bishops, and M. Emery. Their object was pretty nearly identical with that of the previous Commission of 1809—*viz.* to see how far the Pope might be coerced into submission to the Emperor; and how far, this failing, matters ecclesiastical might be carried on without him. The questions proposed by the *Ministre des Cultes* were all directed to this end. The report of the Commission, which all signed but Emery, was characterised by a slavish acquiescence in the Emperor's policy, without one word on behalf of the prisoner of Savona. They suggested that the Pope's reluctance to institute blindly the Imperial nominees, then the principal matter in dispute, might be met, either by an insertion in the Concordat of a promise on the Pope's part to institute within a fixed period, or by providing that such institution should be supplied by a National Council. The Emperor wishing to give *éclat* to these suggestions, which he was inclined to regard very favourably, determined upon an extraordinary meeting of the

Commission, to be held at the Tuileries in his presence on March 17. By special command of the Emperor, M. Emery was required to attend. After keeping the Commission waiting some two hours the Emperor appeared, surrounded by the principal officers of State, Talleyrand amongst the number. He opened the proceedings by a long and bitter harangue against the Pope, full of false charges and baseless pretensions. Not one word in defence or expostulation did either cardinal or bishop venture to utter. Cardinal Maury, M. Emery's fierce Ultramontane critic of other days, was tame enough by this in his gilded jesses. Suddenly the Emperor turned upon M. Emery with a "What do you think of all this?" "Sire," answered the old man, "I cannot be of any other opinion than that contained in the Catechism taught by your order in all the churches of the Empire. We read in several places of this Catechism that the Pope is the visible head of the Church, to whom all the faithful owe obedience as to the successor of St. Peter, according to the institution of Jesus Christ himself. Now a body cannot dispense with its head, with one to whom of right Divine it owes obedience." Then, seeing that Napoleon was listening attentively, he went on to quote to the same effect from the preamble of the Gallican "Declaration". The Emperor had no answer to make, but was heard to ejaculate in a low voice the word "Catéchisme". He at once passed on to speak of the temporal power, which, as Charlemagne had given, he, the successor of Charlemagne, might resume. M. Emery, who had his Bossuet by heart, quoted a passage from the "Defence," in which the necessity of the Pope's temporal power was enlarged upon in order to secure his independence amongst so many conflicting political interests. The Emperor, after expressing the greatest veneration for Bossuet, insisted that, though this was doubtless true enough at the time he wrote, it did not apply to the present state of affairs: "Maintenant que l'Europe ne connaît d'autre maître que moi". M. Emery's answer must have sounded sufficiently audacious: "Votre Majesté connaît aussi bien que moi l'histoire des révolutions; ce qui existe maintenant peut ne pas toujours exister". On being asked by the Emperor if he thought



the Pope would ever make the required concession, he said that he thought the Pope would never do what would be equivalent to renouncing his right of institution. Napoleon turned sharply on the prelates of the Commission with the words, "Vous vouliez me faire faire un *pas de clerc*, en m'engageant à demander au Pape une chose qu'il ne doit pas m'accorder," and then, leaving his seat and bowing graciously to M. Emery, but without the least notice of any one else, prepared to leave the apartment. Some of the bishops, who hardly seem to have taken in the situation, began to beg the Emperor, just as he was leaving, to excuse M. Emery on account of his great age. "You are mistaken, gentlemen," was the answer, "I am not at all angry with M. Emery; he has spoken like a man who knows his business; it is thus I like to be spoken to." A few days afterwards he severely snubbed Cardinal Fesch with "Taisez-vous, vous êtes un ignorant. Où avez-vous appris la théologie? C'est avec M. Emery, qui la sait, que je dois m'entretenir."

M. Emery, throughout the vicissitudes of a long life, had hardly known what illness was. He had a rooted objection to doctors, and regarded it as the last calamity to fall into their hands. But now his health failed him. The determination of the Emperor to push his quarrel with the Pope to extremities, and to carry out the idea of a National Council, overwhelmed him with a sadness which no efforts could subdue. Not that he sat down under it, for during the last months of his life he was full of activity. He made arrangements with the seminaries of Montreal and Baltimore for the reception of the French Sulpicians, should their work in France be absolutely precluded; and at the same time provided for their possible resumption of their old position by repurchasing the property round Issy, which had been alienated during the Revolution. He also brought out additions to his work on Leibnitz, and had nearly passed through the press his *Esprit de Descartes*, when his summons came.

He had been long making particular preparations for death. In a letter written at this period he says: "Si je vous revoyais notre entretien roulerait principalement sur

les morts. Je m'en occupe aujourd'hui plus que jamais, parce que je me prépare à les rejoindre. J'ai plus de connaissances et d'amis dans l'autre monde que je n'en laisserai sur la terre. Dans la vue d'être mieux reçu, je m'en souviens sans cesse devant Dieu dans mes prières." And Death was the theme of his last retreat during the Passiontide of 1811. Referring to the evils with which the Church was threatened, he would often repeat, "It is a good time to die". He went to the Seminary at Paris for the Easter holidays. On the Monday in Low Week it was noticed that he looked really ill, and he confessed that for three months he had not slept at all, that "that dreadful council was killing him". On the next morning he underwent some kind of seizure, apparently of a paralytic character, and got himself taken back to Issy. On the morrow he insisted upon saying his Mass, although he had to be supported on either side by assistants during the whole of it. He was brought back that day to Paris in obedience to the doctors. The next morning he consented to assist at Mass without trying to say it. But the morning after he rose early and dragged himself into the chapel to celebrate Mass, saying to those who withstood him, "It is at the altar that a priest should die". But it might not be, and he was taken back to his bed. He was often more or less delirious, but in the intervals very much himself. Being asked by one of the doctors how he felt, he answered with a touch of his old spirit, "Comme un homme qui est malheureusement tombé entre les mains des médecins". He received the last rites of the Church, and the seminarists and professors who were kneeling round his bed besought him to give them his last blessing. The old man blessed them with great affection and solemnity, and then fell into a state of unconsciousness, which lasted till his death on the afternoon of the second Sunday after Easter, 1811. Napoleon expressed the greatest concern on hearing of his death. He notified his intention of giving him a public funeral in the Panthéon, and only relinquished the idea in deference to the wishes of the deceased, which were communicated to him. The funeral was at Issy.

M. Emery was a man of antique piety, who loved the

Madonna and relics and pilgrimages with the simple fervour of a Breton peasant; but he was also a man of his time, fond of scientific research, an accomplished conversationalist when conversation was recognised as one of the fine arts, and most large-minded in his appreciation of whatever "made for righteousness": witness the ability and perseverance with which, up to the last days of his life, he marshalled the testimonies of non-Catholic philosophers on behalf of religion. A most tender-hearted director, he yet knew how to introduce a wholesome vein of irony into his treatment of extravagance, as when he routed a young lady's resolution to drown herself with the suggestion that the season was too cold, and that in her place he should certainly wait till June. Brought up to take more or less for granted the Gallican Articles, and to regard Bossuet and Fleury as the highest models of Churchmanship, he instinctively developed the Catholic side of their teaching, and used it as a powerful weapon in the interests of the Holy See, thus inaugurating that fresh strain of loyalty to Rome which has been the characteristic of the French clergy of our day. He rejoiced to be able to show by the newly discovered *Opuscules* of Fleury, which he edited and presented to the Emperor, that the great historian was by no means the strong Gallican he had been reputed. He was a man who shrank from anything of the nature of praise, and often invoked the tradition of St. Sulpice to quash complimentary notices of himself in the writings of his friends.

One great fear he had besides that of offending God, and that was a fear lest dotage should supervene upon the exercise of his responsible office of Superior, and he gave a solemn injunction to one of the ablest and most trusted of his subjects to mark the first symptoms of an old man's folly, and give him timely warning that he might at once withdraw from his office. But perhaps the leading characteristic of his life is best represented in the words he spoke to Sœur Rosalie in the early days of her religious life: "Mon enfant, il faut qu'un prêtre et une Sœur de la Charité soient comme une borne qui est au coin d'une rue, et sur laquelle tous ceux qui passent puissent se reposer et déposer les fardeaux dont ils sont chargés".

## AURICULAR CONFESSION.

IF I might revise my title, it should run thus: "Some Thoughts on the Sacrament of Penance as used in the Ancient and Modern Church, under Provocation of Present Controversy". Though long and clumsy, it would more fairly express my intention. I am well aware that it is not our case that is under consideration when, in and out of Parliament, in newspaper and magazine, and on public platforms of every sort and condition, we hear denunciations of auricular confession. We Roman Catholics are such old and hopeless offenders that it may be as well to let us alone; and then, whether our practice be primitive or not, it has at least the way of many centuries upon it, and has been surrounded by such safeguards and precautions as prudence might dictate. In the Church of England, on the other hand, little or nothing has been heard of this practice till within the last fifty years, and now it has been brought home to the country as undermining the Established Church and undoing the work of the Reformation. Moreover, it is exercised largely by young and inexperienced persons without any safeguard of authoritative provision.

Neither does such fellow-feeling inspire me as is expressed by the *paries cum proximus ardet*, as though our turn might come to-morrow; for we are no annex of the *domestica ecclesia* such as Government might consider itself qualified to control. Again, I am far from defending the logical position of the extreme High Church party in the Establishment. I do not believe that the Church of Elizabeth contemplated even the toleration of the doctrine of a real presence of Christ in the Eucharist outside the act of communion, or the practice or frequent use of the sacrament of penance; nay, I cannot persuade myself that sacramental absolution was intended to



be conveyed in the prescribed deathbed ritual, the tenour of which is simply to comfort the sinner by moving him to manifest any particular sin that makes him afraid to communicate, and to assure him solemnly of the Divine forgiveness. In default of such provision for the nervous sinner the framers of the ritual might well fear lest at the last moment some recusant Mass priest might have been summoned from a neighbouring grange to do what they could not or would not.

That nothing serious and regular was intended in the way of confession would seem to be established by the fact that no restriction in the way of faculties was anywhere attempted, and this amongst men who did not lack common-sense. Again, it is hard to reconcile with the idea of sacramental confession the exception to the duty of official secrecy recognised in the 113th canon of Convocation, 1603: "Except they be such crimes as by the laws of the realm his own life may be called into question for concealing the same". The deliberate annulment by the framers of the Book of Common Prayer of the precept requiring that sacramental confession should, whenever mortal sin has been committed, precede the reception of the Eucharist would seem to be admitted as necessarily qualifying the position of the Church of England, even by such High Churchmen as Dr. Pusey, Dr. Liddon and Mr. Carter.<sup>1</sup> Such a position I venture to maintain is not compatible with the doctrine, on the one hand, that Christ is actually received by the sinner, and, on the other hand, that there is a sacrament of penance, of which auricular confession is an integral part, by which sin is remitted. In default of any formal precept of confession, the obligation of such a preparation for such a guest ensues from the nature of the case as surely as the duty of worship, whether formally prescribed or not, would arise, as Bishop Butler insists, upon a recognition of a Divine Person. Thus the annulment of the universal precept by the Church of England would seem to involve a denial of one at least, if not both, of the aforesaid doctrines.

<sup>1</sup> See their letters on the subject, *Pusey's Life*, vol. iv., pp. 316-17.

Yet, as a man beside himself is infinitely more noble, infinitely more sympathetic for his fellow-men than the noblest beast, so to a Catholic, the men who uphold Catholic doctrines, speculative or practical, whether in logical connection with the rest of their doctrinal apparatus and with the concrete circumstances of their condition, or the reverse, must ever be distinguished as so far forth our allies, in whose warfare against the powers of this darkness we must needs be interested.

On the other hand, it is curious to note the unanimity with which the various representatives of popular opinion—including some of reputed High Church proclivities—denounce the practice of auricular confession and deprecate its prevalence, as calculated to weaken “the moral fibre” of the country. We have Lord Salisbury, to whose opinion as to “what the Turk intends and what the Russ,” we bow respectfully; the *Spectator*, whom on the smaller moralities we have been apt to identify with the *ὁ φρόνιμος* of the *Ethics*; and the ingenious Mr. Balfour, all wagging their paws in substantial agreement that nothing can be worse for the sinner and the sinner’s friends than the practice of confession. I think they are undoubtedly right in considering that advice and pressure (see Mr. Carter’s letter referred to above) will, even when kept short of enforcement, effectually induce the habit.

But—pardon my audacity—what right have these gentlemen to any opinion at all on the subject? As to the “weakening of the moral fibre” which is to be the result, are they arguing *a priori* or from an experience, personal or otherwise? If it be a question of the advantage or disadvantage of the exhibition of quinine, for instance, we appeal to those who use or have used the particular drug, not to those who have declined to use it. The country may hesitate to accept Roman Catholic evidence, but surely it may safely invoke the testimony of its own children, who have done such noble work in the slums of London and other of our great towns. These will answer, with one accord, that the confessional, the practice of habitual confession, has been their great instrument for converting men from their evil ways and

strengthening their moral fibre. It is a proof, and as such we Roman Catholics accept it, that, even where no sacramental grace is conveyed, so wisely adapted to the needs of human nature is this ordinance of the Church, so eminently qualified to strengthen moral resolution, that it is often made a natural vehicle for Divine assistance and benediction. The repentant sinner's primary instinct finds expression in the cry, "Lord, that I may be made clean"; neither can there be any effective system of spiritual athletics which excludes cleanliness as a prelude.

Our critics are fond of appealing to the moral shortcomings of Frenchmen and Italians. Such comparison is eminently difficult to conduct to a satisfactory issue. But in matter of fact the foreign element of comparison might be often more fairly regarded as an instance of the neglect of penance than of its use. On the other hand, whenever we can lay our finger upon its use—to take France as the foreign country most open to our observation—we find it identified with all that is most vigorous, generous, and patriotic. Who were those who best stood their ground in the fiery ordeal of the ill-fated Bazaar? The *habitues* of the confessional. Who best vindicated the honour of their country in the second phase of the Franco-Prussian War, after Sedan? The Catholic peasants of Brittany and the Papal Zouaves. It is true the critics of penance may point to many a French brochure in which the confessional is denounced as an offence against family life and an instrument of disunion. But do they really know what this means? In an age which rebels, and often most justly rebels, on woman's behalf against the tyranny of man, who and what is this French *propriétaire* that he should dictate to his wife the attitude of Milton's Eve—extravagant even when Adam was as yet unfallen and still reflected his Creator's image:—

By author and disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine.

The confessional does but maintain the old Christian doctrine that the wife is no mere function of her husband, but an

entity with a moral life of its own. If it be thus that the confessional divides families, so let it be till the last great tribunal that divides the world for praise or blame. Meanwhile France amidst her dwindling nurseries is left to mourn a solitude which is not peace.

As regards ordinary worldly matters the confessor most scrupulously abstains from interference. Where any other friend might speak with propriety his spiritual office holds him silent. Now and again there may be an evil exception, and a confessor may intrude beyond his office; but such an exception goes no further towards qualifying the relation than the occasional barbarity of a mother towards her child.

Another charge often made is that confessors are apt to sacrifice the innocence of their child-penitents, in supposed deference to the exigencies of sacramental integrity, by asking suggestive questions. I can only say that it is a fixed principle with all Roman Catholic confessors to do the precise contrary, and I have every reason for believing that our Anglican brethren are no whit less scrupulous. When we have to warn the young against what they only half know, we withdraw them carefully, without opening their eyes a bit more than is necessary for them to realise that there is a danger upon which they are called to turn their backs. It is, of course, impossible to draw a hard and fast line. Some children have far more knowledge of evil than they are given credit for. The great danger is lest the malice of after-years should find material in a mechanical habit but partially understood.

After all, to use Montalembert's famous phrase, "The Church is a woman, nay more, a mother," and, especially where her little ones are concerned, she remembers the principle, *Sacramenta propter homines*. Of even the worst of us I think it might be allowed that, bad as we may be, yet we know "how to give good gifts to our children"; "neither when they ask for bread do we give them a stone, nor for a fish a serpent, nor for an egg a scorpion".

And now, having passed in review what may be considered the popular moral objections to auricular confession, I will betake myself to what is the main object of my paper, the



consideration of the character and position of the institution in the ancient Church, say from Tertullian to Pope St. Leo. Of course I cannot pretend to an exhaustive treatment; equally of course in this most difficult subject there will be obscure points, which I must leave very much as I found them. What I hope to establish is: 1. That in the early Church the power of forgiveness of grievous sins against God, committed after Baptism, was claimed by her ministers in virtue of the promises (Matt. xviii. 18, and John xx. 23); 2. That auricular confession, whether alone or as an initial stage to public confession, ever stood between the grievous sinner and his reception of the Eucharist.

Lest I should seem to be beating the air I may refer to Lea,<sup>1</sup> who insists that "St. Cyprian . . . had evidently never heard of the power of the keys, or that what the Church loosed on earth would be loosed in heaven"; and to a recent writer in *The Nineteenth Century and After*,<sup>2</sup> "Auricular confession is not a primitive, nor even a moderately early practice of the Christian Church. There is no trace of it—even its stoutest defenders, Dr. Pusey among them, have been forced to admit this—in those earlier centuries to which they so often appeal."

St. Cyprian<sup>3</sup> protests that to refuse "communication and peace" is to refuse "the succour of saving hope"; that it is a refusal to loose, as Matthew xviii. 18 allows us, "when He Himself who gave the law permitted that what was bound upon earth should be bound even in heaven, and that those things should be loosed there which were here first loosed in the Church". "Pax" is identified with "venia" and "indulgentia,"<sup>4</sup> two synonyms for remission of sins; and "the giving of peace and the remission of sins" is compared with Baptism as to its effect upon "past sin".<sup>5</sup> I think this sufficiently disposes of Mr. Lea's explicit assertion that St. Cyprian knew nothing of the power of the keys. Mr. Lea would enforce his view by an appeal to *Ep.* xii., in which the *pax* is spoken of as administered by a deacon, an official without the power of sacramental absolution. In that letter, I reply, St. Cyprian

<sup>1</sup> *History of Auricular Confession*, i., 10.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bosworth Smith, *March*, 1899, p. 363.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. Ben., *Ep.* liv.

<sup>4</sup> *Ep.* lii.

<sup>5</sup> *Ep.* xxii.

is dealing with the case of penitents perfectly well known to him, concerning whom no further act of judgment was needed, and on whose behalf he had already accepted the martyrs' intercession. He cannot go to them himself for some time, and so in case of mortal illness he constitutes any priest that can be obtained, or in his default any deacon, his delegate and the vehicle of his absolution. The penitent is to make his exomologesis—in this case merely the repetition of faults already acknowledged—and the priest or deacon is “to lay on hands for penance,” that the sick man may go to the Lord with that peace which the martyrs had asked for. The practice of absolving the absent has been forbidden by the Church, but its normal validity has been very largely maintained. From the Council of Elvira, canon 32, it would seem that a priest was allowed to make this use of a deacon. St. Denys of Alexandria, in his letter to Fabius of Antioch, tells of a priest who, being unable to come himself to a penitent, transmitted absolution, in the form of leave to communicate, through a boy, apparently not even an acolyte, who brought and administered the Eucharist. The Saint's comment is: “Was he not manifestly protected, so that he survived until he was absolved, and deserved after his sin had been wiped away (τῆς ἁμαρτίας ἐξαλειφθείσης) for his many good deeds to be acknowledged (*i.e.* by Christ)”<sup>1</sup>. Be it noted that I am not here considering the rite or discipline, but simply the evidence of the power of the keys for the remission of sin and, given the judge and the sentence, the indifference of the intermediary.

Another point much insisted on is the distinction between what are called by Tertullian and St. Cyprian *peccata in Deum* or *in Dominum*, and *peccata in hominem*. Of the former, which coincide more or less with the three classes of *gravissima*, “adultery, apostasy, and murder,” St. Cyprian had said “absolution cannot be given in the Church to one who has sinned against God”<sup>2</sup>. The latter are those sins which although, as all sins must be, offences against God, yet are rather to be dealt with as sins against the brotherhood, according to the

<sup>1</sup> Eusebius, *H. E.*, vi., 44.

<sup>2</sup> *De Testim.*, lib. iii., c. 28. Cf. *De Laps.*, p. 445.

text, "If thy brother offend against thee". They would embrace grievous sins, mainly against commutative justice, *gravia* but not *gravissima*, for which the ordinary course of penitential reconciliation is prescribed, and venial sins, which were readily condoned in the daily assembly of the faithful.

The *gravissima* were not excluded from the power of the keys, but would appear in the second century to have been reserved for deathbed absolution, with or without full reinstatement. This, however, was a matter of discipline, and a discipline that almost completed its development, in the time of St. Cyprian, in a lenient direction. What concerns us here is that St. Cyprian most distinctly claims the power of absolving sins committed *in Deum*. "I remit everything . . . ; even from that which is committed against God I do not exact the full religious due" ("quæ in Deum commissæ sunt non pleno iudicio religionis examino").<sup>1</sup>

I have said that sins *in Deum* corresponded more or less roughly to the three classes. It is hardly possible to come to a precise comparison. The classes are open to a larger or a stricter interpretation. If we accept Tertullian's addition of *Fraus* and *Blasphemia*<sup>2</sup> and St. Cyprian's *odium in fratrem*, "who hates his brother is a murderer," "a crime that cannot be washed out even by the baptism of blood,"<sup>3</sup> we have a group approximating to the modern heads of mortal sin. To all such mortal sins, when public, a certain kind of excommunication was attached, requiring a more or less lengthy course of penance, and a final restoration of *communicatio et pax*. Even when such sin was secret there was still a bar to Eucharistic communion, requiring penance and absolution, whether public or private. The accusation Cyprian urges against unabsolved communicants, "violence is done to His Body and Blood, and now they sin more against the Lord with hands and mouth than when they denied Him,"<sup>4</sup> cannot be reasonably confined to apostasy, or even to public sin.

Tertullian, in his *De Penitentia*, although the discipline of the African Church of the second century refused to reinstate those who had fallen into one of the three great sins, or to

<sup>1</sup> *Ep.* lv.

<sup>2</sup> *De Pudic.*, p. 741.

<sup>3</sup> *De Orat. Dom.*, pp. 149-50.

<sup>4</sup> *De Laps.*, p. 144.

absolve them before the close of their lives, puts no qualitative limit to the extension of penance. "He would not have threatened the non-penitent if he had not been ready to pardon him if penitent."<sup>1</sup> This is in regard to the threats<sup>2</sup> addressed to the Churches of Asia, amongst whose sins were numbered "fornication" and "idolatry". In his Montanist work, *De Pudicitia*, in which he denies that the power of the keys extends to the three sins, and insists that the power was merely a *personal* privilege confined to St. Peter, he unwittingly testifies to the Church's doctrine by claiming the widest power for his own Montanist *Eccllesia*. "The Paraclete is speaking: 'The Church can forgive crime (*delictum*), but I will not do it, lest others should fall into crime'."<sup>3</sup>

In the opening of Tertullian's *De Pudicitia* the author confesses to a change of view, as from that of a child to that of a man; and this is further marked by the rejection of his previous interpretation of the passages from the Apocalypse and the parable of the prodigal, that made for leniency. Tertullian's quarrel with Pope Callixtus<sup>4</sup> did not, as I think, turn upon his extension of the power of the keys, but upon a change of discipline by which adulterers were admitted to the ordinary course of penance and reconciliation—a relaxation which Tertullian regarded both as degrading and as unfair to the other two classes, which still remained excluded.

St. Ambrose is quite explicit as to the extent of the power of the keys: "God has given to His priests the licence of absolving, without any exception";<sup>5</sup> and of Baptism and Penance he says, "in each there is the same mystery," *i.e.* of forgiveness.<sup>6</sup>

That the distinction between *gravissima* and *gravia* was disciplinary and economic rather than in the nature of things or doctrinal, though, as the scholastics would say, *cum fundamento in re* with an objective foundation, is evident from the fact that in St. Augustine's time sacrilege was substituted

<sup>1</sup> Ed. Rigault, Paris, 1612, p. 146 a.

<sup>2</sup> *Apoc.*, c. ii.

<sup>3</sup> P. 743 b.

<sup>4</sup> Generally recognised as Tertullian's antagonist, in place of Zephyrinus, by modern scholars.

<sup>5</sup> *De Penit.*, I., c. iii., p. 393, ed. Ben.

<sup>6</sup> P. 400.



for the then almost obsolete idolatry; and St. Gregory of Nyssa had previously suggested that robbery with violence might be included under the head of murder, which it invited. At the same time the distinction would seem to be indicated in 1 John v. 16, and so to be of Apostolic origin: "Let him who knows that his brother sins a sin not unto death, ask, and life shall be granted to him who sins a sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death. I say not that for him any one should ask." On the other hand we have the sin of the incestuous Corinthian, which certainly was not reserved until his deathbed.

(2) The necessity of "auricular"—or I would rather use its correlative, "oral" confession, seeing that the number of ears concerned is of no substantial import, whilst the exercise of the mouth or its equivalent is indispensable—its necessity for the forgiveness of mortal sin previous to Communion is, I conceive, indisputably the teaching of the early Church. The idea that confession to God alone could be arbitrarily substituted for confession to God through the priest is not borne out anywhere. On the other hand, of course, the importance of such confession to God as part of the formula of contrition, without which interior disposition no confession of the lips can avail, is repeatedly insisted on. St. Cyprian: "Since in lesser crimes which are not committed *in Deum* penance is done for a proportionate time, and confession (exomologesis) is made, with an examination of his life who is doing penance; neither can any one arrive at communion (*communicationem*, communion with the mystical body of Christ, involving leave to receive the Eucharist) before the laying on of hands by the bishop and clergy: how much the more in the most grave and extreme crimes".<sup>1</sup> The following passage from Origen has been urged as allowing various alternatives to that of penance, for the forgiveness of sins: The "Auditores Ecclesiæ," *i.e.* Catechumens, object, "With us there is but one forgiveness, which through the grace of the laver (Baptism) is given us in the beginning (*in initiis*)". He answers: "Now hearken how many remissions of sin we have in the Gospels:

<sup>1</sup> *Ep.* xi.; *cf.* *Ep.* ix. and x.

1, Baptism; 2, martyrdom; 3, almsgiving; 4, forgiveness of injuries; 5, converting another; 6, abounding charity; 7, that hard and toilsome way through penance, . . . when a man is not ashamed to reveal his sin to a priest of the Lord and ask for medicine".<sup>1</sup>

Here it would seem at first sight that the sinner was given a choice, and that the seventh remission, as "hard and toilsome," was left at a prohibitive discount. However, if we turn to Hom. 16 we find that the "price of redemption" after sin is not left to the sinner's choice. "The price is without doubt to be gathered by the tears of penitence, and discovered by the hands of good works."<sup>2</sup> In the first passage, then, Origen is simply giving a list from Scripture of those dispositions and good works which are spoken of as meriting the grace of repentance. He is thinking of what is required in one form or another (*necessitate medi*) rather than that which is exacted when possible (*necessitate præcepti*). He will have nothing unconfessed. "If we do anything in secret, if we have committed ourselves though in speech only, or even in the secrecy of thought, the whole of it must necessarily be enounced (*publicari*), the whole of it produced."<sup>3</sup> It is true these words directly refer to the accusation of the devil before the judgment-seat; but this accusation we are exhorted to anticipate in our confession here.

Confession was made either to the bishop or to a priest appointed by him. In public penance it was the satisfaction rather than the confession that was necessarily public. Where, as was sometimes the case, there was a confession before the whole congregation, this was either in general terms, or there was a discrimination and selection of sins, which implied a previous full private confession to a priest, whether this was completed after an adequate penance by absolution *in foro interno* or the absolution was deferred to the public function.

That a selection was made after a full confession is established by the following: Origen exhorts to public confession

<sup>1</sup> Hom. ii. in Levit., tom. ii., p. 190, ed. Ben.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 262.

<sup>3</sup> P. 196.

“ If he (the confessor to whom you have fully disclosed yourself, *vid. sup.*) understands and foresees that your malady is such as ought to be exposed to the assembly of the whole congregation, whence, perhaps, others may be edified and thyself readily healed ”.<sup>1</sup>

Although St. Ambrose had just been speaking of confession to God—a factor, be it understood, in all availing confession—he certainly refers to oral confession where he says, “ a shamefaced (*verecunda*) confession of sins unlooses the bond of crime ”:<sup>2</sup> for<sup>3</sup> he speaks of the tears of the Church with reference to the raising of Lazarus, in compassion with whom Christ weeps, and denounces those who ask to be admitted to penance in order to get communion at once, and by so doing “ desire not so much to release themselves as to bind the priest ”. Again,<sup>4</sup> he is urging the inconsistency of those who, after full and particular confession to the priest, are ashamed of appearing as God’s suppliants in the court of public penance: “ You are ashamed to supplicate God, to whom you are known, whereas you are not ashamed to confess your sins to a man, to whom you are unknown ”. About the same period we have the Spanish St. Pacian denouncing any failure of integrity in the confession: “ What are you doing who deceive the priest and confuse one who is not fully informed, by the difficulty of judging? ”<sup>5</sup> Yes, our opponents will exclaim, there may have been confession, but it was not “ auricular,” and the word is given with an emphasis suggesting nothing less than the ear of Dionysius with its manifold treasons. That it was sometimes auricular in the strict one-man sense would seem to be proved by the passages already quoted. But however this may be, the substance of my contention, that between the grievous sinner and the Eucharist there has ever been interposed, where this might be, confession, with the possible veto of the priest, is I think established. *Ex abundantia*, the following passages are emphatic as to the sinner’s duty if he wishes to communicate. St. Ambrose: “ No one in a condition of sin may arrogate to himself the

<sup>1</sup> Hom. ii., c. 5, p. 37.      <sup>2</sup> *De Pœnit.*, ii., p. 426, ed. Ben.

<sup>3</sup> P. 428.

<sup>4</sup> Cap. x.

<sup>5</sup> Ap. Gallandi, tom. vii., p. 271.

right to or use of the sacraments,"<sup>1</sup> and<sup>2</sup> he admits that the object of penance is the reception of the Eucharist. St. Pacian denounces secret sinners who receive the Eucharist without confession as "in the sight of men most timorous, before the Lord most impudent".

Not more than sixty years after the death of St. Ambrose, Pope St. Leo denounced, as "contrary to the Apostolic rule" and an act of "unlawful usurpation," the exacting a public and particular profession from penitents of all their sins. "Seeing that it is sufficient that the guilt of the conscience should be declared to priests only, in a secret confession . . . that confession is sufficient which is offered to God, then to the priest as well, who is the intercessor for the crimes of penitents."<sup>3</sup>

But not only is such confession sufficient, it is also necessary; for "it has been ordained by the Divine bounty that the forgiveness (*indulgentia*) of God cannot be obtained otherwise than by the supplications of the priests. The Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, has delivered this power to the prelates of the Church of administering the course of penance to those who confess, and, after they have been purified by wholesome satisfaction, of admitting them to the communion of the Sacraments through the door of reconciliation."<sup>4</sup>

Whilst protesting against Mr. Lea's relegation of the whole of the penitential system to the *forum externum*, I admit that in approaching the discipline of the early Church one cannot but be struck by the extent to which the *forum externum* absorbs and appropriates the *forum internum*, so as to become its ordinary expression and vehicle. As one cup within another may be so nicely adjusted that you must go nigh to breaking them before you can evince their duality, so it is only at the approach of death, whether in the form of sickness or instant persecution, that the virtue of the internal or sacramental *forum* is seen to exert itself, apart from the *forum* by which it is ordinarily circumscribed. To the

<sup>1</sup> *De Pœnit.*, lib. ii., p. 435.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 419.

<sup>3</sup> *Op.* (ed. Bal.), tom. i., p. 1431; *Ep.* 168.

<sup>4</sup> P. 1174; *Ep.* 108.



penitent dying, or about to face the extremity of persecution, the Eucharist is given before the conclusion of his penance, and according to the Cyprianic discipline the full rights of communion remain to him: the penitential condition, once abrogated, returns no more. This was afterwards modified by the Council of Nicæa. St. Cyprian<sup>1</sup> urges, with some humour, upon one who is inclined to demur, that, after all, he cannot be expected to slay the sick man after giving him the *pax*, and that if it pleases the Lord to restore him to health it should be taken kindly.

The bishop was at once the representative of the community, for which in the times of persecution a severe discipline was of imperative necessity, and the guardian of the individual soul, for which Christ had died, and for which He had provided in the Church "an abundant redemption". It was hard to reconcile the two claims. With a small force in an enemy's country it was necessary that the cowardly or dissolute soldier should be stripped of his uniform and made to fall out of the ranks, if the force was to continue effective. Yet the broken man must not be wholly abandoned; he was retained, as it were, with the baggage for a longer or shorter time, as the case might be; perhaps for life. No doubt upon the bed of death the interests of the individual soul tended to become paramount; but even here the claim of discipline often availed to bar the way to the penitent's complete reinstatement. How far this went at different periods and in different places—whether beyond a refusal of intercommunion with Christ's mystical body, which all admit was sometimes refused, it extended to a refusal of the Eucharist, and even of final absolution—has been debated by Catholic scholars from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, from Sirmond and Morinus to Palmieri and Funk, with variant conclusions.

Innocent the First, A.D. 405,<sup>2</sup> justifies the change of discipline by the change of time. Whilst "penance" was granted, he says, in times of persecution, "reconciliation of communion" was refused to those sinners who would not ask for it till their deathbed, and this, lest presuming on the easiness of reconciliation, men should continue in their sin.

<sup>1</sup> *Ep.* lii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ep. ad Exsup.*

Afterwards it was granted "as Viaticum for the departing," and "lest we should seem to follow the asperity and harshness of the heretic Novatian, who refused pardon". It has been maintained by some authors that Novatian represented the ancient discipline of the Church, and that if he had not engaged in schismatic agitation there would have been nothing uncatholic in his attitude. But apart from the fact that an obstinate conservative in the face of the stream of development is *ipso facto* reactionary,—our prefix liberal would almost imply as much; and even if St. Ambrose is wrong in insisting that Novatian denied the power of the keys altogether, he certainly reduced them to a minimum, leaving men to die, as St. Cyprian complains, in despair. Twenty-four years after, we have Pope Celestine (A.D. 429) denouncing as impious those who refused penance to the dying who have deferred their repentance.<sup>1</sup> The difference between the Novatianist and what Innocent had called "the stricter observance" of antiquity would seem to be that, according to the latter, the dying sinner was at least carefully exercised in contrition, and his efforts supported by intercessory prayer *in ordine ad absolutionem*—that final absolution alone excepted which gave leave for communion; whereas, according to the former, he was simply told to repent and forsaken.

Even in the severest phase of discipline the bishop would seem to have had a very large discretionary power. The disciplinary rules of the early Church were not of cast-iron. The very reason given by Cyprian for refusing communion to one deferring his penance to his deathbed, *viz.* that the moribund's appeal was dictated by the fear of death, not by sorrow for sin,<sup>2</sup> suggests that an exhibition of extraordinary signs of sorrow, of extraordinary pains to obtain intercession of the martyrs, might reverse the position. The practical difference between ancient and modern usage will always remain that the burden of proof was in the early times cast upon the penitent in cases where the Church of to-day takes the burden upon herself. St. Cyprian, as his Benedictine editor remarks, does not always carry out his most solemn

<sup>1</sup> *Ep. ad Episc. Vien. et Narbon.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ep. lii., ad Anton.*

threats. In *Ep.* xl. he announces that no one who has joined the heretics shall hereafter be allowed to return to communion, whereas in *Ep.* lv. he rejoices that many have so returned.

Surprise has often been expressed that there should be such scant reference to private penance or to the reiteration of penance, if it prevailed to any extent; and we are asked if we pretend that it was subject to a *disciplina arcani*. It doubtless did not fall into the same category as the Holy Eucharist, the knowledge of which was religiously confined to the initiated; but none the less its details, its extent beyond conventional limits, was subject as nothing else was to a most scrupulous secrecy. Every writer on penance from Tertullian to St. Ambrose is keenly sensitive to the dread lest the sinner should take advantage of the ease of forgiveness to sin the more confidently. They will not allow a man to ask himself the question, "What shall I do if I fall again?" Make no such horrible supposition. When the Prefect Marcellus asked St. Augustine with what face the clergy could venture to intercede for a State criminal after a second conviction, when the Church only granted penance and absolution for the first offence, the saint,<sup>1</sup> although deathbed assistance and the Eucharist<sup>2</sup> was freely accorded to all sinners in his time, is content to plead that such persons are not excluded "from the Divine forbearance".

On the whole, I think this represents the attitude of the early Church towards her erring children. Certain grievous sins are too monstrous to deserve any forgiveness; but if so be, she will forgive them this once, but it must be positively for the last time. But when the sin is yet again committed, the sinner must on no account stand aloof; she will do what she can for him. She at once undertakes to inaugurate his return, although the arrival may be never fully attained in this life. She inspires his tears and educates his sorrow, and leads him step by step to the communion of peace. So far as in particular cases he falls short of this, he acquiesces in her providence, and finds rest in her limitations. She binds that

<sup>1</sup> *Ep.* liv.

<sup>2</sup> Nicæa, Can. xiii.

she may loose; the penitent is swathed in disabilities, with the gradual removal of which is associated the gradual unloosing of the spiritual bonds in which he has involved himself; and whenever and however death comes, stealing from the ninety-nine which need not repentance, with bated breath she pronounces—who can doubt it?—such sacramental words as may set the seal upon his deliverance. Nay, as a tender mother, whose child has been sent supperless to bed, she will haunt his pillow to bestow upon him, if by any means it may be possible, *buccellam istam*, that morsel, fortified wherewith he may be saved *a timore nocturno* and sleep the sleep of peace.

In her joyous pride in her firstborn, her virgins and her martyrs, she will not anticipate, she will not allow her children to anticipate, the renewal of one who, having known the truth, shall have fallen away. She dwells, as did her Divine Master before her, upon the irremissible nature of certain sins, their inherent character, that is to say, of inexcusableness, carrying with them no natural pleading for forgiveness. Yet when needs be, they are forgiven again, and yet again, if not with the forms of public penance, yet under the Church's hand they are forgiven. We have examples in the first three centuries of every form of forgiven sin, beginning with the incestuous Corinthian and St. John's prodigal, and never once can we catch an echo of the exceeding bitter cry of one seeking pardon and finding it not. As a type, however, of sentiment such as, I take it, we shall not find expressed in the early Church, I would instance the words attributed by his enemies to St. John Chrysostom (ap. Phot.).<sup>1</sup> He was accused of having said publicly: "If you sin again, again repent, and as often as you shall sin come to me, and I will heal you". Not, of course, that the words themselves are indefensible—they find their natural place in a modern pulpit—but they anticipate horrors as the early Church will not allow them to be anticipated. The Church, alas! is in a certain sense what we have made her; it is through us sinners that she has become the Church of the lapsed; she cannot come down from the cross where we have placed her: she saved others; herself she cannot save.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Synod of Toledo*, c. ii., A.D. 589.



In a sympathetic review of Mr. Lea's volumes in Harnack's periodical,<sup>1</sup> by Karl Müller, the reviewer, after a warm compliment to the extraordinary industry displayed by Mr. Lea in opening up so many sources of information, remarks that he has simply turned the matter upside down<sup>2</sup> by insisting that the early Church regarded its action in penance as merely belonging to the external forum, and the reconciliation effected as with herself only. For, of the two forgivenesses, that of God and that of the Church, "the one does not exclude the other, but the two are one and the same," according to the primitive theory. Mr. Lea's one norm of development is the exigence of sacerdotal ambition, an external cause without any corresponding principle in the penitential doctrine itself. He thus finds no intrinsic difficulty in the genesis of the Divine theory from that of the purely human.

In contrast to Harnack and his school, Goetz,<sup>3</sup> following Steitz, endeavours to show that Cyprian never pretended to do more in granting *communicatio et remissio peccatorum* than remove excommunication, and forgive the sin that provoked it, under its one aspect of ecclesiastical offence, leaving the sinner in the sight of God precisely as he was, whilst giving him the opening by union with the Church for working out his own forgiveness. It is obvious to remark that on this view *communicatio et remissio* should precede the penitential course, not crown it.

The passage from *Ep.* liv., quoted on page 7, he thus handles: the binding is absolute, *ligata essent*, the loosing conditional, *solvi possent*. A most captious distinction from a grammatical standpoint. But apart from this, no Catholic denies that the *solutio* from the guilt of sin is conditional upon the dispositions of the penitent, which God alone can discern with certainty; but so is the *ligatio*. Even in adult baptism the dispositions of the penitent are to be reckoned with to be sure of its effect.

<sup>1</sup> *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, 1897, nr. 17.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Anschauung von Steitz (*i.e.* Lea's) den geschichtlichen Thatbestand auf den kopf stellt."

<sup>3</sup> *Die Büsslehren Cyprian's*, 1895.

Goetz is indignant with Catholic writers for allowing, as he says, their historical research to be dominated by dogma. No doubt we may sometimes err in this direction, but I venture to think that the passion for reducing every text as it stands to the minimum of its possible meaning may be a far more serious impediment to intelligent appreciation than the domination of dogma. After all, a dogma is an idea, and as such can illuminate and co-ordinate what might otherwise be sufficiently dull and incoherent. We may hardly estimate the force and direction of a stream by the analysis of any number of pailfuls drawn from its waters.

In a system whose very life is recognised as dependent upon its continuity, its unity in change, we may not, indeed, literally read one historical period into another, but we are scientifically justified in looking for more in the antecedent stage, for the very reason that it precedes such a consequent, than if it had been obviously barren. We are justified in letting lights from St. Ambrose and St. Jerome fall upon St. Cyprian. Can the following passage, I would ask, be limited to the external forum: "Let him be redeemed by the Blood of the Saviour, either in the house of baptism or in penitence, which imitates the grace of baptism, through the ineffable mercy of the Saviour; Who wills that none should perish"?<sup>1</sup>

It is largely true that the history of the development of an idea should be read backwards. An ecclesiastical writer viewed as an organ of transmission requires to be read in more than his own literary context. He must be constantly referred to his anticipation in the past, his association in the present, his issue in the future.

The doctrine of development must be regarded as essential to any intelligent grasp of the sacramental system. That system was established in the beginning, both as regards doctrine and practice, rather *in fieri* than *in factum esse*, in principle rather than in detail. The Church, it was ever taught, had the power of forgiving post-baptismal sin; the proximate matter of the sacrament of penance was ever, to use the Tridentine formula, the dispositions of the penitent,

<sup>1</sup> St. Jerome, *Cont. Pelag.*, *Op.*, Vallarsi, tom. ii., p. 730.

expressed in contrition, confession, and satisfaction, and its seal the absolution or acceptance of the priest. But the relations and subordination of these three factors varied with time and circumstances. In the earliest times we find confession and satisfaction framed into a long ritual of many stages for ensuring the genesis of contrition. Later on we find that forgiveness which had been always operative, the forgiveness at once of God and of the Church, culminating in a precise formula of absolution in the mouth of one who represented both God and the Church, and gave judgment in their name. Lastly, the doctrine of the sufficiency of attrition in the sacrament, which had long prevailed in the Church, found an adequate expression at Trent, by which the insistence on the use of the sacrament of penance for the forgiveness of sin was confirmed and justified: a disposition insufficient for justification *extra sacramentum* being accepted as sufficient *intra sacramentum*.

In considering the developments in the penitential system it is necessary to protest against the imputation that there is any real change in the attitude of the present Church towards confessed, and presumably forgiven, sin from that which has always prevailed. Since the forgiveness attached to this or that absolution must always depend upon the actual disposition of the penitent, a disposition which he himself can never be absolutely certain of, his certainty of forgiveness can never be other than approximate, and dependent mainly upon the results in subsequent life. The attempt of Catharinus to make out an absolute certainty in the case was rejected by the Council of Trent. "Be not confident as to forgiven sin" has always been a principle in the Church. We put our trust in God, Who will never fail those who do their best; and our confidence is never an act of faith in the efficacy of this or that absolution; it is a growth, supported by amendment of life and repeated confessions, with at least an implicit reference to those of the past.

Whilst maintaining that the Tridentine position<sup>1</sup>—"The universal Church has always recognised (*intellexit*) that an

<sup>1</sup> Sess. xiv., c. v.

integral confession of all mortal sins committed after Baptism is *jure divino* necessary"—is largely confirmed and nowhere absolutely contradicted in the Church of the Fathers, I would point out that this statement of the Council's is by no means equivalent to saying that this was always explicitly acknowledged by all writers, patristic or scholastic, within the Church's pale. It is sufficient to turn to St. Thomas' works, which lay on the Council's table, and read his admission that before Innocent the Third and the Lateran Council it was not heresy to question the absolute necessity of the confession of every mortal sin *vel in re vel in voto*.<sup>1</sup> Until the Church's recognition was, so to speak, registered and proclaimed in a General Council, or in equivalent *ex cathedra* pronouncement, you could not say that a speculative alternative to the common doctrine was heretical. In the early Middle Ages it would seem that speculation sometimes tended to distract assent. Disputes concerning the how and why had a natural tendency to obscure the fact, just as a violent storm of rain or hail athwart a slowly moving stream might seem to arrest or even for the moment reverse its current. Still, there is no evidence, that I have seen, that men were ever allowed in virtue of such a slenderly entertained speculative opinion, to approach communion without the confession of their mortal sins.

Every fresh stage of development naturally suffers the imputation of what may be called the faults of its qualities, and so provokes opposition until these are eliminated by careful distinction. The substitution of the bishop's or priest's private tribunal for a court in which the community was represented by assessors suggested the danger of arbitrariness: hence the onslaught of Origen<sup>2</sup> and St. Jerome.<sup>3</sup>

The central idea in both passages is to protest against the notion that the judgment was to depend upon the confessor's *bene placitum*, and not upon the objective conditions of the case. St. Jerome establishes this somewhat at the expense of the judicial character of the tribunal. Origen, with

<sup>1</sup> *In iv. Sent.*, Dist. xvii., qu. iii., art. 5, Expos. Text.

<sup>2</sup> *In Matt.*, tom. xii., § 14.

<sup>3</sup> Tom. vii. (ed. Vallarsi); *in Matt.*, c. xvi., v. 19.



the same intent, insists that the bishop who absolves must show forth the *ἐργον* of Peter; that is to say, the characteristic which caused him to be chosen for the rock, *i.e.* his faith, if he is to validly exercise his power of the keys. This is so far true that formally to abandon the faith of Peter is to lose his jurisdiction. However, it must be admitted that Origen would seem to imply that this is the case with regard to other sins, and that the sacramental effect is in some sort dependent upon the worthiness of the minister, a misapprehension which it took St. Augustine's principle, that Christ was ever the chief agent in the sacraments, fairly to eliminate. In handling this passage Mr. Lea uses a *vetus translatio* with, I am afraid, the original, as well as the Benedictine version before him. This *translatio* he should have seen was at best a paraphrase, and in this passage plays the wildest havoc with the original, attributing what Origen says of the sins of the penitent to the sins of the confessor.

Before leaving Mr. Lea I would endorse the compliment which has been paid to his extraordinary industry. He has opened books without end in a singularly well-appointed library, and turned over innumerable leaves, and in view of such work as this, whatever its shortcomings, a German heart must needs kindle with gratitude. At the worst he has given us a catalogue more or less *raisonné* of almost all that has been written on the subject. For my own part, I am tempted to wonder how a mind of any distinctive character could have brought itself to submit to such an *improbable labor*, a labour unilluminated by one constructive idea, nay, unrefreshed by the breath of even a passing theory. If convict labour is said to be always defective from the want of heart to take care, it need not surprise us to find Mr. Lea singularly inaccurate. We have seen something of his treatment of St. Cyprian and Origen; we will add a few more instances.

In his anxiety to show that Novatian merely represented the teaching of the primitive Church, he twice insists<sup>1</sup> that Firmilian of Cappadocia, St. Cyprian's contemporary and friend, was a Novatianist, with a reference to Eusebius,

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 67, 112.  
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*H. E.*, vi., 43 and 44. For chapters 43 and 44, which do not mention Firmilian, we must read chapter 46. Here we find that, so far from Firmilian, in conjunction with Theoctistus of Palestine, having called a Council "in support of Novatianus," as Mr. Lea insists, they actually invited St. Dionysius of Alexandria, a noted opponent of Novatian, to a Council at Antioch "where certain persons were trying to establish the schism of Novatus". Again,<sup>1</sup> he confuses Fabius, Bishop of Antioch, suspected of Novatianism, with Pope Fabian, although Eusebius<sup>2</sup> explicitly identifies him as "this same Fabius" with "Fabius, Bishop of Antioch," which occurs immediately before. These errors, which I have come upon incidentally, suggests the promise of a large crop for any one with leisure and patience for the investigation.

What may be Mr. Lea's pretensions to orthodoxy it is hard to say, but it is consoling, if a little startling, to be told<sup>3</sup> that in regard to penance, the present "complete structure of dogma and observance" in the Church may boast that "materials for this structure" were contributed early by James (v. 14-16), John (1, i. 9, v. 16), and Paul (Ephesians ii. 7), which, although "the early Christians . . . adhered to the preaching of the Master, yet, as the Church grew and extended itself among the nations," did not fail of their effect. Again,<sup>4</sup> he allows himself to speak of "the deplorable theory" (predestination), for which ample warrant was found in the strange utterances of St. Paul (Romans viii. 29, 30; xi. 1, 6; Ephesians ii. 3-11). Under Apostolic auspices we can afford to regard Mr. Lea's onslaught with equanimity.

"Auricular confession is not a primitive nor even a moderately early practice," says Mr. Bosworth Smith. Of course it is difficult to attach a definite meaning to such an expression as "moderately early"; anyhow it can hardly be disputed that St. Leo (see above) teaches the necessity and sufficiency of private confession as an Apostolic tradition, which must imply at least that it was a very ancient practice in the Roman Church of the fifth century. St. Ambrose

<sup>1</sup> P. 11.<sup>2</sup> B. vi., ch. xliv., Mr. Lea's reference.<sup>3</sup> P. 4.<sup>4</sup> P. 96.

and St. Pacian in the fourth century and Origen in the third refer to the practice.

The decree *omnes utriusque sexus* of Innocent the Third, to which Mr. B. Smith imputes the origin of the obligation of confession, merely specified and enforced what was everywhere regarded as a practical obligation at death and before Communion, and gave it its character of annual observance. The novelty which at the time so largely excited attention was the extension of the office of confessor, hitherto confined to certain select penitentiaries, to the parish clergy.

I know of only one Anglican divine of repute who maintains the Catholic doctrine of the necessity of oral confession to a priest for the forgiveness of sins. In 1848 Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter was persuaded to republish *Letter X. to Charles Butler: Confession and Absolution*, which had appeared twenty-two years before, in which "the doctrine of the Church of England on these points is compared with that of the Church of Rome". It contains the ordinary Anglican doctrine that the power of the keys is efficaciously exercised on the sinner's behalf when pronounced generally in the Church Service, if with suitable dispositions he applies it to himself; and that oral confession, whether before Communion or on the death-bed, is only to be used as a last resource if the communicant or moribund can content himself with nothing less; and that the priest's action is merely declaratory of a general dispensation, conditionally applicable to the particular case, but which he does not pretend to apply judicially. This is the doctrine of the *Letter*, and in the "Prefatory Remarks" prefixed in 1848 the bishop says, "it shows what I then held, and have no reason to cease to hold, to be the doctrine of the Church of England on these points". It need hardly be said that this is not Roman Catholic teaching. The extraordinary thing is that in these same "Prefatory Remarks" the bishop gives some two pages of his predecessor Bishop Sparrow's sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge in 1637, on 1 John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," with the intimation that the views of the two bishops are identical. I wish I could afford space to quote the whole

extract. It has "a power of language," as Bishop Phillpotts says, and "a force and energy of teaching which would startle ordinary hearers of our day". After expressing the necessity of confessing to God, he continues: "He that would be sure of pardon, let him seek out a priest and make his humble confession to him; for God, Who alone hath the prime and original right of forgiving sins, hath delegated the priests His judges here on earth, and given them the power of absolution, so that they can in His name forgive the sins of those that humbly confess to them".

To the charge of blasphemy and Popery he replies that the Fathers—St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Gregory the Great, and others—are "men too pious to be thought to speak blasphemy and too ancient to be suspected of Popery". After insisting on the literal sense of John xx. 23, "whosoever sins ye remit," as putting the power of the keys in the hand of the priest, he continues:—

"And since he can in the name of God forgive us our sins, good reason that we should make confession to him. Surely God never gave the priest this power in vain? He gave it for our benefit, and expects that we should do the best we can to make use of it. Having ordained in the priest the power of absolution, he requires that we shall use the best means we can to obtain the blessing. Now the only means to obtain this absolution is our confession to him. The priest may not, nay cannot, absolve any one but the penitent, nor can he know their penitence but by their outward expression. Confess as the Church directs us: confess to God, confess also to the priest, if not in private in the ear, since that is out of use (*male aboletur*, saith a devout bishop, 'tis almost quite lost, more the pity); yet, however, confess as the Church appoints, publicly before the congregation, that so we may, at least, by this, reap the benefit of absolution."

This is the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, in which oral confession is recognised as a duty; nay, it goes further than we should do, in enforcing the obligation, in default of auricular confession, of publishing our sins to the congregation.

Granting the institution of the Eucharist and Penance in



the sense taken by Catholics and High Anglicans, there can be no question but that confession is of obligation. It would argue well for Anglican consistency if the E. C. U. could rise to the level of Bishop Sparrow. Anyhow, I see them contending heroically for these three Catholic doctrines: 1, the power of the keys invested in priestly absolution; 2, the priestly right to receive confessions and exercise the function of absolution; 3, the real presence "outside the use of the Sacrament". As witnesses in a hostile territory to Catholic tradition they are objects of my profound sympathy, and I would gladly be allowed to dedicate to them this excursus into the theology of the Fathers, as a contribution, such as it is, to a common interest. By what strange conjunction they are where they are, and are able so to remain with that device upon their shields, passes my understanding. Certainly they look more natural in the agitation of conflict than at rest in a state of placid intercommunion with their deadliest opposites.

## THE POPE AND THE ANGLICAN ARCHBISHOPS.

It is related in an old story, admirably versified by Longfellow, that a certain Count Robert of Sicily, having made defiant mock of the Scripture which saith "He hath put down the mighty from their seat," whilst the monks were singing the Magnificat at Vespers, incontinently fell into a deep sleep, from which, when he had awakened and gone home, he found another in his royal seat and himself an outcast, and treated on all hands as a pretentious fool.

It is with something of Count Robert's bewilderment that we listen to the claim of continuity from the mouth of our Anglican friends. Of course, we Roman Catholics are well aware that we do not constitute the Established Church in this country; but we fondly thought that time was when we did so; that as the Stuarts were on the English throne until they were supplanted by Dutch William and the Hanoverians, so we once possessed its churches, which we had built, until we were dispossessed by a mingled rout of Calvinists and Zuinglians in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, who found their one point of union in their common Erastianism. This was generally recognised by the ordinary Protestant historian as a crowning mercy. He was contented to find here and there in the past a scintilla of Protestant aspiration in the person of some distorted saint or whitewashed ruffian; but now it would seem that we are to lose even the inheritance of our regrets, for it would be mere affectation to mourn the loss of that which was never ours.

Our sole representatives in pre-Elizabethan history written up to date are unfortunately just those whom we could best afford to dispense with—the leaders, to wit, of the fierce Papist reaction under Mary, who kindled the fires of Smithfield and threw away a noble opportunity. Here we are dis-

tinctly wanted, and we appear upon the stage for the first time to burn a few poor blasphemers of the Mass, not Anglicans certainly, neither are Anglicans as yet anywhere distinctly visible. In the next reign we appear again, and a goodly number of us are disembowelled at the hands of very emphatic Protestants, Anglicanism the while "mewing its mighty youth" in the safety of some "green retreat," and leaving such rough companions to fight it out for themselves. An invisible Church, heir at once to the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, I see her slowly materialising beneath the royal smile, a kneeling figure conscious of having chosen the better part, whilst Papists and Protestants busy themselves in various ways, mainly at each other's throats.

Doubtless the spirit of Erastianism had existed from the beginning, but as one of those principalities and powers with which the Christian Church was in chronic warfare. Never before had it become incarnate, fully incarnate in an ecclesiastical system, as it was in the English Church of the Tudors and Stuarts. This is the first great note distinguishing the Establishment of Edward and Elizabeth from the pre-Reformation Church, and it issued in a constitutional indifference to heresy, ecclesiastical solidarity with admitted heretics, and complete incapacity of assimilation or rejection of such doctrine as might present itself. The lowest form of animal life involves a digestive cavity, and a power of absorbing and expelling, whereas a carpet bag receives and retains whatever incongruous elements may be placed within it.<sup>1</sup>

The Establishment as at present constituted is the outcome of a period of violent revolution, in which a hierarchy was destroyed, altars overthrown, and those who held by the ancient landmarks outlawed. We can hardly be expected to receive the Anglicanism of the day without credentials, as Merlin did Arthur at his first coming:—

And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
 Who stooped and caught the babe and cried, "The King!  
 Here is an heir for Uther!"

<sup>1</sup> See Child's *Church and State under the Tudors*, passim.

“Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o’t,” was the Scotch gaberlunzie’s comment on his patron’s antiquarian pretensions. When Philip of Spain inquired what form of religion Elizabeth intended to introduce, she replied at first that it would be that of the Confession of Augsburg, and then, correcting herself, that it would be almost identical, but not quite.

I should wish to handle the Anglican claim with the utmost consideration—not that it is in itself respectable, but it is made by respectable people who are very much in earnest, and who feel that for them it is a matter of life and death. But first we must be quite sure that we understand it. Now, its meaning will very much depend upon the character of the person who makes it. If he is a Broad Churchman, who regards dogma generally as a transient form of expression, within the limits of that vague term “Christianity,” and Church institutions as State institutions in Church matters, we may concede that there is a continuous persistence, unbroken by the Reformation of all that is conveyed to him by the expression “English Church”—*viz.* legality, locality, and maintenance. At first one is tempted to protest that these are qualities only, without any suggestion of a subject in which they should inhere. But we are mistaken: the subject is the English nation; the English Church is merely an adjectival or departmental expression, signifying the national organisation for purposes of worship, precisely as there is a national organisation for war or commerce. The Establishment is the same form of national activity, exhibited on the same premises, and maintained by the same funds, as the pre-Reformation Church. We have no pretext for denying such continuity as this, nor, indeed, any interest in doing so, for such identity is quite compatible with the substantial substitution we contend took place.

The High Churchman’s contention is, of course, something very different. He begins by admitting that the Church of England, if it is a Church at all, must be part of a world-wide institution, which Christ formed for the instruction and sanctification of mankind; that it is committed to a large body of dogmatic truth, and to an episcopal organisation.



Hence it follows that it is by no means an otiose question for him to ask if the present Church of England has preserved its continuity with the Church of the pre-Reformation period, for it might have forfeited it, as he confesses, either by losing its episcopal succession, or by letting fall an integral portion of its faith. He proceeds then to insist that the Church of England has preserved through the storm of the Reformation the apostolic succession of her bishops, the integrity of her faith, and the plenitude of her jurisdiction, in which, and not in any external political or social relations, he makes the identity of her ecclesiastical personality to consist. Now, on each and every one of these matters of fact do we Catholics join issue with him. Our contention is that the Church of England (1) has no orders—*i.e.* possesses bishops, priests, and deacons in name only, without the *potestas ordinis*; (2) has made shipwreck of her faith, at least, by committing herself to positions of indifference in respect to a point of faith and its opposite heresy, and by remaining in full communion with notorious heretics; (3) has thereby forfeited all authority and jurisdiction in respect to Christ's mystical body. The primary duty of a member of the Church of England, on the hypothesis of the truth of this contention, would be (1) schism, or separation from his unnatural mother; (2) union with his nearest orthodox kindred. Such an obligation, be it observed, would exist independently of any question of the special claims of the see of Rome.

I propose to consider the Church of England's claim to continuity, directly as to her orders, touching indirectly upon her faith and jurisdiction so far as these are related to her orders.

Her orders. These have been pronounced by the highest ecclesiastical judge of Christendom, in a bull bearing date September, 1896, "to have been from the first, and to still continue, altogether invalid and utterly void".

The Pope devotes a considerable portion of the bull (pp. 6-12) to establishing (1) that the present practice of unconditionally reordaining Anglican clergymen is in strict conformity with that initiated by Cardinal Pole, and pursued in the intervening centuries; (2) that the ground of condemnation

has always been, in substance, defect of form and intention; and that an adverse decision had not been come to without a careful examination of the Anglican ordinal, which was collated with Eastern as well as Western forms.

The Pope grounds his charge of insufficient form and intention, upon which he bases his declaration of nullity, (1) upon the fact that the Anglican formulary is differentiated from all approved uses in containing neither reference to the sacrifice nor mention of the order conferred; (2) because even if the prayer, "Almighty God, Giver of all good things," might be regarded as a sufficient form in an approved Catholic rite, yet it cannot avail, seeing that the term "priesthood" has lost its meaning in Anglican hands. It may also be added that not only is this prayer widely severed from the supposed matter, the imposition of hands, but even where it was somewhat closer—in the Prayer-books previous to the Caroline interpolation—a point triumphantly reported by the archbishops, it was still separated from it by the episcopal examination, in which the candidate is necessarily assumed to be unordained. Whatever may be thought of Lugo's opinion that the matter may be posited early and await its form occurring later in the service, it obviously does not follow that the reverse holds—*viz.* that the form may await its matter, which the Anglican case requires; for if the form cannot adhere it is "vox et præterea nihil," or it returns like the dove to the ark; (3) and principally, because the mutilation of the form, with intent to eliminate the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Oblation, is a direct violation both of form and intention, thus involving a violation frustrating performance, and this certainly, not merely probably.

Anglican controversialists are fond of quoting Morinus, whose researches have done so much to establish the non-essential character of several of the ordination ceremonies. They could not quote a more learned authority, but they hardly seem aware that he advocates a theory wholly destructive of their position—at least, as this is reflected in the eyes of the rest of Christendom. He maintains, as the more probable outcome of an exhaustive and wholly uncontroversial study of the Church's conduct from the earliest times, in

respect to the orders of heretics and schismatics, that she did not recognise them as valid, except in the case of those with whom she had in some degree kept in touch, and to whom she had tacitly granted a dispensation. Although this view of Morinus was strenuously supported by Sbaralea, the editor of the Franciscan *Bullarium* in the last century, it is very generally rejected by theologians. Yet I am sure that no one can study his precedents without seeing how very far the ancient and the mediæval Church in East and West was from accepting alien orders on the minimistic principles for which Anglicans contend.

An assurance of the validity of heretical and schismatical orders only very gradually prevailed on the strength of the consideration that the form in its inviolate integrity being applied to the matter, and an intention seriously to perform the rite being fairly presumed, the effect intended by the institution of Christ was brought about. On the other hand, once suppose the form mishandled in the interests of heresy, and the orders have no longer their *locus standi*; the presumption, the *onus probandi*, lies altogether against them. It is for their partisans to prove that the alteration is not substantial, that the intention of the minister is adequate and unqualified by the heretical envisagement.

But this by no means does justice to the situation. The intention to which objection is taken is not so much the constructive intention of the heretical *ordinans* or *ordinatus*, as the intention with which the reformer of the ordinal in question executed his work. The sufficiency of the intention to do what the Church does only holds good when the form is left substantially intact, when the intention is at least so far carried out as is implied in carrying out the form. By excluding from the form which is the Church's embodiment of her intention a substantial portion of what she intends, a formal predominance is given to an alien intention, which no private intent of the particular minister, however orthodox, will be able to displace.

On the supposition that, the normal matter and form remaining untouched, a sufficient intention for orders is an intention of ordaining according to the institution of Christ's

Church, it is obvious that the breaking-up of the form of itself exposes the contents to an introsusception, as it were, of sense and intention. If you break the vessel of the form in which the Church has stored her meaning the contents are dispersed, and you can no longer intend the whole implicitly *per modum unius*, in the simple intention of doing what the Church does, but must explicitly intend each scattered element of the Church's meaning.

The idea of the form is that it must determine the matter by impressing upon it the distinctive character of the sacrament conferred, so as at least to imply where it does not express the main truth concerning it. In holy orders the subject is ordained to the use of a certain liturgy, which liturgy at least supplies the form with an authorised comment and explication. It tells us, for instance, in what sense the subject is a priest. A very implicit undeveloped form may thus be invested with a very full and complete significance. The same result is often more directly brought about by such additions to the ordinal as the porrection of the instruments, in which, according to our view, a matter and form only divinely instituted *in genere* is itself developed or expanded; according to another view, is illustrated and enforced by explanatory accretions. In either case there is a development of the doctrine implied in the matter and form by the same authority that originally specialised it.

It is impossible that a reverse process should be set up, by which the form should be stripped of its developments, without detaching from it not merely the external expression, but the inward significance it tacitly possessed in its undeveloped condition. Thus, even if Anglicans were able to find their ordinal word for word in an approved use, say, of the third century, it would in no wise necessarily follow that their ordinal was valid. As an illustration, let us suppose that a solemn verdict was recorded on a man that he was "wise"; it might be argued with considerable force that, regard being had to Scripture use, the encomium was meant to include the moral virtues of justice and charity. But supposing the verdict originally ran, "He was wise, just, and charitable," and the sentence, "He was wise," was shown to



be the survival of a process in which the epithets "just and charitable" had been carefully erased, these virtues could no longer be read into the praise of wisdom, which must henceforth bear without any ambiguity the exclusive sense of intellectual wisdom. The Anglican form might possibly be understood to cover the power of sacrifice, had not the explicit reference to that power throughout ordinal and liturgy been deliberately expunged or discoloured.

When the archbishops insist that the one object of the English Reformers, in their manipulation of the canon, "which agrees sufficiently with our Eucharistic formularies," was popular simplification, I can only reply that no sane person inaugurates a spring-cleaning when the house is on fire. The Reformers knew that the doctrine of the canon was in jeopardy; and had they not been hostile to it, would certainly have deferred mere emendations of form to a more convenient season.

The canon, the archbishops maintain, is completely out-run by the Tridentine definitions. Yet, oddly enough, we did not find it necessary to emend the canon at Trent, whereas they mutilated it at the Reformation. The canon means what it is understood to mean, and it would seem that both parties understood it in the same sense, the one conserving, the other mutilating. That the Reformers did something more than simplify, the archbishops practically admit when they adopt the old phrase from our canon concerning the gifts "that they may become to us the Body and Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ". Edward's First Book substituted "may be" for "may become," and the Second Book suppressed the passage altogether, because it had been quoted for transubstantiation, and it never subsequently reappeared. If the archbishops are to be taken literally "in the liturgy we use," they must use the First Book corrected from the Pontifical.

Anglicans meet our charge of unwarrantable disorder in a national Church, destroying what the whole Western Church had ruled, by insisting that the ritual in possession had been of gradual and irregular growth, and had for long varied in different national Churches, and the archbishops wax quite pathetic in their appeal to Christian liberty. But granting

that this is true as regards the genesis of the ritual, still it had been for centuries codified, so to speak, and accepted as invested with the sacred authority of the Church. The early ritual processes in the different Churches were at least processes of accretion; at the Reformation, for the first time, the process is reversed, and the ritual stripped and mutilated to suit the dwindling faith and schismatical aspirations of a single national Church. At what period of Church history, I would ask, would such a departure be reckoned other than illegitimate?

The more we are persuaded that there was no precise form specialised by Christ, the more dangerous we should feel it to be to meddle with the ritual in which the Church has practically interfused her form. Where so many veins and arteries intersect, no prudent surgeon will venture to operate; and where, as in the case, the results are silent, we are justified in acquiescing in nothing short of the completeness which alone can give security. On this principle, in cases altogether removed from the arena of controversy, where, for instance, the porrection of the instruments has been accidentally omitted, it is ruled that the whole rite be repeated *sub conditione*.

The expression of a condition in the conference of orders marks the extreme limits of recognition that Anglicans before the Pope's recent decision might have hoped to obtain. It would have been a recognition that there was a ground of probability, however slender, that their orders were valid. Of course, no sacrament that can only be given once is ever given except upon the implied condition that it has not been given before. For many centuries the condition was never expressed, even when there was a recognised probability of a previous conference. When the present practice was introduced, the change effected nothing, prevented nothing, but the truth that the sacrament could not be repeated was honoured by a formula equivalent to *salva reverentia*, whilst the probability was recognised that in the particular case the sacrament may have been previously conferred.

This consideration should have made the following utterance impossible: "Rome stands accused of sacrilege committed habitually during the last 300 years, of reordaining,

and unconditionally, men already ordained by a Catholic rite".<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Palmer<sup>2</sup> would have taught him better. Palmer frankly identifies himself with Morinus, whom he thus quotes: "The axiom was most commonly adopted, 'non est iteratum, quod certis indiciis antea non ostenditur peractum'. For sacraments are of such great moment, especially those which are conferred but once, that when there is any probable doubt that they have not been validly received or delivered, they ought certainly to be conferred again without scruple." The truth is, of course, that the practical danger of sacrilege lies in the opposite direction—*viz.* that of taking for granted.

One of the most painful features in the Anglican position is their profession of absolute confidence in their orders, and their claim to have them assumed as a preliminary to any negotiations for union (see Mr. Hall's brochure *passim*, and the conclusion to Messrs. Denny and Lacey's volume). Such extravagant confidence under circumstances of such grave suspicion is, to my mind, incompatible with any serious belief in the necessity of any special form or intention in the administration of orders. If you thought your life depended upon your pistol, you would hardly dismiss so lightly the suggestion that it might not be loaded. I can hardly persuade myself that some of those whose confidence is of the loudest are not secretly comforting themselves with the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia,<sup>3</sup> implying that, after all, episcopal orders do not so much matter. "Is it too much to hope," asked the preacher, addressing the assembled bishops of Canada, "that the Church of England in Canada in her corporate capacity may see fit to publish abroad an open and hearty acknowledgment of the blessing which the great Head of the Church has vouchsafed to those portions of the household of faith which are organised upon another basis than that of the threefold order of the ministry even if

<sup>1</sup> *Anglican Orders and Papal Bull*, by Rev. H. E. Hall, with letter of approval from Fr. Puller, p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Church of Christ*, ii., 434.

<sup>3</sup> Synodical sermon reported in the *Guardian*, the 14th of October, 1896.

she cannot *as yet* recognise their validity, while denying the regularity of the holy orders of their ministers?"

Though disconcerting enough in view of the attitude of Anglicans towards the recent bull, the sentiment is not without respectable Anglican precedent.<sup>1</sup> Taylor, "qui apud omnes Anglicanos maximo in honore habetur,"<sup>2</sup> thus expresses himself:—

"Where hath God said that those Churches that differ from the Roman Church in some propositions cannot confer true orders nor appoint ministers of the Gospel of Christ? and yet "super totam materiam," the Roman Church is so implacably angry with the Churches of the Protestants that if any English priest turn to them they reordain him; which yet themselves call sacrilegious in case his former ordination was valid, as it is impossible to prove it was not, there being neither in Scripture nor Catholic tradition any laws, order, or rule touching our case in this particular."

Observe "the Churches of the Protestants," episcopal and non-episcopal, on the same footing; and all orders are to be accepted that cannot be *disproved*. The last point is thus noted by Cardinal Newman in a private letter of the 9th of September, 1868. "As to the question of Anglican orders, I think the real point is, with whom the *onus probandi* lies. Anglicans say to us, 'You have not demonstrated that our orders are "invalid"'. We say, 'You have not demonstrated that your orders are valid'."

The following evidence of doubt, quite independent of conversion to Rome, affords a singular comment on the *outré-vidance* of modern Anglicans. Early in the seventeenth century Anglicans were twitted by the Jesuit Eudæmon Joannes with their customary efforts to obtain a Greek bishop as a *Deus ex machina* to put right their faulty orders.<sup>3</sup> Again, at the end of the same century, two clergymen are mentioned by Le Quien<sup>4</sup> as vainly applying to Greek and Egyptian bishops for the same purpose. In our own time Dr. Lee and

<sup>1</sup> *Dissuasive*, Op., x., 511.

<sup>2</sup> Denny and Lacey, n. 152.

<sup>3</sup> Le Quien, *Nullité*, tom. ii., p. 243.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 321, 323.



his followers have obtained ordination from various schismatic bishops on the ground which they thus set forth in a document bearing date of the 8th of December, 1878. "The ancient and venerable rites for conferring holy orders in the old Church of England having been either tampered with, rudely mutilated, or deliberately made ambiguous, during the changes of the sixteenth century, and so in the eyes of many rendered of doubtful import and power." For these they then proceed to substitute translations of the forms of the Pontifical with certain omissions.

From the first stage of Anglican controversy in the sixteenth century to the bull "*Apostolicæ curæ*" our main contention against Anglican orders has been the defect of their form and intention, a defect arising from the exclusion of the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice to which it is of the essence of sacred orders to refer. The Pope, on the whole, confines himself to what makes for certain invalidity, leaving on one side arguments of mere dubiety, such as Barlow's questionable consecration, simply because it is obviously unnecessary to dwell upon the doubtful value of what has been declared valueless.

Anglicans have ventured to join issue with us on the question of fact as to the rejection by Cranmer and his collaborators, and again by the Elizabethan framers of the Articles, Jewel, Horne, etc., of the Catholic doctrines of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is maintained that they never rejected the doctrine that Christ is offered upon the altar a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead, and that what they rejected were exclusively certain popular abuses—to wit, (1) that the Mass is a new redemption in which Christ remerits our salvation; (2) that apart from the Sacrifice of the Cross, and in contradistinction to its pre-baptismal efficacy, the Mass remits all post-baptismal sin; (3) that the Mass will avail for any person for whom it is offered, provided he has attrition or the sorrow of fear, in such sort that he is dispensed for the nonce from the obligation of using the Sacrament of Penance.

I would answer that, even supposing such abuses were in full vigour at the period of the Reformation, this could have

but little practical bearing upon the question whether the Reformers did or did not repudiate the Catholic doctrine of the Mass, which must be decided by a consideration of their language and action concerning it.

Of the statement of abuses I would observe, (1) that the idea of a new redemption is taken from an hyperbolic expression denounced in a sermon of Gardiner's, and that there is not the slightest trace of any such view as that of remeriting among contemporary writers; (2) that Catharinus, the typical offender in the case, whilst attributing the remission of post-baptismal sin to the Mass, nevertheless insists that the entire merits of the Mass are those of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and that the Sacrament of Penance is a necessary factor in its expiatory effect, and even so his view is on all hands rejected; (3) there is no indication of the substitution of Mass for the Sacrament of Penance, which could not take place without a violation of the Fourth Lateran and of Trent, and would have entailed extreme penalties. It was notoriously the Calvinist and Lutheran, not the Papist, who would fain substitute the Eucharist for penance. Stapleton,<sup>1</sup> to Calvin's charge that the Mass was used as an amulet against all evils, "idque sine fide et pœnitentia," answers: "To such an extent do Catholics insist upon faith and penitence for obtaining the benefit of this Sacrament and Sacrifice, that both Calvin himself makes an egregious mock of one part of the proving with which they approach this Sacrament; and Luther, too, vehemently reproaches those who would fain confess completely. 'Nihil,' saith he, 'hoc aliud est quam misericordiæ Dei nihil relinquere ignoscendum.' So to these knaves Catholic piety is at one time a superstitious excess, at another, hath neither faith nor penitence."

The view that the Mass in the case of an attrite can directly remit sin is mentioned without attribution by Canus; and *auctores nonnulli*, but nameless, are referred to by Vasquez as maintaining it. It is referred to by no author hitherto produced except in the way of condemnation, and its direct opposite is taught by the Council of Trent—*viz.* that the

<sup>1</sup> *Antidota Apostolica*, p. 876.

Mass can only indirectly remit sin by procuring the offer of the grace of repentance.

It is hard to keep serious, or, if serious, patient, when we are told that the English Reformers, at a time when the sacrifice of the Mass—nay, the whole sacramental system—was in its death agony, joined hands with its murderers, out of a passionate regard for the purity of its exhibition.

If we ask ourselves what it was precisely that the English Reformers rejected, the answer is not far to seek. The classical passage is from Cranmer.<sup>1</sup> “The greatest blasphemy and injury that can be against Christ, and yet universally used throughout the Popish kingdom, is this, that the priests make their Mass a sacrifice propitiatory, to remit the sins as well of themselves as of other both quick and dead to whom they list to apply the same.” Observe his admission that what he is denouncing is a matter “universally used”—no extravagance of a Catharinus or of nameless *nonnulli*. Then the words in Article XXXI.: “The sacrifices of Masses in the which it was commonly (*vulgo*) said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits,” are found word for word in Cranmer’s Articles of 1552, under title XXX., except that for “blasphemous” we read “forged”—a sufficient proof that it is the ordinary practice that is condemned, and not a particular extravagance. Neither can any argument of limitation be based on the expression “*vulgo*,” seeing that in the XXVth Article on the sacraments, the same expression is used, “those five commonly (*vulgo*) called sacraments,” without any possible suggestion of a variant upon Catholic teaching.

Mr. Hall complains (p. 28) that “it is not just to quote” this passage from Cranmer “without also adding that Cranmer was at pains to assert his belief in the sacrifice, ‘commemorative,’ ‘applicative,’ and even in that sense ‘propitiatory’”. The reason why it is not at all to the purpose to make this addition is because Cranmer repeatedly denies all real presence of Christ under the sacramental species. According to him, Christ is present equivalently by the effect of His grace

<sup>1</sup> *Answer to Gardiner*, bk. v., ch. 1.

*in usu*; He is not there upon the altar in the hand of the priest to be offered. Calvinists, as Le Quien observes, and as Harding had observed before him, had no difficulty in admitting a sacrifice in some sense propitiatory, provided only it was not a sacrifice of Christ, except so far as He is represented by the substances of bread and wine, the only substances present. No one can read Cranmer in his *Answers to Gardiner and Smith*, and in his examinations before his judges at Oxford, without being absolutely assured that this, and this only, is his meaning.

"It is well known," says Mr. Hall,<sup>1</sup> "that Bishop Guest of Rochester was mainly responsible for the final form of Article XXVIII.; it is equally well known that a letter of his is extant in which he vindicated that article because it taught the Real Presence." He calls this "the historically fixed meaning of Article XXVIII." and complains that it was never brought home to the Pope.

The whole of this contention is a mistake. Guest never asserted that Article XXVIII. taught the Real Presence, still less vindicated it on this account. His words are, "I told him" (the objecting Bishop of Gloucester) "that this word 'only' ('eaten in a heavenly and spiritual manner only') in the aforesaid article, did not exclude the presence of Christ's Body from the Sacrament, but only the grossness and sensibleness thereof".<sup>2</sup> Fortunately we can learn something more of Guest's theology from another letter to Cecil on the subject of liturgical reform.<sup>3</sup> "Because it is thought sufficient to use but a surplice in baptising, reading, preaching, and praying, therefore also it is enough also for the celebrating of the Communion. For if we should use another garment herein, it should seem to teach us that higher and better things be given by it than by the other service, which we must not believe."

Mr. Round, in his May article, supplies a passage from Guest's *Treatise*, 1548, in which he maintains that infants at baptism "eat His body and drinke His bloude as realye as

<sup>1</sup> *Anglican Orders and Papal Bull*, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Cecil, ap. *Hierarch. Anglic.*, p. 126, note.

<sup>3</sup> Ap. Cardwell, *History of Conferences*, p. 50.



we do at His Supper". What real presence remained for Guest's holding, after these admissions, it is difficult to imagine; something, however, he thought he held. Mr. Hodges, in his monograph, *Bishop Guest and Articles XXVIII. and XXIX.* (p. 34), admits that in Article XXIX. "the Elizabethan Reformers condemned by implication the doctrine of a Real (objective) Presence, and that thus the insertion of Article XXIX. was tantamount to a rejection of Article XXVIII., in the sense attached to it by Guest". Guest recognised as much, and denounced Article XXIX. as "contrary to Scripture and the doctrine of the Fathers," in a third letter to Cecil early in May, 1571, and yet on the 11th of this same month did not hesitate to affix his signature thereto. Verily, the Church of England has done well to reject as apocryphal the record of that old man who died rather than merely seem to eat the forbidden flesh.

Jewel:<sup>1</sup> "Further he" (the Roman Catholic priest) "saith that he presenteth up Christ unto His Father, which is an open blasphemy". Again, in his challenge to Papists in the same sermon, he denies "that the Sacrament is a sign or token of the body of Christ that lieth hidden underneath it".

Horne, Bishop of Winchester,<sup>2</sup> after enumerating three kinds of priesthood: (1) Aaronic; (2) of Melchizedek (Christ's alone); (3) that common to all Christians, continues, "a fourth sort is found among Papists, called the sacrificing or massing priesthood; priests of this sort, the Apostles and true ministers of His Church were not. For this order belongs solely to the apostate Roman clergy of Antichrist. If, therefore, you incline to believe that Christ left any governance to priests made after this Papistic rite, it is an heretical opinion and most false assertion . . . wherefore, if ever I have called the ministers of Christ 'priests,' I should wish you to understand that I am only making use of a customary and long-received, though improper, form of speech."<sup>3</sup>

Whitaker: "We want not ministers for offering sacrifice

<sup>1</sup> Sermon at St. Paul's Cross, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Ap. Stapleton, lib. iv., cont. Horne, ch. i.

<sup>3</sup> *De Parad.*, lib. 9, n. 49, ap. Le Quien, tome 2, p. 238.

(for of that we have no need), but for the public ministry of the Church, which consists in preaching the Word and administering the sacraments". "If you regard us as laymen I am not sorry, for priests we neither wish to be nor to be esteemed." "Most absurdly and unjustly have the Pontificals done in that they have arrogated to themselves alone by a singular privilege what was granted of equal right to all Christians. John and Peter call all Christians priests." Whitaker finally abandons the word "priest" to the Papists because it is too suggestive of sacrifice.

Mason, a mouthpiece of Archbishop Abbott:<sup>1</sup> "Your ordination consisteth in two parts, the first in these words: 'Take thou power to offer sacrifice, and to celebrate masses,' etc., which you account the principal function of Christian priesthood; but in truth maketh you, not the ministers of Christ, but of Antichrist. . . . By this you may plainly perceive that no Popish priest can possibly be admitted in the Church of England unless he utterly disclaim and renounce the first function of your priesthood, which consisteth of massing and sacrificing."

The Primitives (Non-jurors)<sup>2</sup> admit that the framers of the second liturgy, in suppressing the prayer of oblation, had no other intention but to "defeat the notion of a proper sacrifice". They revert in consequence to the first liturgy.

*A Discourse of the Holy Eucharist*, 1686, with the imprimatur of Archbishop Sancroft's domestic chaplain (p. 441): "We deny that in the sacred elements which we receive there is any other substance than that of bread and wine distributed to the communicants". He quotes for this doctrine, amongst others, Cranmer, Andrewes, and Taylor.

Taylor, in his *Polemical Discourses*, says: "They (the Papists) say that Christ's body is truly present there as it was upon the Cross, but not after the manner of all or any body. . . . But we, by the real Spiritual Presence of Christ, do understand Christ to be present, as the Spirit of God is present in the hearts of the faithful by blessing and grace; and

<sup>1</sup> *The Consecration of the Bishops of England*, l. v., c. 12, ap. Le Quien p. 225.

<sup>2</sup> *Answer to Mr. Lesley*, see Le Quien, p. 258.

this is all we mean besides the tropical and figurative presence.”<sup>1</sup> He is “present . . . by His Divine power . . . blessing . . . fruits . . . effective consequents of His Passion; but for any other Presence it is *idolum*; it is nothing in this world”. The quotations from Taylor prove how remote the Church of England was from Catholic doctrine even after Laud. For examples of the doctrine of the Non-jurors, Hickes and Johnson, I may refer to *Catholic Controversy*, Appendix, note II., in which I defend Cardinal Newman’s thesis that before the movement, Anglican doctrine on the Eucharistic sacrifice, setting aside the spiritual sacrifice of the heart, did not rise beyond a sacrifice of bread and wine.

The Anglican formularies are of set purpose ambiguous, but with a strong bias on the side of a denial of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharistic Presence and sacrifice; and this bias has found an emphatic commentary in the traditional irreverence which has prevailed from the first even to our own day. Upon this Stapleton<sup>2</sup> very justly insists: “It is clear that the Protestants . . . regard the Eucharist as ordinary bread . . . from this, that what is over from their Communion they do not hesitate to put to profane uses. For the remains of the wine of Communion either the minister himself drinks at the common table, or, if there is not much remaining, he sometimes pours it on the ground, as Poinet, pseudo-bishop of Winchester, did of late at the public Communion which he administered in the cathedral church of Winchester. Whatever, then, Protestants may say, from their actions it is quite clear that they use no consecration whatever.”<sup>3</sup>

The main ground upon which we have always disputed Anglican orders—*viz.* their repudiation of the Real Presence and the *juge sacrificium*—would seem to be established.

An attempt is made by the archbishops to exploit the important but secondary priestly function which, in words at least, their ordinal retains—the forgiveness of sins. “They” (the English Reformers) “gave the first place to our Lord’s

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, p. 70.

<sup>2</sup> *Nota Falsitatis in Juellum retorta*, p. 1216.

<sup>3</sup> For further instances, see Hodges’ *Guest*, note 3.

own words" (Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins, etc.) "not merely out of reverence, but because those words were then commonly believed to be the necessary form."

The common belief in 1549 was that the "Accipe potestatem," etc., the words accompanying the porrection, was exclusively "the necessary form". This opinion, Morinus<sup>1</sup> tells us, was before Trent "communissima," and after Trent still defended by "doctores permulti et celebres". Before the close of the century it had become the more common opinion that the "Accipe Spiritum Sanctum" was, with the "Accipe potestatem," a partial form. No opinion in the Catholic Church that I ever heard of, from the sixteenth century until now, has regarded the "Accipe Spiritum Sanctum" as having more than an integrating effect which supposed the previous application of the form "Accipe potestatem".

Neither can the "remission of sins" upon Anglican lips be taken to signify with any certainty the power of priestly absolution and so a distinction of the priesthood. Jewel<sup>2</sup> explains himself in terms which well deserve Harding's commentary. "The summe of all these gay words abridged doth attribute loosing or absolution first to preaching, next to asoyling such as be excommunicate"; and Mason<sup>3</sup> explains the absolving power to be "the mystery of reconciliation which consists in the due administration of the Word of God and the Sacraments".

The so-called Black Rubric in Edward the Second's Book ran, "No adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either to the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential Presence there being of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood". It is maintained that it was added by the King's sole act, and had not time to receive the sanction of the episcopate. It disappeared in the revision of Elizabeth. When it was restored in 1661, for the words, "real and essential," was substituted "corporal" (Presence). The conclusion, "and as concerning the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ, they are in heaven and not here.

<sup>1</sup> *Exercit.*, vii., c. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Apology*, ap. Harding, *Confutation*, pp. 61, 62.

<sup>3</sup> Ap. Le Quien, p. 249.



For it is against the truth of Christ's natural body to be in more places than one at the same time," remained unaltered. Messrs. Denny and Lacey have discovered that in virtue of this slight alteration, "Sensus verborum hæreticus totus evanuit".<sup>1</sup> They are easily satisfied. Bishop Gauden, a man of by no means unimpeachable veracity, reports that Gunning, the supposed author of the emendation, defined "præsentia corporalis" as "quæ corpori naturaliter competat". But what has the manner of the Presence to do with the duty of worship? That He is not here but in heaven is a sufficient reason for not directing one's worship here; that He is here without the quantitative relations to space which He has in heaven, affords no reason whatever for refraining from worship. The expression "natural body" which is not here, is equivalent to "the body He took from His mother". If a reason may be assigned for the alteration, it was probably that the authorities did not care to repudiate all reality, on the same principle that the archbishops object to the expression "nude" (commemoration); and "essential" suggested too wide a field of metaphysical speculation. The original heresy remains intact, if it be heresy to deny Christ's presence on the altar.

It is this Presence which Ritualists who decline to accept the *mot d'ordre*, to lower the theological pitch and cry of the Reformers, would fain recognise with us when they recite such prayers as these after the act of consecration. "Hail most Holy Flesh of Christ." "Hail most heavenly Drink of Jesus' Blood." "Hail to Thee true Body sprung from the Virgin Mary's womb. The same that on the Cross was hung, and bore for man the bitter doom." "I adore Thee, O Lord my God, whom I now behold veiled beneath these earthly forms. Prostrate I adore Thy Majesty."<sup>2</sup> Again: "Thou dost still expose Thyself to the profanity of ungodly men rather than withdraw Thy sacred Body from our churches".<sup>3</sup>

This is the Real Presence which the Reformers elimin-

<sup>1</sup> *Hierarch. Anglic.*, p. 119.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Carter's *Treasury of Devotion*.

<sup>3</sup> *The Priest's Prayer-book*, p. 17, London, 1870.

ated; which the Anglican archbishops dare not reclaim; with which, if I may be allowed the expression, they play hide-and-seek. Anon, it is a sacrifice "in some way certainly one" with "the sacrifice of the eternal priest"; no "nude commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross"; anon, the reference in our canon to the offering of Melchizedek, which is called "sanctum sacrificium, immaculatam hostiam," is dwelt upon as showing that "the comparison is not only in respect to the offerer, but also to the things offered"; a suggestion that one is as much bread and wine as the other, and contains as little of any other presence. Their criticism, I venture to think, involves a complete inversion of the economy of types. The anti-type is not lowered by comparison with its type, but the type is invested with qualities which only belong to it in its representative character, and find their formal realisation in the anti-type only. No doubt there is a peculiar appropriateness in the purity of the bread and wine offering as containing no refuge unfit for sacrifice; but the terms "holy sacrifice, spotless victim" are a reflex of the Divine victim represented. The type, like the image, receives the cultus and transmits it to its object. St. Leo, the reputed author of the addition, can hardly be supposed to have made it out of devotion to Melchizedek. Thus manna has been designated "the bread of angels," not that angels eat manna, but inasmuch as manna represents that Presence which is the spiritual food of angels.

This is the Presence which, whether denied or trifled with, is absolutely necessary to produce the victim of the *juge sacrificium* offered upon the altar of the Church: whose place no figure, or reference, or effect; no praise of heart or lips, no immolation of fervent multitudes, can occupy or obscure.

If, indeed, the persons who use the prayers I have quoted are in earnest, and are possessed of the smallest portion of historical sense, there will be no question as to the view they will take of the Reformers, of Cranmer, "our lawful archbishop" as the "Sæpius officio" calls him, of Latimer, of Jewel and of Horne. They will denounce them in spite of their fine Tudor English and their unrivalled talent for strong language, as nothing less than sacrilegious thieves who, so far as in

them lay, have robbed their country of its Saviour's presence.

Although it cannot be doubted that the teaching of the English Reformers, both of Edward's and Elizabeth's reign, is little better than Zuinglian, or at best Calvinist, with a bracket, perhaps, for one or two half-hearted Lutherans like Guest, I cannot deny that there are phrases here and there, especially amongst the Caroline divines such as Andrewes, Ken, Taylor, Forbes, which are patient of a true Catholic sense. But even if these are to be taken as serious expressions of opinion, and are not, as is generally the case, mere patristic buttonholes, more or less in the fashion, this will by no means relieve the Church of England from the imputation of heresy. If it be heresy to deny the Real Presence and the oblation of Christ, which had been part of the explicit teaching both of East and West for so many centuries, assuredly it is also heresy to teach indifference as to belief or disbelief. It is this heresy of indifference upon which I am contented to base my charge of heresy against the Anglican Church. As the final cause of the manipulation of the ordinal it has vitiated both form and intention, and as formal heresy it is a bar to all exercise of jurisdiction. When will Anglicans learn that the faith of a Church cannot be rated higher than the level of its conscious communion; that whatever a man may be individually, as a Churchman he is neither more nor less than what his Church allows?

## RITUALISM, ROMAN CATHOLICISM, AND CONVERTS.

### SOME STRICTURES ON DR. LITTLEDALE'S ARTICLE "WHY RITUALISTS DO NOT BECOME ROMAN CATHOLICS".

"Audivimus superbiam Moab, superbus est valde : superbia ejus et arrogantia ejus, et indignatio ejus, plus quam fortitudo ejus."—ISAIAH xvi. 6.

DR. LITTLEDALE has of course every right to give an answer of his own to the question, which the Abbé Martin has addressed to that section of the Church of England to which Dr. Littledale professedly belongs. But in his answer he has said so many hard and bitter things of the Roman Catholic Church in general, and of its converts from Anglicanism in particular, that he can hardly be surprised at the appearance of a fresh antagonist from the ranks of those who have lately been styled "Rome's recruits". The present writer, with every claim and every inclination to resent Dr. Littledale's treatment of converts, has one special advantage, that when protesting against the charge of "intellectual and moral deterioration, especially in the matter of truthfulness," he can hardly be considered as pleading his own cause, since he was received into the Catholic Church as a child.

Ritualists do not become Roman Catholics, that is, *en masse*, Dr. Littledale says, because the Church of England is in a comparatively satisfactory state, and improving steadily. Her very sects, the Quakers and the Wesleyans, as compared with those which Rome has generated, are estimable in a high degree. Moreover, Ritualists are just now in a glorious state of persecution, from which it would be cowardly to shrink. On the other hand, Rome cannot manage the subjects she has got, who are fast lapsing into infidelity ; her



system is built upon the False Decretals; she has committed herself to such "indefensible figments" as Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception; she has "upset the moral law" by approving probabilism in the person of St. Alphonso Liguori; she is "the parent or grandparent" of every offensive sect from Socinianism to Mormonism; she is cruel, or has been cruel, or has on various occasions approved of cruelty, and only the other day she canonised cruelty in the person of the Inquisitor Peter d'Arbues; she encourages a world of superstitious devotions; in open disobedience to Christ's words she refuses the cup to the laity; she is in controversy consciously dishonest, throwing the *onus probandi* most unfairly upon Anglicans, and snubbing all attempts to "try all things, and hold fast that which is good"; she did next to nothing in the Deistic controversy of the last century; she has blacker sheep in high places than can be found on the Anglican Bench of Bishops.

After this we are hardly surprised that Dr. Littledale's "general experience is that conversion to Rome involves, in a large majority of instances, sudden, serious, and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration, especially as to the quality of truthfulness". For does not Cardinal Manning condemn the "appeal to history" in questions of religion as "heresy and treason," and "is not the very first thing most new converts do to sell off all their books" as a preliminary to sinking "into cold religious indifference, scarcely distinguishable from scepticism"? "Have you eyes?" Dr. Littledale would seem to exclaim:—

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed  
And batten on this moor?

My critique upon Dr. Littledale will naturally turn upon three points: 1. His presentation of the Ritualist position. 2. His various heads of accusation against Rome. 3. His appreciation of Anglican converts to Rome.

### I.

Now it must be confessed Dr. Littledale does not say very much about the Ritualist theoretic position. We hear, in-

deed, that the Anglican Church appeals to the first five centuries, though whether "sincerely or not" Dr. Littledale cannot say, and we hear that Ritualists believe it to be their mission to keep the Anglican Church to its pledges in this particular. But surely Ritualists, to justify their detailed imitation of Rome, and their defiance of their own Church authorities, require some special modification of the ordinary Anglican Church theory. The indications of anything of the kind in Dr. Littledale's article are faint indeed. The Church Catholic, he tells us (p. 803), is a federation of patriarchates, and he appeals to Nicæa (can. vi.), Constantinople (can. ii., iii.), Ephesus (can. viii.), and Chalcedon (can. xxviii.). Now no one who knows anything of the history of the early Church can pretend that a "federation of patriarchates" is an adequate expression of the constitution of the Church, or that any definition which failed to ascribe an altogether unique authority to the Roman See could be accepted as such. That the Church did consist materially of certain patriarchates enjoying certain prescriptive rights is acknowledged and confirmed by these Councils; but that the canons appealed to never intended to express the sum of the relations of the rest of Christendom with Rome, we know from the formal action of these very Councils, especially the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon. The absurdity of interpreting literally, as Dr. Littledale does, the oath taken by the Pope at his coronation to observe the decrees of General Councils "*usque ad unum apicem*," is sufficiently shown by the consideration that this would oblige him to enforce regulations concerning several patriarchates, which at the time had practically ceased to exist. The character of Dr. Littledale's *conciliar exegesis* may be estimated from his venturing to quote in this same page, from the Council of Trent—of all Councils!—to show that it acknowledged the acceptance of the Nicene Creed and not union with Rome to be "the basis of Christian solidarity in the Church".

Even if we were to admit the "federation of patriarchates" theory, it is hard to see how this affords a basis for Anglicanism, to say nothing of Ritualism, since England had been for centuries a portion of the Latin Patriarchate.

Anglicanism requires the theory of absolute episcopal autocracy—at least no intermediate basis can be grounded on the rights of metropolitans, except by virtue of the broad Erastian principle of Nationalism; and then, supposing the Anglican Church so constituted, she is called upon to show cause why she is not to be regarded as guilty of heresy and schism. Unless Dr. Littledale is to shrink from the appeal to history altogether, he must allow that the main features of England's sixteenth century secession demand that she should submit to such compurgation; that here the *onus probandi* distinctly lies upon her. What historian, even in this age of historical surprises, has succeeded in eliminating, as the main motive powers operative in that secession, Erastianism, and sympathy with what Dr. Littledale is foremost in denouncing as the heresies of Luther and Calvin?

Now the difficulties of this position, whatever they may be, are much aggravated in the case of Ritualists by their chronic opposition to their bishops, who, upon any ecclesiastical theory, are required for something more than purposes of reproduction. If you have eliminated Pope and Patriarch from the *ecclesia docens*, the more obligatory is submission to the one teaching authority that remains. Mere formularies, whether Nicene or Tridentine, can no more constitute a living teaching Church than the Bible can.

It is impossible to exaggerate the intensity of the antagonism to the Anglican episcopate which characterises Dr. Littledale's article. His detestation of converts is sufficiently great, but it is really nothing to the utter loathing with which he regards the ecclesiastical superiors upon whom he is dependent for whatever claim he has to order or jurisdiction. He says (p. 804), "the bishops for three hundred years past have never proved equal to their duty, notably just now, and for the last fifty years"; they are our "most embittered and persistent enemies and detractors," who, whilst acknowledging the magnificent revival of faith and piety in the Church of England, were so base as "*more suo* . . . to revile and blacken the only people who have brought this state of things about"; who, "when the storm was raging about the 'Priest in Absolution,'" dared not, any one of them, assert the simple truth,

“that the Church of England teaches auricular confession, and that we were simply carrying out its directions” (pp. 806, 814). Truly a most repulsive picture, to which we hardly know where to find a parallel, unless it be in the Ritualist conception of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, firmly holding the integral Catholic faith whilst coquetting with every fiercest devastator of God’s vineyard which those unhappy times produced; tenderly preserving her belief in the mass, and confession, and the Madonna, whilst cheerfully assisting in the person of her ministers, for the most part of the second order, at the infliction of protracted torments upon mass-priest after mass-priest (against the most of whom no charge could with any plausibility lie, except that they said mass and strove to preserve or restore the Catholic faith in the hearts of their countrymen); and instead of whispering the consolations of a common faith, assailing the martyr’s defenceless ears with studiously articulated blasphemy. I do not believe that the Church of England has either orders or jurisdiction, that she has been true either to the rule of faith or the rule of discipline; but God forbid that I should regard such a picture of the Anglican Church as anything short of calumnious; an institution so depraved could not have existed for three hundred years upon the soil of England. No true friend of the country could wish its Church’s claim to Church-life and Catholicity vindicated at such a cost; better extinction, or the political life it would still retain as an expression of national worship, than so “*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*”. Assuredly the sternest dealings of the Spanish Inquisition, even when refracted and multiplied in the mirror of the most sensitive of Protestant imaginations, would not approach in repulsiveness the mingled ruffianism and poltroonery exhibited in this conception of Anglicanism. Far more reasonable and far pleasanter is it to think of the Anglican Church of those days as inspired by the spirit of fierce heterodoxy which speaks in one of Milton’s grandest sonnets, “Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,” than to imagine that under such circumstances she was crypto-Catholic. And as to the Anglican hierarchy of to-day, they are not, as Dr. Littledale would have it, the unmanly gainsayers



of their own deepest convictions, the profane betrayers of what they know to be the interests of Christ's Church. They are simply a board of religious inspectors who have so far improved upon the Elizabethan tradition that they are first peaceable, then Protestant, but never, if they know themselves, Catholic; and, on the whole, they have consistently maintained an attitude of dignified forbearance under extreme and varied provocation. If they have turned restive under the sacerdotal apparel with which Ritualists would invest them, but which their own good sense scruples at as inappropriate; if they have found it impossible to wean their lips from the phraseology at once measured in tone and vague in substance which is their tradition, and to adopt "that large utterance of the early gods"; it is monstrous that they should be therefore degraded to the position of an ecclesiastical Aunt Sally, at which Ritualistic scribes may week after week hurl their tasteless abuse, without scruple and without remorse.

When Dr. Littledale turns off from us, his formal antagonists, to rend his own bishops so fiercely and so persistently, one understands that they are his normal and natural prey, from which the exigencies of controversy may distract him for a moment, but to which he ever returns with the mechanical ferocity of an Ugolino at the Archbishop's skull.

Quando ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti,  
Riprese il teschio misero coi denti  
Che furo all' osso, come d'un can, forti.<sup>1</sup>

—DANTE, *Inferno*, xxxiii., 76-78.

If it is difficult to believe in the Anglican branch-theory, or rather that the Anglican Church is a sort of sucker from the first five centuries; our feeling that their branch is a severed branch is not weakened, when we see its principal members thus ostentatiously trampled in the mire.

It may be asked, whether I am not mistaking Dr. Littledale altogether. Has he pledged himself to any Church

<sup>1</sup> "With raging eyes askant, when this he'd said,  
And teeth, like those of mastiff at a bone,  
Again he seized the miserable head."—Tr. Ford.

theory? Is he not contented with the conviction that he and his brother clergymen are priests, however churchless, with real orders, and a sufficient jurisdiction emanating therefrom, and that in spirit they adhere to the early Church. I must confess that there are serious grounds for the suggestion. He certainly (p. 811) hangs out very unmistakably the flag of the spiritual freebooter, claiming, as he does, the right of treasure-trove in regard to any spiritual practice or rite that may commend itself to his judgment. "The modern Ritualist," he says, "is entirely free from the strait-laced prejudices of his Anglican brother, and is perfectly ready to take a hint or adopt a useful addition from any quarter whatsoever, and does not care a straw whether a Roman cardinal or a Baptist minister be its original parent." Of course on this principle he has as much right to the first five centuries as to anything else; but this is not tradition. The language of one who, despite his characteristic vehemence, is no unfair representative of the sentiment of the early Church, affords a rather piquant contrast to Dr. Littledale's jaunty liberalism. "What servant looketh for food from a stranger, not to say an enemy, to his lord? What soldier seeketh to obtain bounty and pay from unallied, not to say hostile, kings, unless he be altogether a deserter and a runaway and a rebel? Even that old woman sought for the piece of silver in her own house: even that knocker at the door knocked at his neighbour's door: even that widow appealed to not an adverse, though a hard judge. No man can be built up by that whereby he is pulled down. No man is enlightened by that whereby he is darkened. Let us 'seek,' therefore, in our own, and from our own, and concerning our own."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tertullian, *De Præscript.*, cap. 12, transl. Dodgson. "Quis servus cibaria ab extraneo, ne dicam ab inimico domini sui, sperat? Quis miles ab infœderatis, ne dicam ab hostibus, regibus donativum et stipendium captat, nisi plane desertor et transfuga et rebellis? Etiam anus illa intra tectum suum drachmam requirebat. Etiam pulsator ille vicini januam tundeat. Etiam vidua illa non inimicum, licet durum, judicem interpellabat. Nemo inde instrui potest unde destruitur. Nemo ab eo illuminatur a quo contenebratur. Quæramus ergo in nostro, et a nostris, et de nostro."

Dr. Littledale is a free and vigorous hitter, and it is hard not to sympathise with the strong blows that are dealt in our favour, even when it is with weapons that one should hardly care to use oneself. When Chillingworth came forward on the Protestant side with his brilliant but shallow argument as to the necessity of an infallible mean to justify certainty, Anglicans applauded vigorously, without seeing at first, until their Catholic antagonists pointed it out to them, that this argument struck at the root of all Christian belief; that in adopting it, they were cutting off the bough upon which they were themselves seated. Such Ritualists as have not entirely forsaken the old Anglican moorings, who still hold in some shape or other to tradition and an historical Church, should be cautious how far they accept Dr. Littledale's championship. No doubt Dr. Littledale does fairly enough represent one element in modern Ritualism, and one that bids fair in time to predominate—I mean its liberalism. It is indeed in virtue of this element, that Ritualism has assumed of late years almost the character of a national movement. But Church-life should be something more than “the life of winds and tides”. With a divine sanction, indeed, the billows may be trodden under foot, but you cannot build upon them: and though a fervid imagination may with the poet teach itself to hear chaunts and litanies in the roaring of the sea, and fashion for itself a surpliced choir in the white surges, the illusion cannot last, and the wave “filled full of the terror and thunder of water that slays as it dies” is not more uncongenial to stability than is liberalism to any other than perfectly fluent forms whether of doctrine or of ritual.

With its liberalism, too, Dr. Littledale represents what is also a characteristic of Ritualism as liberal—its hatred of Rome; and so far he is no doubt right in insisting that it is no movement Romewards. But then Ritualism is not, and perhaps never can become, homogeneous, and more and more as the liberal element articulates itself, must all those who in any degree hold to a divine ecclesiastical tradition separate themselves from those who are merely florid Protestants with an antiquarian turn for early Church usage. The poor woman who takes her Bible self-interpreted as her one rule

of faith and practice, is less pointedly at variance with the spirit of the early Church, and, I may add, with common sense, than the rebellious clergyman who insists on conforming himself to a *florilegium* of canon law and ritual, gathered by himself at his own sweet will, in the teeth of his legitimate superiors.

It will be obviously necessary to revert to this consideration of the Ritualist position when engaged on my third point, Dr. Littledale's appreciation of converts, because the question turns upon the character of the convert's choice of alternatives, Ritualism or conversion to Rome. But at present I must deal with Dr. Littledale's various heads of accusation against the Roman Catholic Church. My readers must bear with me if here my chariot wheels move heavily. It is so easy to be fluent in attack, so very difficult to be otherwise than slow in defence.

## II.

Dr. Littledale presses us with the infidelity and irreligion which prevail to such an extent in Catholic countries—in France, Italy, etc. I answer, that Christianity has ever professed to be the religion primarily of the few, rather than of the many. It is a narrow way for such as consent not to be of the world. Had its main object been, so to speak, to deodorise the world, to improve the masses, it would certainly, like Mahometanism, have affected a lower standard. It is often objected by unbelievers that Mahometanism is really a more wholesale social improver than Christianity; and the contention is not only plausible, but has to some degree also its truth. A religion without any high aspirations, which contents itself with inculcating cleanliness, and hospitality, and teetotalism, and which cultivates no high ideal of female virtue, may possibly succeed in doing away with prostitution and mendicity, in, so to speak, consuming its own sewage, as any high form of Christianity would not. But it is at the expense of a general deadness, without hope of reform or recovery, because the inward light has become darkness, and the salt has been so diffused and adulterated that it has lost its savour. The Christian ideal did not bring peace into the



world, but a sword. It was a light that, separated from the darkness, tended to make the darkness that rejected it still more dark. But in this very antagonism there is a higher life, and for those that sit in darkness a nobler promise than in the uniform greyness of a lower form. It is this inexhaustible vitality of the Catholic ideal, as manifested especially in France, in spite of the fires of the Revolution in which every institution of Church and State was as it were calcined, that won from Macaulay those expressions of enthusiastic admiration, which I am ashamed to quote here, because they have been quoted so often. With no wish to underrate the revival which Ritualists have brought about during the last twenty years in England, I believe that, judged by any fair standard, it is insignificant beside the "gesta Dei" within the same period in the single city of Paris.

The Catholic Church is a ship ever on the high seas, progressing here, beaten back there, ever making history that can be read by friend and foe. She is a city set upon a hill, a queen "in the fierce light that beats upon a throne". She is a kingdom, too, as well as a Church, with numberless points of secular contact of which Anglicanism knows nothing; and so now and again in her high places of state we may meet with a man in whom special qualifications for the post have been allowed to cover moral deficiencies. The Anglican Church is a vessel which, after long rotting in dock, has at last, under the influence of Dr. Littledale and his friends, begun to execute—well, some highly promising harbour manœuvres, but they hardly yet belong to history.

Again, we ought to recollect that the political excitement with which the most important Continental countries have been for so long convulsed, has tended to make the relations of the Church with large sections of her subjects most abnormal and difficult. To estimate the comparative depth of waters, we should try and sound them when they are at rest. Science has not yet learned how to calculate and discount a moral wave.

I have not Dr. Littledale's hardihood in wholesale contrasts, but surely it is a matter of notoriety that the Catholic peasantry, notably of Ireland, Italy, and Spain—occasional

flashes of violence, Garibaldianism, Fenianism, notwithstanding—contrast most favourably in intelligence and morality with the inhabitants of many of our English villages, where sobriety and purity are almost unknown, and where for the last three centuries the influence of Anglicanism has been unrestricted. I assuredly know of no Roman Catholic country, of the hierarchy of which, at any period of its history, it could be truly said, as Dr. Littledale says of his own bishops (p. 814): “Open depravation of Christianity itself in the pulpit, personal immorality of life, daring nonconformity in public worship, gross neglect of pastoral duties, illegally exacted fees for gratuitous offices, deliberate sordidness and irreverence in the ministration of sacraments; all these I have myself known to have been laid before bishop after bishop, with no result whatever save a snubbing to the complainant; while the slightest hint of Ritualism was sure to meet with immediate attention, and expression of readiness to suppress and punish it, if possible”. Even if such a monstrous phase should occur at some exceptional crisis in the history of a Roman Catholic country, there would still be the escape of an appeal to the Holy See. If this is what has been going on for the last three hundred years, well may Dr. Littledale exclaim, “That sort of thing sends men over to Rome”.

One charge of Dr. Littledale's (p. 820) is quite disarming in its simplicity. He positively congratulates Anglicanism on having “originated” two such really estimable sects as the Quakers and the Wesleyans, as compared with the horrible progeny of which Rome is either “parent or grandparent,” a family including every Western sect, with the doubtful exception of the “Albigensian Gnostics,” from Socinianism to Mormonism. On first reading this, I not unnaturally exclaimed, “How very hard that Dr. Littledale should not at least give us the credit of the parentage, if not the grandparentage, through Luther and Calvin, of the Anglican Church”; and then I perceived that, according to Dr. Littledale, Catholic Churches are not obtained by generation from Catholic Churches, but somehow come to co-exist in virtue of an enlightened sympathy, unrestricted by time and space, and that it is its heresies which are the true progeny of the

Church. I commend this theory to the consideration of ecclesiastical historians, and will content myself with asking Dr. Littledale whether, on the common view that heretics are rebels and traitors expelled by the authority they have outraged, we should not expect them to be vile and sacrilegious, in exact proportion to the sanctity which they have forsaken. The virtues of Quakers and Wesleyans would seem to argue that at least they had not committed the crime of forsaking the true Catholic Church; the viciousness of Rome's apostates is, so far, a plea for the virtue of her whom they have abandoned.

As regards the False Decretals, which Dr. Littledale compares to a forged will by which an estate has been obtained by the forger's family to the exclusion of the rightful heirs, I would observe that Dr. Döllinger's analysis in the main agrees with that against which Dr. Littledale protests (p. 795). "The materials from which these forgeries were made up," says Dr. Döllinger, "were, for the most part, from the more ancient sources to which the author had access; the Roman 'Liber Pontificalis,' the historical works of Rufinus and Cassiodorus, the acts of genuine but more recent synods, and papal decrees, the writings of the Latin Fathers of the Church, and the collections of Roman law".<sup>1</sup> According to the same authority, one "entirely new principle" can be recognised in these Decretals, which is, "that provincial synods generally could not judge a bishop without the permission of the Pontiff"; but here the innovation simply amounted to the removal of a cause, from a court against whose sentence there was already admitted a right of appeal. Dr. Döllinger allows "that the contents of the work" corresponded, "in the main points, to the ecclesiastical principles and institutions of the time".<sup>2</sup> The same view is taken by the Protestant historian Neander,<sup>3</sup> who adds that "what Leo the Great says of the Pope's primacy over the whole Church, involves the principles of all that is to be found in the Decretals"; and so, to precisely the same effect, Bowden's *Life of Gregory*

<sup>1</sup> *Church History*, vol. iii., p. 198, transl. Cox (mainly).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 200.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. vi., p. 9, ed. Bohn.

VII. (p. 56).<sup>1</sup> Assuredly the Church's belief in the Pope must have been boundless, if she revolutionised her constitution on the presentation of documents mainly in the form of Papal assertions.

Dr. Littledale's notion, that the Pope is bound to restitution, might possibly be entertained, if the Pope had ever pretended to exercise his powers on the title of commission from the Church. But it is not maintained, even by Gallicans, that Papal prerogative has any other title than the words of Christ to St. Peter. True, they, some of them, maintained that these forgeries helped to ground a false interpretation of these texts, but there can be no question of restitution until the texts are proved a forgery. To carry on Dr. Littledale's illustration, the possessor of an estate would not be bound to give it up because, although he possessed what he and all his friends regarded as a flawless title-deed, it had been discovered that a certain number, though by no means all, of his predecessor's letters laying claim to the property had been forged.

No scholar now believes that these Decretals were forged either by Rome or directly in Rome's interest. But suppose the charge of Papal forgery established in its crudest form, the Popes of to-day are no more called upon to restore the rights which the Decretals vindicate, than the children of Jacob were called upon to yield up to the children of Esau the birthright of which, although their father's own *de jure*, his fraud had made him the *de facto* possessor.

If the false Decretals are ever used now, it is in no sense as authorities, but as texts, as convenient formulæ, simply for what they represent, because they are too closely associated with the practice of the ecclesiastical courts to be eliminated without inconvenience. The right which they represent has long ago been realised by prescription, and what the Canonist Wilhelm<sup>2</sup> says of "*documenta suffecta, substituta, vicaria legitimorum*" may be applied to these. "Public instruments, sealed in court, strong in the authority of great names,

<sup>1</sup> See, too, Hefele, *Tübingen Quartalschrift*, 1847.

<sup>2</sup> Ap. *Mabillon de re diplom.*, tom. i., p. 249.



are called in question by historians; and often what the judge has approved in the forum the man of letters condemns in his study. In which case I would compound, and so at-temper matters as that, whilst the learned should rightly reject such documents as historical evidence, their forensic repute and authority might still remain to them."

Dr. Littledale tells us (p. 812) that Cardinal Manning "has denounced the 'appeal to history' in questions of religion as 'heresy and treason'."<sup>1</sup> Now I presume Dr. Littledale has not mistaken what Cardinal Manning has denounced, which is of course nothing more than the appeal in questionable matters to our own private reading of history against a decision of the Church; and I ask of Dr. Littledale with what face he can condemn, as he assuredly would, a poor woman who appeals to her own interpretation of a text of Scripture against the decree of a General Council, and withhold his assent to the Cardinal's denunciation of one who should boldly take the interpretation of the decrees of Councils and of Popes, the Church's own memory of her own acts, out of her hands, and substitute his own unauthorised reading. Such an appeal would be nothing less than an appeal from the living to the dead, from a living voice to a dead formula; and God is God of the living, not of the dead. The living, divinely-guided Church is the one legitimate guardian and interpreter of her own memories. No other doctrine has ever prevailed in the Catholic Church. On the other hand, nothing can be more untrue than to represent the Roman Catholic Church as hostile to, or suspicious of, history. She is the one Church of history, and on the field of history her greatest triumphs have been won, notably in regard to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, which Dr. Littledale is audacious enough (p. 822) to denounce as "a shameless and

<sup>1</sup> Compare Fr. Newman's Letter to Mr. Gladstone, pp. 104, 105:—"Why should private judgment be unlawful in interpreting Scripture against the voice of authority, and yet be lawful in the interpretation of History? . . . It is the Church's use of History in which the Catholic believes; and she uses other information also, Scripture, tradition, the ecclesiastical sense, or *φρόνημα*, and a subtle ratiocinative power, which in its origin is a divine gift."

indefensible figment," "which all who have even cursorily examined the evidence know" to be such; which was "repudiated the other day by many of the greatest Roman Catholic divines, and whose recent promulgation lost the Roman Church many of her most distinguished sons". It is hard to say for what mistakes a very cursory examination may not be responsible; and, even on Dr. Littledale's admission, many of the greatest Roman Catholic divines are left to defend the "shameless and indefensible figment". In matter of fact, with very few exceptions, all defend it. Dr. Dollinger has not asserted it, indeed, so far as I know, in the words of the Vatican Council, but I appeal to any candid mind whether any one who regarded that doctrine as "a shameless and indefensible figment," or thought that the direct jurisdiction of the Pope in every diocese destroyed the bishops' rightful independence, could have written as he has done (*Church History*, vol. i., p. 253). "What the bishop was in his diocese and the metropolitan in his province, the bishop of Rome was in the universal Church" (vol. ii., p. 220). "That the decrees of Synods regarding faith obtained their full power and authority only by being partaken in and confirmed by the Pope, was publicly maintained in the fourth century." "The second General Council, held in 381, which was a Council of only Oriental bishops, acquired the authority of an Œcumenical Synod by the subsequent acceptance and confirmation of the Pope;" the same is said of the Fifth Council (p. 222), "and St. Augustine declared, after the two African Synods had been confirmed by the Pontiff, that the cause of the Pelagians was terminated". "The right of presiding was conceded without contradiction, by all the General Councils, to the legates sent by the Pope." "It was customary that a decree of the Apostolic See should precede the dogmatical decisions of General Councils, and this decree was the authority and guide of the Council." "The patriarchs were in immediate subjection to the Roman Pontiff. . . . Hence it was the custom of the newly-elected patriarchs to seek confirmation in their dignity from the Popes." "As the immediate superior of the patriarchs, the Pope was also their judge.

Without judgment from the Roman See no patriarch could be deposed." "While the bishop of Rome could be judged by no one." "In virtue of their supremacy, the bishops of Rome possessed also the right of receiving appeals, and in the last instance to decide." The Popes had authority to decide "questions of matters of doubtful or contested faith and discipline" (pp. 222-31).<sup>1</sup>

Now, on the supposition that the Church is in any sense infallible, if the Pope has the supreme decision on matters of faith, if he can receive all appeals, if his acceptance could give the authority of an Œcumenical Council to what was a mere Eastern Council, and no decrees of a General Council avail without his acceptance and confirmation, and all this in virtue, not of ecclesiastical enactment but of the words of Christ, one hardly sees how the conclusion defined by the Vatican Council can be avoided, "that the Pope, when he by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority defines a doctrine which concerns faith and morals to be held by the whole Church, is infallible," and this "by reason of the Divine assistance promised to him in the person of St. Peter"; and "accordingly all such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not in virtue of the assent of the Church, unalterable".

It may be urged that anyhow, as time went on, Dr. Döllinger changed his mind. Still even *ante lapsum* he was, I suppose, too learned and too honest a man to have defended in principle what "all who have even cursorily examined the evidence know to be a shameless and indefensible figment". The more we look at the broad features of the history of the early Church as indicated in these passages, the more we shall see that it is big with the doctrine defined at the Vatican Council. Substitute a contradictory definition, and the Church would have found herself in hopeless antagonism, not with this or that exceptional fact, but with the whole texture of her past. Nothing can be less satisfactory than the attempt to apply the Gallican theory to the whole course of Church history, however fairly it may appear to represent

<sup>1</sup> Cox's translation (1840), collated with the German edition of 1843.

a passing phase. The really strong point of the Gallican polemic was their use of *primâ facie* exceptions, notably that choicest weapon of theirs, the case of Honorius. Their learning enabled them to detect many a clumsy hypothesis, and to eliminate many an extravagance once more or less prevalent amongst Ultramontanes; and so they really subserved the cause, which, with very many of them, lay much nearer to their hearts than any controversial triumph, the cause of God and of His Church. It is far more congenial to one's feelings to play the part of hammer than that of anvil in the forging of truth; to enunciate the substantially triumphant thesis, than to watch it gradually moulding into impregnability under the fire of our objections; but the latter part is certainly not the less useful; and this part was played, blindly in great measure, doubtless, but with the utmost patience and devotion, by the better sort of Gallicans; and he would be a bold man and a loose thinker who should venture to oppose to the actual decree passed at the Vatican Council the case of Honorius.

The Vatican definition has had the effect, Dr. Littledale says (p. 821), of making "a brand-new creed with only one article, I believe in the Pope," and (p. 822) he insists that "its last achievement"—he is speaking of the late Pontificate—"makes the permanence of any ancient dogma whatever, in the Romish Church, altogether precarious for the future". This means that we are committed to the position of holding every article of the Creed under condition of the Pope's good pleasure. Dr. Littledale seems to imagine that the formal motive of faith is the word of the Church, or of the Pope, whereas it is the Word of God, whether we attain to the knowledge of it through the Pope, or through a General Council. Its formula is "Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius," as St. Thomas sings. And this word, once received, we forsake not for Pope or Council, nor for an angel from heaven. The condition of the *bene placitum* of a future General Council, such as Dr. Littledale would recognise, would—none the less for its improbability of realisation—as certainly vitiate Dr. Littledale's faith, as the condition of Papal non-contradiction with which he would embarrass ours. The believer in one



infallible teacher is as really open to this objection as the believer in another; but it can only lie at all by virtue of withdrawing with one hand what it grants with the other. An infallible teacher who contradicts the faith is a self-contradiction of which we are not called upon to take cognisance. It would seem that Dr. Littledale, true to his liberal instincts, regards the safety of ancient dogma as dependent upon the unattainableness of infallible pronouncement. Certainly a creed is sufficiently safe which can only be shaken by the voice of a Council whose validity will depend upon the successful efforts of the A. P. U. C.

Dr. Littledale (p. 822) considers that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception "explicitly contradicts the well-nigh unanimous teaching of ancient Christendom". Now the only explicit theological contradictions of that doctrine I ever came across are the well-known passage from St. Thomas, together with sundry other mediæval authorities. There is no explicit patristic denial of it, and implicitly it is taught in the patristic doctrine of the second Eve, as Fr. Newman has brought out in his *Letter to Dr. Pusey*. The general statement that all are born in sin is the statement of a general rule which is no more an explicit denial of all exception—of all intervention of another dispensation—than a law of nature precludes the possibility of a miracle, or than the general proposition that men's lives on earth are closed by death precludes the case of Enoch and Elias. Certainly the whole mind of the Church, teaching and taught, had from the earliest times been impressed with the sentiment that no sin of any sort had ever touched the mother of Him who was by nature sinless. The development of the doctrine was wrought out by a movement in the widest sense popular, in which scholar and peasant, priest and king, in spite of the adverse authority of certain great names, and the conservative resistance of a great Order, were absolutely at one. It was a doctrine of the Eastern Church as well as of the Western, as witness the Oriental records of the celebration of our Lady's Conception, in the fifth and seventh centuries.<sup>1</sup> Be-

<sup>1</sup> Ap. Perrone, *De Im. B.V.M. Concep.*, cap. 12.

fore it was defined, its universal acceptance throughout the Church certainly fulfilled the conditions for pledging the Church's passive infallibility to its absolute truth. The great university of Paris, which Dr. Littledale esteems so highly, was a devoted adherent of the doctrine. Marsilius ab Inghen, in his commentary on the Sentences, remarks that in his time—the fourteenth century—the doctrine was taught in every school of Paris except that of the Dominicans; and long before the definition, the Dominicans had ceased to present any exception to the common credence of the Church.

Dr. Littledale (p. 821) charges us with “deteriorating into gross and puerile superstition,” and having adopted cults which, though “thoroughly Pagan in spirit,” are “eagerly pushed forward by authority,” and concerning which “a born Roman Catholic knows that he is expected to be at least silent if he cannot openly yield them his assent”. On the contrary, all Catholics, whether born or convert, know that, so far from its being their duty to keep silence as to superstitious devotions, they are bound to delate them forthwith to the proper authorities, and that if the local authorities are remiss, the way is open to the highest tribunal. It is quite true that they also know that they must not insert a slashing article in a magazine charging every one concerned, particularly the bishop of the diocese, with “gross and puerile superstition”. Perhaps this is what Dr. Littledale means. It is notorious that devotions which fall far short of meriting Dr. Littledale's extravagant vituperation are not unfrequently condemned and prohibited by Rome.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, it is quite true that, provided there is no offence against faith or morals, the Church is very tender of repressing any expressions of love, however puerile, as befits the spouse of one who has said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not”. She says, in fact, “Ama, et fac quod vis”. She is too much impressed with the Divine condescension in consenting to our worship at all, to feel that there is all that immense difference, upon which

<sup>1</sup> See additional note to fifth edition of Fr. Newman's *Letter to Dr. Pusey*.

Dr. Littledale would insist, between the grave refined beauty of a mediæval hymn, though such as to extort the reluctant homage of the most critical agnostic, and the novena which expresses in language at once florid and feeble the emotions of a French school-girl.

To the charge (p. 822) that our "refusal of the Eucharistic chalice to the laity . . . involves express disobedience to a Divine command," it is sufficient to observe that, if there be any such absolute Divine command, then the Church of the first five centuries, which, it is quite certain, under a variety of circumstances, such as sickness and persecution, gave communion under one species, is open to the same charge of disobedience. It must be clear, then, to any one who believes in the early Church, that this is a matter, not of absolute rule, but of discretion; and the discretion of the Roman Church, I think, may be preferred to Dr. Littledale's.

The Roman Church is cruel and treacherous. Three hundred years ago Gregory XIII. approved the cruelty and treason involved in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and had a medal struck with an angel "advancing swiftly to stab one of the fugitives in the back" (p. 795), a facsimile of which Dr. Littledale has in his possession; and not two hundred years ago the French bishops preached a murderous crusade against the heretics of the Cevennes, and Clement XI. granted a plenary indulgence to any Catholic taking up arms, the outcome of which was a horrible band of volunteers, the *Enfants de la Croix*, whose barbarities startled even that barbarous age; and only the other day, in 1868, Pius IX. canonised an inquisitor Peter d'Arbues, "a man of whose personal character nothing whatever is known, and whose one claim to notice is that he was slain by the friends of some victims to his ruthlessness as an inquisitor".

As to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, nothing has as yet been produced to prove that the Pope knew anything more than that the King had suppressed in blood the enemies of both Church and State. Such congratulations as we may have received from foreign courts on the

suppression of the Indian Mutiny certainly showed sympathy for a friendly power in a substantially righteous cause, but as certainly did not necessarily involve any approval of various painful details which I am afraid actually took place. The assassinating angel is a very bold conception of Dr. Littledale's, but I believe quite unknown either to theology or art. Of course there is all the difference between turning the back to the sword and the sword to the back.

The treatment of the Huguenots of the Cevennes was exceedingly bad, but innocent victims they certainly were not. They were continually allying themselves with the enemies of France, and though no doubt their lot had been made a very painful one by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the actual game of slaughter was of their beginning. According to a Protestant writer quoted in the *Mémoires pour Servir* forty parishes had been destroyed, and nigh a hundred Catholics massacred by the Huguenots in the single month of January, 1703, and the Huguenot barbarities certainly equalled, if they did not surpass, in quality at least, those of their opponents. To whatever extent the rash and cruel policy of Louis XIV. may be responsible for this hideous civil war, yet when convents began to be burned and priests massacred, Catholics had to fight, and their bishops lawfully and rightfully encouraged them to do so with every means at their command. But I can find nothing of the preaching of a crusade, nor any trace of an indulgence granted by Clement XI. It does not appear in his *Bullarium*. It is not mentioned by St. Simon, the *Mémoires pour Servir*, Michelet, or the voluminous history of Gabourd. I may observe that the Roman party in France were the most opposed to these dragonnades. Madame Maintenon spoke so strongly against them that Louis taunted her with her Calvinist blood, and Fénelon exerted himself vigorously in behalf of the victims; whereas Bossuet, I am afraid, went with the King thoroughly. The *Enfants de la Croix* were enthusiasts enlisted by the communes, in opposition to the royal leader Montrevel, and as a protest against his leniency. He was ultimately obliged to repress them. These are certainly the last people whose



arms a Pope would bless who cared to keep on good terms with Louis.<sup>1</sup>

As regards the case of Peter d'Arbues, I suppose it would be a hard matter to convince the British public of the reality of the virtues of a Spanish inquisitor. But if absolute persistent self-sacrifice, in a cause firmly believed to be the cause of God, and to involve the highest interests of mankind, can constitute any claim to sanctity, only the narrow-minded can deny that several of the Spanish inquisitors may deserve the name of Saint. But, be this as it may, my complaint against Dr. Littledale is, that, in speaking of Peter d'Arbues he implies that in the processes of his canonisation no testimony as to his virtues was forthcoming, and that he was simply declared a saint off-hand because he was an inquisitor slain in the ruthless exercise of his office. The facts, of which I presume Dr. Littledale is ignorant, are to be found in the *Bollandists* for September 17. According to various solemn testimonies recorded in the processes, Peter d'Arbues was a man of consummate virtue, prudent, just, full of the love of God and of his neighbour, to the relief of whose spiritual and temporal necessities he was devoted; of rigid mortification, continual prayer, dauntless courage, and self-forgetfulness. It may, of course, be maintained that these virtues are calculated on a wrong standard, but Dr. Littledale has no right to speak of the man to whom they are imputed as one "of whose personal character for holiness nothing whatever is known". Before his martyrdom an attempt had been already made upon his life by the Jews, and his friends besought him to resign his dangerous office, but he answered calmly, "Let them make a good martyr of a bad priest". He was stabbed repeatedly in the neck, and lingered two days, incessantly thanking God and praying for his murderers. It is not surely necessary to defend the policy of Ferdinand and Isabella towards the Jews, in order to establish this man's claim to the veneration of the faithful. It is true, as Dr. Littledale notes, that his murderers had, in addition to the *odium fidei*, a private grudge against him for

<sup>1</sup> See *Histoire de France*, A. Gabourd, tom. v., p. 421.

having condemned a relative to death; but there is nothing to suggest that there was anything unjust, or even especially harsh, in the sentence.<sup>1</sup> A cultus at once arose about his tomb, which was constantly confirmed by numerous attested miracles; amongst these we may mention the raising of three children to life. He was beatified in 1664 by Alexander VII. at the earnest and repeated solicitations of Spain and its kings. His office has been said ever since, not only in Spain but in parts of Italy, particularly at Bologna, where the martyr had once been professor. It is surely gratuitous to accredit the Rome of to-day with any particular affection for the Inquisition, because Pius IX., on the presentation of fresh miracles, accorded to Peter d'Arbues the final honours of canonisation.

I have said that I am not concerned to defend the treatment of the Jews in Spain; but I think we have hardly realised what extraordinarily difficult people the Jews of that day were to deal with. In one of the early accounts of the death of Peter d'Arbues his murderers are spoken of as "wicked men accustomed to live by the oppression of the innocent". Of course it may be said that this is merely an expression of hostility towards men who followed out strictly the legal advantage which their superior cleverness in money-dealing gave them. I believe it to be a fair account of the ordinary Jew of that day in Spain. A few extracts from a practical treatise on morals by Maimonides may throw some light upon the attitude of the Jew towards the Christian.

Moses Maimonides flourished in the twelfth century, first at Cordova, and afterwards at the court of Saladin. He was in his way a liberal, had travelled much, and translated various Gentile books, and had excited the animosity of sundry stricter brethren by the freedom with which he had abridged the Talmud. The article upon him in the *Biographie Universelle* extols him as quite the greatest light amongst the Jewish Rabbins. He wrote at a time when the Jews

<sup>1</sup> The Inquisition had to deal with a great variety of criminals, amongst others, with "murderers and rebels, if their deeds were in any way connected with the affairs of the Inquisition" (Hefele's *Life of Ximenes*, chap. 17).

were free from the exasperating influence of the Inquisition, and so he may be taken fairly to represent the Jew at rest. His essay is formally entitled "On Idolatry," and as such has been published with a Latin translation by Voss.<sup>1</sup> But, under idolaters, Christians are unmistakably comprehended; indeed, as we shall see in one of the strongest passages, he uses the term "Gentile". He says (cap. x. sect. 1), "We must not show them mercy, and so if any one see a Gentile perishing or drowning in the water, he must not give him aid. If he see him nigh unto death he must not snatch him from death. Natheless, actually to slay him, or to push him into a pit, or the like, is wrong, because he is not at war with us." His Dutch commentator is shocked in a mild way, and exclaims, "Maimoniden hic qui purgem non video". He continues: "Such Israelites as forsake their religion or become Epicureans, we are bidden to slay and pursue even unto hell. . . . Hence we may learn that it is forbidden to minister medicine to idolaters for any guerdon whatsoever. But if a man is in fear from them and believes that such conduct will make him extremely hated, he may do it for a guerdon, but on no account gratis" (cap. ix. sect. 13). The Jew is allowed to assist a pagan woman in labour, if he is afraid not to do so; it is lawful "odii causa obstetricari" (sect. 10). A Jew must not buy from travelling merchants licensed by an idolatrous government, because the licence-money helps to uphold idolatry. If he has done so, and it be merchandise, he must leave it to rot. If it be a slave and he tumble into a pit he must not pull him out, though he must not push him in. Beside this typical Jew, Shylock is something almost "gentle". The Spanish government may have been extreme, but it must be admitted that a policy of toleration in regard to such subjects presented exceptional difficulties.

I have endeavoured to group Dr. Littledale's charges with some regard to their subject matter, but it is like trying to arrange the "saxorum crepitantium turbo" which overwhelmed St. Stephen. I take now the charge against Pius VII., because, if it were true, it would convict the Pope of

<sup>1</sup> Upon this translation I am dependent.

such an exquisite piece of baseness and cruelty as would fit him to take a place with the Anglican bishops in Dr. Littledale's chamber of horrors. He talks (p. 810) of the "plot of Pius VII. with Napoleon I. against the liberties of the Gallian Church". It was unfair enough to speak, as Dr. Littledale has done in his Tract on Anglican Orders,<sup>1</sup> of Pius VII. acting as the tool of Napoleon I.; but anyhow tools don't plot. However, the genesis of vituperation is not logical—"vires acquirit eundo"; it is now a plot, and against the very Church which had just poured out its blood so generously in the dreadful revolution. Pius VII., even on the admission of his enemies, was a man of singular piety and benevolence, gentle to a fault; and yet Dr. Littledale has no hesitation in charging him with this hideous treachery. The motive of the Pope's action has always been perfectly clear. For the first time the wildfire of the Revolution took a "questionable shape"; it became human in the person of the man who had mastered it; and the man was one whose keen eye appreciated in the Church a great element of social order. So far as Pius VII. entered into any plot with Napoleon I., it was a plot against the Revolution, and its object was to restore to millions of Christians the aids and consolations of Christian rite and sacrament. It was impossible to attempt to bring back the exiled hierarchy without setting all France in a blaze. Under these circumstances the Pope ventured upon what was doubtless an extreme act of papal jurisdiction. This was the project, this the motive, perfectly adequate and perfectly in accordance with the character of the person in question, and yet Dr. Littledale must needs suggest the theory, quite new and quite gratuitous, of a plot, as uncongenial to the refined and tender soul of Pius as the intent of stabbing treacherously to the conception of an avenging angel.

The late Pope, says Dr. Littledale (p. 821), has "upset the moral law". How wonderful, everything considered, that such a delicious expedient should never have occurred to a Pope before! And it was done so easily, "by making

<sup>1</sup> Masters, 1871.



Liguori a Doctor of the Church, and his 'probabilism' her accredited doctrine". St. Alphonso Liguori was made a doctor of the Church, not because he was the inventor of "probabilism," or of anything else in particular, but because he was the first considerable theological writer of recent times who had set the seal of very conspicuous sanctity upon what had for some time been the prevailing sentiment and practice of the Church. As to probabilism, it is, *pace* Dr. Littledale, very consonant with common sense. It is the application to the confessional of the common principle which lies at the bottom of all equitable jurisprudence, "Lex dubia non obligat". It practically comes to this, that, *e.g.*, a penitent can fairly say, "I do not know how it may really be, whether I am bound in charity to incur this expense or not, but I see there is good substantial ground both in reason and authority in favour of the lawfulness of the easier line of action, although what may be fairly considered a somewhat greater weight of reason and authority makes against it: my liberty is in possession: with this really probable ground in my favour, I am not probably, but certainly free, for 'lex dubia non obligat'". Whilst the confessor on his part, although he may urge the other course as the higher and better by every argument in his power, does not feel himself justified in enforcing, under pain of loss of absolution, the choosing of the presumably better part. This is probabilism; an innocent-looking doctrine truly to be accredited with up-setting the moral law.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Littledale taunts us (p. 817) with having been so languid in our defence of Christianity against the Deism of the last century, that the Abbé Migne, in his "Démonstrations Evangéliques," has actually had to appeal to Anglican writers. Now against whom, I would ask, is this objection levelled? Against Spain or Italy? But who were the Deistic writers

<sup>1</sup> So far from St. Alphonso's probabilism being extreme, it has been maintained recently by the Redemptorists against the Jesuits, that his doctrine is not probabilism so much as *æqui-probabilism*, which requires the opinion you follow to be equally probable with the opinion you set aside.

there to combat? <sup>1</sup> Against the French Church? What! the Church of Bossuet, the great Gallican Church, in whose praise Dr. Littledale is so eloquent? Against the persecuted remnant of Catholics in this country? And in whose interest is it urged? In that of the Anglican Church at notoriously its deadest and least Catholic stage. I answer then, that eighteenth century Deism was for the most part English speaking, and that you and your father's house had silenced the Catholic Church in England; that in France such a work as the Benedictine "Divinitas Jesu Christi" was a host in itself, to say nothing of such writers as Bullet and Bergier, but that the Abbé Migne doubtless felt that heretics had their uses; of whom St. Hilary of Poitiers says, "Their mutual victories are the Church's triumph over them all, whilst one heresy combats in another that very point which the faith of the Church condemns; for heretics have no point common to them all. Meanwhile when combating each other it is our faith that they assert." I do not here wish to use the term "heretic" reproachfully, but how many, I would ask, of a list which comprehends Locke and Burnet and Tillotson, have reached the Ritualist standard of Catholic orthodoxy? Observe, this appeal to Migne's undenominational collection, a collection embracing Catholic, Protestant, and even infidel writers, amongst others Rousseau, is Dr. Littledale's *tu quoque* to the remark that Anglicans have had to import their manuals of practical theology from us, which importation at least suggests that the theology itself is exotic. As though the Catholic Church had not, as Fr. Newman remarks in a passage appealing to this very collection (Idea of a University, *Disc.*, i., p. 26), "ever used unbelievers and pagans in evidence of her truth, as far as their evidence went. She avails herself of scholars, critics, and antiquarians who are not of her communion, . . . and the late French collection of Christian Apologists contains the writings of Locke, Burnet, Tillotson, and Paley."

When we turn from the eighteenth century to our own,

<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless Italy contributed several distinguished apologists, amongst others, the great Cardinal Gerdil; and as early as 1718 Collins' Discourse was condemned at Rome.

and ask what has been done respectively by the two communities in the way of resistance to the attacks of modern materialism, we are met by the significant fact that when the veteran leader of the High Church party would enter his solemn protest against science, falsely so called,<sup>1</sup> he selects his weapons almost exclusively from our armoury,—from Mivart, Reusch, *The Dublin Review*, *The Rambler*, F. Pianciani, S.J., Fr. Newman; no Anglican writer is even mentioned.

After attempting to show that Roman Catholics have not deserved to succeed, Dr. Littledale proceeds to contend that, as might have been expected, they are not succeeding in this country. Our quality is bad, and we are not “maintaining our natural ratio of increase,” as the marriage returns prove (pp. 817, 818). As regards the disproportionate numbers of Roman Catholics convicted of criminal offences, I shall not pretend to check Dr. Littledale’s statistics. I admit that our criminals are greatly out of proportion to the number of our population, but I submit that as immensely out of all proportion is the number of our very poor, the class from which prisons and reformatories are mainly supplied. Again, “criminal offence” is a wide term, embracing everything from rape and wholesale fraud to assaulting the police and obstructing the pathway. Until denominational statistics discriminating the different kinds of criminal offence are produced, I cannot see how any fair conclusion can be drawn as to our relative morality. My strong expectation, take it for what it is worth, grounded on some years’ experience as chaplain in a jail, is that amongst our technically called criminals the number of grave offenders would be comparatively small. The vast majority of Irishmen of the poorer class, when packed in one of the crowded alleys of our great towns, are, even when quite sober, convertible at a moment’s notice, and as often as the police may think it advisable, into criminals of the slighter sort. When the tide of Irish immigration set in upon this country, our priests and schools were wholly inadequate to meet the sudden demand made upon

<sup>1</sup> “Unscience, not Science, adverse to Faith.” A Sermon by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., 1878.

them, and the Irish immigrant, used to the almost paternal vigilance of his own parish priest, found that he was left to himself in a strange land. No wonder that soon after the flush before 1851 a steady falling-off ensued, suspended only by the characteristic revival, noticed by Dr. Littledale, at the No-Popery agitation. I believe that there are at least 1,500,000 Roman Catholics in England and Wales, instead of the 1,000,000 allowed by Dr. Littledale;<sup>1</sup> and for these there are something under 1,900 priests of all classes, of whom many have no sort of congregational work. It is rather too bad to find that, when Dr. Littledale is calculating the ratio of criminals (p. 818), he complains that the Church of England "is held accountable for every one who does not definitely avow himself as a member of another society"; and that, on the contrary, when he would test the quality of either community by calculating (see footnote, *ibid.*) the proportion to their respective populations of the clerical force at their command, he allots to the Anglican clergy the whole population of the country, Roman Catholics included, for which, he insists, "the Anglican Church is responsible". Now, the Roman Catholic priesthood does concern itself, and so, in a certain sense, may be said to hold itself responsible for the whole population; but of only a very small minority of the Anglican clergy can the same be said. However, let both communities lay claim to the 24,000,000. I can have no possible objection, and the result is that Catholics have only 1,900 men for the same work for which Anglicans have 23,000. Of course, I do not insist upon what no doubt was a mere oversight, though an outcome, I fear, of that greediness of cheap triumph which characterises the whole of Dr. Littledale's article. Let us take, then, the 12,000,000 ordinarily allowed to the Anglican Church; for these it has 23,000 clergymen—that is, one to every 521; whereas our 1,900 priests to 1,500,000 is one to every 789. So much for Dr. Littledale's calculation, which gives a

<sup>1</sup> *Whitaker's Almanack* allows 2,000,000 to Great Britain, and 500,000 is surely a generous allowance for Scotland. *The Catholic Church in Scotland* (Glasgow, 1878), a statistical pamphlet emanating from the highest authority, sets down the Scotch Catholics at about 300,000.



proportion to population of two priests for every Anglican clergyman. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the heaviest of a Catholic priest's duties in a large town parish is his attendance on the dying. He believes, in common with such Ritualist clergymen as have really grasped the Sacramental system, that the ministrations of the priest at a death-bed may make all the difference. In consequence of his so believing, this portion of his work necessarily enforces a predominant claim upon his thoughts and energies; whilst of its results there can be nothing whatever to show till the great day of account. With the vast majority of Anglican clergymen, on the contrary, this most laborious and harassing part of the Christian ministry is to a great degree in abeyance; and even amongst Ritualists, with few exceptions, it falls far short of the proportions it assumes with us. Partially worked-out statistics certainly do not present the controversial field I should have selected, but I am bound to follow Dr. Littledale; and it is important to show that, where most men at least affect scrupulosity, he does not care to do so.

As regards the argument from the marriage returns, I must premise that our marriage returns less fairly represent our numbers than in the case of any other community. Marriage in the Roman Church is a sacrament, for which the recipients are expected to prepare themselves by confession; and it anyhow obliges ill-livers to face a religious influence which they have the strongest desire to avoid. The consequence is that a number of bad Catholics every year, particularly, but by no means exclusively, in the case of mixed marriage, go through the ceremony before the Registrar or in the Anglican Church. There is, on the other hand, nothing whatever to deter bad Protestants from being married in the Anglican Church.<sup>1</sup> But this, it will be said, and fairly said, does not meet the argument from the diminution of the ratio of the marriage returns. I submit that, in the face of such a phenomenon as the Irish immigration, a minute calculation

<sup>1</sup> Again, we must take into consideration the number of our celibates, the comparative infrequency with us of re-marriage, and our innocence of divorce.

of real gain or loss is hardly attainable. The flush which in 1851 doubled our marriage returns was succeeded by a long course of diminution, arising from our loss in children and adults, for whom it was impossible to make adequate religious provision; and again, we must take into account the egress of English-Irish to America, which has been going on for the last twenty years; and, more than all, the enormous losses we have sustained, owing to our disproportionate number of very poor, in pauper children. Under the circumstances, I really believe that to have fairly realised in 1878 our enormous flush of 1851 is matter for serious congratulation. I have a little hesitation in accepting Dr. Littledale's way of accounting for the increase in the marriage returns of 1853 by the No-Popery agitation. It may have increased the number of Catholic marriages, by bringing more Catholics to their duty, but it surely diminished, rather than not, the number of converts in the lower and middle classes; and assuredly the Public Worship Act can never have had any appreciable effect either upon conversion in these classes or on the regularity of Catholics.

Conversion to Rome of Englishmen, mainly from the lower and lower-middle class, is a real and continuous fact. I am sure that I can appeal to the testimony of all our priests in large towns, that, although their hands are too full for anything that can be called proselytism, a steady if slender stream of converts, year after year, from these classes, is one of the most cheering experiences of their missionary life, and furnishes them, for the most part from the Anglican Church, with some of the most satisfactory members of their flocks. The least intelligent of these converts have a very sufficient appreciation of the confusion and feebleness of what they are leaving, and the reality and unity of what they are embracing, and there is more philosophy than is at first apparent in the saying as to the Catholic Church one comes across so frequently amongst English Protestants of the lower class, "She was the first and she will be the last".

The Roman Catholic laity, Dr. Littledale says (p. 818), "are distinctly more narrow, apathetic, negative, more incapable of interest in higher thought, even on religious topics, less

earnest and willing—apart from those who devote themselves directly to clerical and conventual life—to work in and for their Church. Indeed, the complaint I hear from Roman Catholics is, ‘We can get money enough for almost any scheme we start, but they drop through, one after another, because we cannot get the men.’” For this he considers the clergy are responsible “in their cravings to officialize everything”.

My answer is, that, literally, we have not got the subjects; that is to say, we can seldom find, except in the most favoured congregations, a sufficient number of persons of any one class—above the lowest class—to co-operate in parish work, and there are often difficulties in the way of isolated work, apart from the question of its efficiency. The very confession that we can get “money enough” (?) is a considerable corrective of the charge of want of earnestness. Out of our comparative poverty it seems we give abundantly, but, of course, we cannot create masses of men socially homogeneous. The priest is thus forced to officialise things more than he otherwise would. At the same time I do not deny that the tendency to professional exclusiveness in the Roman Catholic clergy is strong; it is the price it pays for its professional efficiency.

It is unfair in estimating the religious spirit of the Catholic laity to exclude altogether those who “devote themselves to conventual life”. We precipitate, in the form of religious, a considerable proportion of the most zealous part of the community. Taking the Roman Catholic laity as they are, they have to fight each man almost by himself, like the Guards at Inkerman, an isolated battle, and certainly neither hearts nor purses have been wanting in the cause of charity and religion.

I should like to paraphrase one portion of Dr. Littledale’s charge, and to accept it so paraphrased. Our laity are comparatively narrow, as walking in a road which leads whence and whither they know. They are unexcited, “apathetic,” if you will, as compared with the rash excursionist who is trying to edge his daring way betwixt legal rock and liberal surf, and, above all, they are ever scrupulous to check their

“high thought on religious topics” with the “noli altum sapere” of the apostle.

### III.

Dr. Littledale testifies (p. 819) that it is “our general experience that conversion to Rome involves, in a large majority of instances, sudden, serious, and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration, especially as to the quality of truthfulness”. He supports his theory of intellectual deterioration by the fact, “that the very first thing most new converts do is to sell off all their books,” as a preliminary to sinking into a state of “cold religious indifference scarcely distinguishable from scepticism”; whilst their moral deterioration is illustrated (1) by the account of an acquaintance of Dr. Littledale’s who gets drunk and assaults the police on the day of his reception; (2) by the misbehaviour of the convert majority of an Anglican sisterhood who, “under very high Roman authority and counsel indeed,” expelled the Anglican minority, and at the same time refused to pay any part of the year’s expenses, whilst retaining almost the whole of the furniture. This last illustration is further pointed and applied by comparing the edifying conduct of the Anglican superior-general, who would not allow the aggrieved minority to prosecute, with the disedifying legal contest of *Saurin v. Starr*. Dr. Littledale also points out, as reflecting at once upon the convert himself and the Church which fails to utilise him, that one convert clergyman has become “a house-decorator,” another “a low comedy reciter and author,” a third “a mere loafer about billiard-rooms and the like”.

He proceeds to range the causes of conversion under three heads—temperament, sentiment, and practical grounds. Amongst the sentimental causes he most characteristically includes episcopal opposition, doubts as to orders and jurisdiction, and the possibly invalidating effect of State interference. Amongst practical grounds he insists upon—1. The desire on the part of Anglican clergymen to “be free from the moral and religious checks of the clerical profession, and to be at liberty to adopt uncensured the habits of a fast layman”



(p. 799). 2. Want of Ritualistic opportunities. 3. "Sheer mental laziness and sloth" (p. 815).

I now approach what I feel to be decidedly the most delicate part of my task. I may be told that the more wanton and extravagant Dr. Littledale's aggression, the less needful to care about a defence. But then Dr. Littledale is, after his fashion, "lively and powerful," and this is sufficient to win appreciative regard. There are so many persons who are naturally glad of anything that may tend to weaken at any cost, in popular estimation, the adverse testimony of "Rome's recruits"; and anyhow it is well, in the general interest of fair play, that Dr. Littledale's polemic should be put in its true light. And yet the recollection of a certain fable troubles me, which tells of a bear who, out of pure friendliness for a sleeping man, was fain to crush a fly that teased him; but, zealous overmuch, severely bruised the slumberer's cheek, and killed an ancient friendship. I can only say that I will be as little personal as the personality of Dr. Littledale's offence permits.

In the first place I would remark, that even if I were inclined to accept all Dr. Littledale's facts in the very colour he gives them, they are ludicrously insufficient to sustain his charge of intellectual and moral deterioration against the convert body. Nay, inasmuch as Dr. Littledale's heart is certainly in his work, and he is not overburdened with scruples of delicacy, the fact that he only produces two or three unpleasant cases, although he assures us they are only specimens, is a strong testimony that no more are forthcoming. You have no right to contest the valour of a regiment because it has been once reported, even on the best authority, that a man here or there has been seen to hang back.

Dr. Littledale thinks that Rome ought to have utilised convert married clergymen as clergymen. She could not have done so without revolutionising her whole system. Is it clear that it would have been to the general advantage to have done so? No doubt to many convert clergymen it has been a very trying lesson to learn, but certainly not one conducive to moral deterioration, that "they also serve who only stand and wait".

The "house-decorator"—I can only suppose Dr. Littledale is here referring to a gentleman very well known in art circles, who certainly has given designs for the decoration of various houses as well as churches—would, I am sure, account the humblest employment with which Dr. Littledale should accredit him as far more honourable than that of trying to make the face of heresy "beautiful for ever"; whilst the "low comedy reciter and author," who has furnished more innocent food for honest laughter than almost any one in his generation, can well afford to smile at Dr. Littledale's cynical contempt. I would suggest that Mr. Sketchley's popular heroine should interview Dr. Littledale on the spot; indeed, this might perhaps be the most appropriate way of answering him. As to the billiard-room loafer, and Dr. Littledale's other acquaintance, who got drunk and assaulted the police, I abandon them regretfully, feeling sure, from the mere fact of their appearance in the excellent company of Dr. Littledale's black list, that there must be a world to say in their behalf. Had the facts regarding the converted majority of the Anglican sisterhood been precisely as Dr. Littledale has related them, of course restitution would have been necessary; as it appears this has not been made, the sisters doubtless do not accept Dr. Littledale's version of the facts. The superior-general's sentiment as to the impropriety of sisters quarrelling was a noble one certainly, but perhaps too it was quite as well, considering what bad lawyers women generally are, that she did not lean too confidently upon her boldly expressed opinion, "Your claim would stand good at once in law". Such mingled amiability and prudence is of course a far more pleasing spectacle to contemplate than that of a crazy Catholic nun prosecuting her sisterhood. The year's bills, however, I venture to think, might have been left with equal prudence and propriety in the hands of the local tradesmen, who would have had no scruple in exacting their payment from the establishment to which they had furnished their goods.

Converts sell their books, according to Dr. Littledale, for something the same reason that prompted Prospero to drown

his, because they were of no further use to men who had relinquished their private judgment.

. . . But this rough magic  
 I here abjure ; and, when I have required  
 Some heavenly music, . . .  
 . . . . . I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book.

The fact being that converts for the most part have left a state of comfort for one of penury, a state of stable prospects for one of complete uncertainty, and they sold their books because they were the goods most readily convertible into money upon which they could lay their hands. With most of them their having done so has been a constant topic of regret, because the sum obtained was generally very trifling, and the books not easily replaced. If Dr. Littledale knows anything of converts, he knows this. One is reminded of the proverbial unmanliness of beating a cripple with his crutch.

I now come to Dr. Littledale's three classes of causes of conversion, Temperament, Sentiment, and Practical Grounds. Of the first I will only observe, that to suppose a man created with a natural sympathy for the character Dr. Littledale has ascribed to the Roman Catholic Church, is little short of a libel on the Creator.

As regards the sentimental causes, I suppose the main difference between the mind that is converted to Rome and Dr. Littledale's is just this, that the former is incapable of taking the opposition of bishops, doubts as to orders and jurisdiction, for merely sentimental, as contrasted with real difficulties. It feels that the basis of all Church-life is authority, and that the persistent opposition of ecclesiastical superiors to what it regards as Catholic faith and practice proves that the body in which authority and Catholicism are so opposed must be something short of Catholic. This constitutes an objection of far too solid and real a character to be met by such a sentimental satisfaction as that of cutting up the bishops in a

magazine. "Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis," exclaims Fr. Newman in his *Apologia*. "It is because the bishops still go on charging against me, though I have quite given up: it is that secret misgiving of heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them: this it is which weighs me down." Even Dr. Littledale seems to feel that his classification requires some apology, and attempts to justify it thus. He says that in his experience "they are almost never the original moving causes, but are simply caught up subsequently, in nineteen cases out of twenty, as a justification for seceding". Surely this vitiates his classification; he had undertaken to classify, not the excuses, but the causes of conversion. In his pretension to be exhaustive he pressed what he presently acknowledges to be a mere excuse into his list of causes; with what face then can he pass over so lightly what converts, with hardly an exception, testify to being the main motive of their secession—the fearful suspicion, gradually settling into a certainty, that the Church of England is "a mere national institution" and as a Church "the veriest of nonentities" (*Apologia*, note 2). As to doubts about orders and jurisdiction, we know that Dr. Littledale can make short work of them;<sup>1</sup> but then, as every one who has read Canon Estcourt's book on *Anglican Orders* knows, there is ground for the gravest doubts of Barlow's consecration, an all-but certainty that, if the *opus* of the formal consecrator be *nil*, the co-operation is *nil* also, and the plain fact that the Anglican form is an ambiguous one, which, when read in the light of the mutilated ordinal and liturgy, is unlike anything that has been accepted, as even probably adequate, either by East or West. It is a curious commentary upon Dr. Littledale's absolute self-confidence that a party from amongst his more advanced brethren have actually had themselves re-ordained, and three of them consecrated bishops, by, as they say, representatives of no less than three lines of undoubted episcopal succession, and actually re-baptise and re-ordain all Anglican clergymen who join them. According to these gentlemen the jurisdiction of the Anglican episcopate has lapsed to them,

<sup>1</sup> See *Anglican Orders: a Summary of Historical Evidence*, 1871.



the bishops having forfeited it in their attempt to transfer it to the State.

It is this intense feeling of the nothingness of what they are leaving that is the characteristic, I may say, of converts from Anglicanism to Rome, and it is the naïve expression of this irresistible conviction that offends so intensely those whom they leave behind. Converts before reception, it is true, as a rule, have by no means solved every objection that can be brought by able disputants against this or that particular doctrine; but they firmly believe that Christ's Church is on a rock, and they know that they are in the water. It would be unreasonable to demand of a drowning man that he should not attach himself to the only piece of *terra firma* that presents itself, until he can give a scientific account of all its animal and vegetable productions.

It is only natural that Anglicans should be inclined to dwell upon any other reason of conversion, rather than one so painful for them to contemplate. But I do not know who has gone so far as Dr. Littledale in imputing ill motives to men who, whatever their shortcomings, have, at least most of them, been sufferers for conscience' sake; each one of whom might say with Fr. Newman that he "has given up much that he loved, and prized, and might have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and Truth better than dear friends". As I have already said, I am not pleading my own cause, yet in one sense it is mine, inasmuch as it is the cause of those to whom I owe it that I am not now on board a ship drifting heavily on the rocks, with officers and crew alternately putting one another in irons.

Dr. Littledale talks of "moral deterioration" and the operation of such causes as the desire of "unrestraint" and "sheer laziness and sloth"; whereas I have been all my life wondering, as one does in reading the acts of the martyrs, if I could ever have acted half so fearlessly or endured with half the cheerfulness. It may be said that I am witnessing to positive virtues, whereas Dr. Littledale does not say that convert clergymen are not good, but only that they are not so good as when they fed their flocks in his company. Here, of course, he has the advantage of me: I did not know them

then. If their present state is the outcome of a fall, then must their original level have been very high, and their fall curiously light. I might address them in the words of Edgar:—

Hadst thou been ought but gossamer, feathers, air,  
 So many fathoms down precipitating,  
 Thou'dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost breathe;  
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.  
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude  
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;  
 Thy life's a miracle: speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:  
 Look up a-height:—the shrill-gorged lark so far  
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

But the moral height from which converts have fallen—how are we to measure it? Dr. Littledale himself furnishes the standard, in his article of last November. When he tells us that converts have suffered “sudden, serious, and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration,” we know what he means. Once, they handled history and theology with the delicacy and precision of Dr. Littledale. Once, they had all his scrupulous horror of “misleading statements as to matters of historical fact”; once, if ever they did use “such weapons in arguing,” at least it was quite gratuitously, and not because they found it necessary (see p. 823). And now let me continue with Edgar:—

. . . This is above all strangeness:

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
 Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
 Were two full moons: he had a thousand noses,  
 Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridgèd sea;  
 It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,  
 Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours  
 Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Dr. Littledale's ill-treatment of converts would have lacked something in the perfection of its unpleasantness, if

he had omitted an awkward compliment to Fr. Newman, as one who, it appears, has not fallen, and so, whilst unappreciated by his co-religionists, is fortunate enough still to retain Dr. Littledale's esteem. No doubt Fr. Newman has the "reverence and love" of many Anglicans even outside the sphere of his own personal friends, and this is to some extent based upon a true instinct on their part that even his severest blows are "vulnera diligentis". Amongst Ritualists, however, of Dr. Littledale's school, a fashion has for some time prevailed—which only a perverted sense of courtesy could construe into an expression either of reverence or love—that, whenever they throw a stone at a window of the Catholic Church, they hint to Fr. Newman with a bow and a grimace that they know he rather likes it than otherwise. And even when he has sallied out upon them and dealt them his weightiest blows, the very Ritualist transfixed on his spear will writhe round in an expiring effort, not to strike, but to exclaim, "Ah, never mind! your heart is with us, after all". It is touching, and yet it is absurd. It is to their credit that they should like Fr. Newman, as it is that they should like the first five centuries; but their claim upon the one and upon the other is about equal. Such an extravagance could only have occurred to men who have persuaded themselves that they can form an historical Church, as some fantastic youths have thought to form a society, by the arbitrary enrolment of such honorary members as might please their fancy.

Of Ritualists as a body it is very hard to speak. As I have said, they are so heterogeneous. A certain section is no doubt sufficiently exempt from Roman proclivities, but still the body as a whole furnishes, and will continue to furnish, for some time at least, most of the recruits to Rome. Curiously enough, Dr. Littledale, although in the teeth of his main contention, admits as much. The Roman Church, which fails everywhere else in this country, succeeds, Dr. Littledale allows, when "she poaches in Anglican preserves". For the sake of calling Roman Catholics poachers, he recklessly kicks down his own stool. So be it: it is this, of course, which, from our point of view, most recommends Ritualism;

and as a shaft against us it is absolutely pointless, for the Roman Catholic Church has ever regarded all outside herself as *feræ naturæ*, to whom she has a wholly unrestricted mission.

As to the labours and Christian zeal of numbers of Ritualistic clergymen, I have ever regarded them with the greatest admiration. Young men thrown early into absorbing missionary work may well, for considerable tracts of time, altogether fail to realise the duty of ascertaining their precise relations to the Church which Christ founded upon Peter. And so in their daily combat against evil, in their generous efforts to supply the spiritual and temporal necessities of their neighbours, assuredly the Master whom they serve, the King of whom Dr. Littledale speaks, is with them. But when Dr. Littledale would magnify the persecution to which Ritualists are now exposed as something which has exalted them on an especial platform of honourable danger, as contrasted with the dishonourable security of comfortable converts, I can only say the paradox is worthy of Dr. Littledale.

With the hardy Ritualist of Dr. Littledale's type who can afford to treat episcopal opposition as a sentimental grievance, this terrible persecution resolves itself into the enforced relinquishment of all hope of a bishopric under a Conservative Government, and the impossibility of indulging in any very daring Ritualist manifesto, without being exposed to the chance of legal proceedings, with the possible issue in a brief technical imprisonment, softened by the consolation of troops of sympathising open-handed friends. This is not more, I think, than any man with a good conscience might be expected to endure without special heroism. That the whole position of the Ritualist is an intensely trying one, I willingly admit; but this supposes the existence of those sentimental appreciations and doubts upon which Dr. Littledale has no mercy.

Ritualists have done much, very much, for the revival of zeal and piety in the Church of England; but how can one say, except hyperbolically, what Dr. Littledale has said for them (p. 806): that the whole work is theirs? With what justice can one ignore the co-operation of so many energetic members of the Broad-Church party, such, for instance, as



the present Bishop of Manchester? And when they appeal to their missionary successes—be they what they may—as a sufficient proof of their Catholicity, what is to be said to the successes of the early Methodists?

And now, if I may address myself to these men, forgetting for a moment Dr. Littledale, I would beg them, if in any degree they are tempted to endorse what he has said as to the unfairness of Roman Catholic controversy, to recollect that the main matter in dispute between Roman Catholics and themselves, *viz.*, Papal Supremacy, is an article of Roman Catholic faith which we hold on the same motive that we hold the other articles of our creed, and so there is always a danger, to which a free debater on indifferent matters is not exposed, lest a Catholic unskilled in controversy should allow the authority of a conclusion, otherwise assured, to guarantee insufficient premises.

Again, as to the expressions of hostility and suspicion in the Roman Catholic prints, which Ritualists are so often tempted to resent, I will say this. I do not think that on whatever terms Ritualists should be admitted into the Catholic Church, converts generally would be tempted to play the part of the prodigal's elder brother. Yet when we turn our eyes upon the section of the Ritualist party represented by Dr. Littledale, which, with open profession of scorn and hatred of Rome on his lips, disports itself in the very vestments which it was death for our Catholic ancestors to possess, with rights to the same, that, for the life of us, we cannot see to be other than those of any inheritor of a hangman's wardrobe, it requires all the grace of that terrible tumble with which Dr. Littledale accredits us, not to be sometimes angry.

To Dr. Littledale himself, although he has been most liberal in his imputations of conscious mendacity, I have no wish to impute any other unfairness than the unfairness of passion. Numbers of his objections are expressed so extravagantly that if we answer them as they stand, it is obvious to retort that we are answering what was never meant. A theologian has no right to use the licence of the hustings and the tradesman's advertisement, and invest his truths in such loosely fitting garments. Moreover, Dr. Littledale uses

weapons which, save so far as the wielder's character may afford an antidote, are calculated to inflict pain out of all proportion to their real effectiveness.

È gentilezza dovunque è virtute,  
 Ma non virtute ov' ella,  
 Sì come è 'l cielo dovunque è la stella,  
 Ma ciò non è converso.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dante, *Il Convito*, canzone iii. :—

“With virtue, gentleness doth ever dwell,  
 Though without virtue gentleness may be ;  
 As there the sky is, where a star we see,  
 Nor holds the converse.”

## ON CERTAIN ECCLESIASTICAL MIRACLES.

THE editor of this Review, knowing that I might be anxious to strike a blow on behalf of my dear father and master, has kindly opened its pages to me for this purpose. I could not but feel that I had a right—and if a right perhaps a duty also—not to leave the defence *tam cari capitis* entirely in the hands of others, however competent and however devoted. And so, still to preserve the metaphor with which the gladiatorial soul of Dr. Abbott has familiarised us in this controversy, I enter the arena. But, even as I am entering, a word is whispered in my ear which almost makes me recoil. I am informed that, besides engaging with the “retiarus” Dr. Abbott, I am bound by the etiquette which governs such institutions to take some notice of the accomplished lady who eulogised him last May, and of Amazonian warfare I have neither the understanding nor the desire. I am comforted, however, by the consideration that Mrs. Humphry Ward has raised no fresh point against the Cardinal which calls for an answer; that her presence may be regarded rather as that of a friendly goddess, who from some exalted sphere blesses her hero, than as his comrade in arms. So far, then, as I succeed in showing that Dr. Abbott’s assault is at once barbarous and futile, I shall have sufficiently done my duty both by the warrior and the divinity.

It is obviously impossible to discuss here all the nine miracles the treatment of which by Newman forms the main subject of Dr. Abbott’s criticism. I propose, therefore, to select two of them: (1) the case of the blind man at Milan; (2) the speech of the tongueless African confessors. No one, I think, will be inclined to regard my choice as evidencing any reluctance to face the full brunt of hostile criticism, for the first has been indicated by Dr. Abbott<sup>1</sup> as the battle-

<sup>1</sup> *Newmanianism*, p. xxvi.

ground of his choice; and the second is popularly supposed to have been wholly driven out of court by a flood of new evidence, in regard to which the Cardinal's attitude has been subjected by his critic to strictures of peculiar severity. Unfortunately both for myself and for my readers, several points of serious importance remain to be considered before I can enter with any satisfaction upon the proposed discussion.

To begin with the least pleasant part of my task. I am concerned to justify, or at least explain, the general sentiment, in which I fully concur, that the *Philomythus*, quite apart from the justice or injustice of its various critical points, is a violation of the decencies of literary warfare; that it is a phenomenon which has to be accounted for, which never ought to have come about, and to which one is tempted to address oneself rather as to the abatement of a nuisance than the repulse of an adversary.

It is not necessary to make a florilegium of expressions such as "venom," "underlying foulness and falsehood," with which the work abounds, as this has been done more than once already. The author's one defence is that, having once formally admitted Newman's sincerity, he is at liberty to use what language he likes of his objective methods, and of Newman the writer as distinguished from Newman the man. But in reality the charge of dishonesty thus qualified, at least from one point of view, is an aggravation; for present unconsciousness of "underlying foulness and falsehood" is dearly bought by the long course of more or less conscious trifling with truth which it implies. Once, indeed, Dr. Abbott forgets altogether this precious distinction between conscious and unconscious falsehood; for (p. 207), in his vivid dramatic way, he puts into the Cardinal's mouth a well-articulated scheme of deliberate knavery which he is proposing to carry out. Moreover, the author of *Philomythus* is too good a rhetorician not to know that to play "The Rogue's March" fortissimo through the whole performance, as he does, must effectually obliterate a perfunctory sentence or two in an opposite sense.

But more than this—though his subject-matter is Newman's uncritical treatment of the miraculous, his critic is not



content unless he can strip the Cardinal of all claim to popular esteem. The one endowment he recognises is the inalienable one of style and rhetoric, upon the abuse of which he dwells. But the theology is loveless, the scholarship unsound, the claim to originality of any sort unfounded, and so on to the end. And, worse still, what are we to think of the humanity of a critic who handles as Dr. Abbott does (p. 82) that most pathetic passage<sup>1</sup> in which the writer, when recording his feelings during his Sicilian illness—feelings which he tells us were more or less heightened by delirium—speaks in the very spirit of the Penitential Psalms of the hollowness of his own heart; though even here expressions of love are not wanting—“I had a most consoling thought of God’s electing love, and seemed to feel that I was His”. The long passage of agonising self-reproach is quoted with the comment, “such a sentence as this a lost soul might pass upon itself on the Day of Judgment”. And we are to be grateful, forsooth, that the critic, with contemptuous generosity, declines to hold Newman to the literal truth of his confession, inasmuch as “it was Newman’s way in his introspective mood . . . to distrust and shudder at himself”.

In much the same spirit Dr. Abbott deals with the *Letters* of the last three years of Newman’s Anglican life, addressed to Keble and various intimate friends, in which now one facet, now another, of the portentously difficult problem with which he was struggling showed uppermost and claimed possession; and insists that in any one less sophisticated than Newman such alternations would argue insincerity. See, again, how he treats (p. 79) the touching story of Bishop Butler’s deathbed—a story hardly the less acceptable, one should have thought, to a man of letters, for the primness of its eighteenth-century garb. But why thus deface the good Bishop’s head-stone? Well, you see, Newman says, rightly or wrongly, that he got his doctrine of probability from Butler, and if the Bishop really held it, it is likely enough to have poisoned his death-bed more or less. Are the net and trident not enough for Dr. Abbott, that he must needs throw vitriol?

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, vol. i., p. 416.

And now if the Præsens Dea has not long since withdrawn herself from our turmoil, may I not ask her to reconsider the adequacy of that mild rebuke, hardly qualifying the praise, which she administered to her *protégé*: "A good deal of very strong language is disengaged in the process of criticism which would have been better avoided"? Could not the Veronica of Agnostic Christology discover in that image, distorted and unkinged as we regard it, which she has presented to the world, at least some higher lesson of humanity?

Although the miracles of the Thundering Legion and St. Narcissus are not amongst those I have selected, and though I am well aware that these two miracles are in excellent hands, I must refer to them here briefly, as grounding a very heavy charge I have to make against Dr. Abbott. It is nothing less than that of persistence in disproved misstatement.

In his discussion of the first miracle (p. 153) he says: "Newman (242) omits the second 'it is reported that,' which introduces the description of 'the thunderbolts,' and translates it as though it were a statement of Eusebius himself". These last italics are mine: they mark the precise misstatement. When confronted with Newman's rendering of Eusebius beginning with "it is said," and when it is pointed out to him that though the second "it is said" is omitted, yet the whole statement is strictly under the control of the first "it is said," what does Dr. Abbott do? He first appeals<sup>1</sup> to "good scholars," as though it were a question of Greek instead of, as it is, plain English; and then pretends that his words "Newman omits the second" are a sufficient admission that he has put in the first. Of course, this is not the case; for Newman's quotation, for anything Dr. Abbott tells us, might have begun after the first "it is said". Whatever may be the force of the second "it is said" in the place it occupies in the original—and I believe it to be *nil*—one thing is quite certain: by its omission in English Newman did not translate the ensuing description "as though it were a statement of Eusebius himself". As Dr. Abbott sticks to his original assertion, I can only suppose that his retirarian

<sup>1</sup> *Newmanianism*, p. xix.

manceuvres have bewildered him, and that he really does not understand the point of our contention.

In the case of St. Narcissus, Dr. Abbott's misstatement is of much the same character; but here it is the Greek author he misstates rather than the English. Newman had related from Eusebius two incidents connected with this saint: the one of his changing water into oil, the other of the minute fulfilment of a threefold curse invoked upon themselves by his three calumniators in case they should be speaking falsely. Of the whole story the Cardinal remarks, "Eusebius notices pointedly that it was the tradition of the Church of Jerusalem," *i.e.*, that Eusebius asserts no portion of it, natural or supernatural, upon his own responsibility. With this statement Dr. Abbott joins issue (157-58): "In fact, however, Eusebius's pointed remark refers merely to the first of the two stories, the miraculous one; and, further, Eusebius makes the *marked distinction between the two stories* that he records the whole of the miraculous one with a 'they say that,' as a mere *report*, and the whole of the non-miraculous one as a *fact*". And, finally, "Eusebius, if accurately translated, tells us very plainly that he did not mind being responsible for the non-miraculous one, but would not be responsible for the miraculous one". We read and re-read the words of Eusebius, and then protest that anyhow the particular distinction of "report" and "assertion" is not to be found, and we prepare ourselves with some misgiving for an encounter over a piece of Greek. Happily, nothing of the kind is necessary, for in *Newmanianism* (p. xxi) we have not indeed *confitentem reum*—that would be too unretiarian—but a culprit stealthily restoring what it is no longer safe to keep; this, at least, is the phenomenon presented, however unconsciously. A distinction, indeed, is still insisted on, whatever may be its worth, in the way in which Eusebius tells the two stories; but the particular distinction, which Newman was accused of ignoring, between "report" and "assertion," "responsibility" and "non-responsibility," is quietly allowed to vanish in the admission "that Eusebius classifies the second story under 'things worthy of mention enumerated (or stated) by members of the Church of Jerusalem'".

In Newman's *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles* (1842-43), page 228, the author says: "It does not strictly fall within the scope of this essay to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of this or that miraculous narrative as it occurs in ecclesiastical history; but only to furnish such general considerations as may be useful in forming a decision in particular cases. Yet, considering the painful perplexity which many feel when left entirely to their own judgments in important matters, it may be allowable to go a step further, and, without ruling open questions this way or that, to throw off the abstract and unreal character which attends a course of reasoning, by setting down the evidence for and against certain miracles as we meet with them."

Again, in the "Advertisement" prefixed to the edition of 1870, we read that "the ecclesiastical miracles are regarded as addressed to Christians; the rewards of faith, and the matter of devotion, varying in their character from simple providences to distinct innovations upon physical order, and coming to us by tradition or in legend, trustworthy or not, as it may happen in the particular case".

One thing is made quite clear from these extracts—that Newman does not pretend to produce his nine miracles as examples necessarily, all of them, of the miracle in its strict sense; nor, again, as instances, all of them, of facts for which the evidence is of a completely cogent character; but simply as fair examples of the miracle encountered in Church history—seven out of the nine being of an historical or public character.

In his earlier essay (1825-26) he thought he could make a sharp distinction between the miracles of Scripture and those of Church history, grounded on intrinsic difference of character and completeness of attestation; and that he might logically defend the former on grounds of natural reason, likelihood, and evidence against the opponents of Revelation, whilst setting the latter entirely, or all but entirely, aside.<sup>1</sup>

In the essay of 1842-43 he realises that this position is

<sup>1</sup>The only Church miracle for which he shows any leaning here is that of the Frustration of Julian.



untenable. He saw that Church history is a chapter of the self-same sacred narrative of which the Bible is another, and that each contains its record of miracles. Whilst still maintaining that on the whole there was a distinction between scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles, inasmuch as the former were mainly evidential as deliberately exerted for the purpose of evidence, the latter mainly devotional and, so to speak, "tentative," he was aware that many of either kind were to be found in each of the two systems; that, abstracting from inspiration, an appeal to which could not affect unbelievers, the attestation for many of the scriptural miracles was as imperfect, to say the least, as that of many recorded in Church history; and that the testimony of the Fathers to the cessation of miracles had to be reconciled with their persistently witnessing to miracles actually taking place about them, and so must be understood in the sense of the above general distinction.<sup>1</sup>

To put aside Church miracles altogether, without any reference to their evidence, or to demand as a *sine qua non* an absolute cogency of proof, in accordance with the ordinary Protestant spirit, appeared to Newman inconsistent with an ungrudging acceptance of Scripture miracles, and as threatening, in men so minded, an ultimate rejection of the Revelation of which miracles are an integral part, inasmuch as it implies an adhesion, conscious or unconscious, to the general principle that it is a mistake to believe in the miraculous. Thus we see how completely reasonable it was from his point of view for Newman to insist that the main matter to be considered was the question of antecedent probability. Once admit that miracles are antecedently probable, or at least not antecedently improbable under the circumstances, and then we shall admit the particular instances recorded, on such evidence as we should demand for any rare but admittedly possible occurrence such as had happened before and might happen again. It was to recommend this attitude of mind as the only one befitting a Christian, and not to prove this or that ecclesiastical miracle, that Newman wrote his essay. How completely his fears have been justified in re-

<sup>1</sup> See precisely to this effect, St. Augustine, *Retract.*, lib. i., c. xiii.

spect to Scripture miracles let Dr. Abbott and his school declare. I shall have something more to say on this matter later on.

Dr. Abbott (pp. 108-12) makes great capital out of Newman's admission (p. 239) "that false miracles at once exceed and conceal and prejudice those which are genuine". Now, it is pretty clear that in this passage the expression "false miracles" is used in its widest extension as including all miraculous reports in any way attaching to the Christian Church; indeed (p. 235) the Arian "Acts of St. George" are instanced. And so it may be logically understood to embrace the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels and other such whose name is legion. On the other hand, in a previous passage (p. 171), when the writer speaks of the reasonableness of "admitting the ecclesiastical miracles *on the whole*," this expression cannot be understood, as Dr. Abbott maintains it should be, as equivalent to "the majority"; for see how the passage would then read: "It is no real argument against admitting the majority of the ecclesiastical miracles, or against admitting certain of them, that certain others are rejected on all hands". Assuredly if the argument does not avail against admitting the larger proportion, it is needless to say that it does not avail against admitting the smaller. This shows that the phrase "on the whole" simply denotes the class ecclesiastical miracles as contrasted with those of Scripture, and thus harmonises perfectly with the explanatory clause "or against admitting certain of them". Again, when false miracles are said (p. 239) to "prejudice those which are genuine," it is implied that the prejudice is plausible merely, not just, for we are told just before (p. 237) "that such fictions are no fair prejudice to others which possess the character of truth". It cannot be shown that Newman has ever committed himself to the statement that the majority of the miracles originating and freely circulating in the Church are false; thus the basis of Dr. Abbott's elaborate *argumentum ad hominem* from what he calls statistical probability vanishes. Neither can a statistical probability founded upon the mere numerical excess, if so be, of false miracles over true, within the Church—the term miracle being no further specified—

have any cogency except in the abstract, *i.e.* before the concrete character of the particular miracle has begun in any degree to articulate itself.

Thus if false diamonds exceed the true by, let us say, a thousand to one, the sphere of the operation of the statistical probability is simply the report "a diamond here, a diamond there". The moment the note is added, "offered by a respectable firm," "purchased by a great lady who would never wear paste," "has stood such or such a chemical test," the argument from statistical probability is dismantled. When Dr. Abbott would ground upon Newman's exhortation<sup>1</sup> to go by evidence, "so to say, of three to two"<sup>2</sup> in favour of Revelation, an analogous duty of ignoring miracles against which there is a large statistical probability, he is comparing situations which are in no degree comparable. In the former the evidence is complete and has resulted in a manifest *probabiliority*; in the latter it is an abstract *probabiliority* whose cogency ceases with the first entrance of specific evidence.

It may be admitted that Newman, as an Anglican, had an inadequate appreciation of the central current of Church tradition as an eliminating principle, and no acquaintance at all with the great mass of juridically proved miracles in the "Acts of Canonisation".

Dr. Abbott (115-23) charges Newman with having, in his anxiety to soften the ill-effect of later impostures, started the new and alarming paradox that false miracles abounded in the early Church "from the first hour" (171-74); and with having undertaken to prove this abundance from Acts viii. 9 (Simon Magus), xvi. 17 (Jewish exorcists in the name of Jesus), and Lucian, *Peregrin.*, ap. Middleton, page 20. Unfortunately for the critic, this supposed paradox is neither more nor less than a commonplace recognised by all students. Thus, Mabillon<sup>3</sup>: "Nullum sanctius ævum quam nascentis ecclesiæ, et tamen quanta falsorum scriptorum monstra, ementitis apostolorum aliorumque virorum illustrium no-

<sup>1</sup> Tract 85.

<sup>2</sup> Subsequent editions, "twelve chances to two," "a score of reasons for to one or two against".

<sup>3</sup> *De re Diplom.*, lib. i., c. 6.

minibus, pepererit ætas illa, inter alia docet Gelasii Papæ censura". No doubt the mass of these forgeries, with their fictitious miracles, can be shown to be the work of persons with one heretical bias or another, but, except so far as the known authors or their works have been formally eliminated by authority, they inevitably contribute their dark shadows to the broad general effect of Christian literature.

It is to this condition of things that Newman addresses himself, not as to something to his advantage, but as to a difficulty the facts of which are on all hands admitted. He refers to the passages in the Acts as showing that even in so slight an epitome of Church history indications are not wanting of persons apt to abuse their position of Christians, or their relations with Christians, in the direction of miraculous pretension, and as exhibiting a continuation of the policy on the part of the evil one tending to confound the power of Christ with that of Beelzebub.

The reference to Lucian's *Peregrinus* presents us with an impostor who is supposed to have obtained a high position as a Christian among Christians by an exhibition of false miracles. Bishop Lightfoot recognises that *Peregrinus* is a real personage; that he is used as a vehicle for a satire upon St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp—a suggestion of Lightfoot's which Dr. Abbott urges with much triumph, is neither here nor there. On the supposed irrelevance and absurdity of these references his critic grounds a most outrageous protest against the general character of Newman's references.<sup>1</sup>

The abundant impostures of which Newman speaks are such as the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels, and of the pseudo-Acts of St. Peter and St. Paul. He points out that but for the authority of the Canon our Scripture miracles would be associated to this day "with the prodigies of Jewish strollers, heathen magicians, etc.". "Yet in spite of this they

<sup>1</sup>This temper has led him to deny (p. 181) that the cross St. Paula is described as worshipping (St. Jerome, Ep. 108) need be the "discovered Cross". If he had looked he would have seen that it heads the list of the holy objects she visits on her first arrival in Jerusalem. Moreover, Paula and Eustochium especially invite Marcella to join them (Ep. 84) in order that "she may kiss the wood of the Cross".



would have been deserving of serious attention as now." On this score he claims a measure of serious consideration as due to ecclesiastical miracles, in spite of the continuance of such association.

I am now free to proceed to the consideration of the two miracles I have selected. It is only fair to notice that during the nigh upon half a century since the publication of Newman's essay, scholars like Dr. Lightfoot have been actively engaged upon the same ground, and, as might fairly be expected, one or two points of criticism have been ruled in a more or less adverse sense to Newman's finding; though this cannot be said to apply to the particular miracles I am to consider.

All that I am concerned to maintain is that Newman's handling of his subject has been eminently fair; that he has ever given the view opposed to his inclination its recognised status and authority; and that his critic has pursued him throughout with persistent injustice.

#### RECOVERY OF THE BLIND MAN BY THE RELICS OF ST. GERVASIUS AND PROTASIUS.

"The broad facts connected with this memorable interposition of Divine power are these." Thus Newman introduces the miracle in the editions of the essay subsequent to that of 1843. In the last-named edition, the first in which the essay appeared detached from the volume of Fleury, to which it originally formed an introduction, there still remained in the text, just before the words quoted, and in a footnote, a survival of the original connection, in the form of a reference to the pages of Fleury treating of the event, and referring to the original authorities; in regard to which pages the treatment in the essay is spoken of as "one or two additional remarks"; and besides this a reference to another work of Newman's, *The Church of the Fathers*. In subsequent editions this clause and footnote disappear, leaving the section to open with "The broad facts, etc."; and Dr. Abbott bitterly complains that Newman has left his readers wholly without references, and references,

too, which would have exposed his false rendering of the broad facts.

Now, as to the first part of the charge, I answer that Newman, when he first mentions the miracle (p. 137), gives the reference to the main source of the narrative, St. Ambrose's letter to his sister (Ep. i. 22); that in his "Advertisement" (1870) he at least gives a general reference to Fleury when he reminds his readers that the essay was written "as preface to a portion of Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*"; and that for any one capable of referring at all, reference is in this case exceptionally easy. The serious part of the charge is of course the statement that "the broad facts" as given by Newman are not in accordance with the details given by the authorities, the references to which have been omitted. Newman's words are as follows: "St. Ambrose, with a large portion of the population of Milan, was resisting the Empress Justina in her attempt to seize on one of the churches of the city for Arian worship. In the course of the contest he had occasion to seek for the relics of martyrs to be used in the dedication of a new church, and he found two skeletons, with a quantity of fresh blood, the miraculous token of martyrdom. Miracles followed, both cures and exorcisms; and at length, as he was moving the relics to a neighbouring church, a blind man touched the cloth which covered them, and regained his sight. The Empress in consequence relinquished the contest. . . . These facts are attested by St. Ambrose, several times by St. Augustine, and by Paulinus, secretary to St. Ambrose, in his *Life of the Saint* addressed to St. Augustine." He adds (351) that the Arians "denied the miracle . . . but did not hazard any counter-statement or distinct explanation of the facts of the case". It will be convenient to deal with Dr. Abbott's objections to these "broad facts" one by one. They will be found in his own words (pp. 192-96 and p. 255); he is evidently more than satisfied with them.

1. "A quantity of *fresh* blood" is unwarranted by St. Ambrose, whose words are "sanguinis plurimum," much blood. Yes, but a little further on in the same letter the saint says that the grave was wet with blood ("sanguine madet"); thus the blood was liquid, or fresh.

2. This would not be miraculous, for the head of Charles I. after 160 years was found "heavy and wet with a liquid that gave to writing paper and linen a greenish-red tinge". But the king's head was no mere skull of a skeleton, such as those St. Ambrose found; and the saint particularly insists that the blood bore testimony by its colour—"clamat coloris indicio"—which by no means suggests "a greenish-red tinge".

3. There is not a word to tell us that the man was not born blind. Why, it is said that he "regained" his sight, and (p. 352) we are told that "he had been a butcher".

4. The Arians *did* make "a counter-statement or distinct explanation," for St. Ambrose<sup>1</sup> says, "Isti beneficium negant qui factum negare non possunt," and this can mean nothing else but that "although the man was really much better," yet, inasmuch as the cure was not complete, "it was no benefit to him". This last statement is rather fantastic, and will hardly, I think, commend itself to a commission of blind men. The ordinary interpretation of the Arian position<sup>2</sup> is far more plausible, *viz.* that they denied the previous blindness, and so the *beneficium*, but not the *factum* that he touched the relics and saw; but to maintain this in the face of the many persons who knew what had forced Severus to give up his trade was no counter-explanation, but a simple denial—a refusal to accept evidence, without being able to produce anything the other way.

5. The miracle did not achieve the victory, at least single-handed, and Newman ought to have told us that Fleury admits that the letter of the Emperor Maximus may have had something to do with it. Fleury's words are: "Thus were the Arians put to silence by the force of miracles, and the Empress obliged to let St. Ambrose remain at peace. Perhaps her apprehension of the Emperor Maximus may have contributed somewhat towards this result." At most the possibly corroborative, not alternative, influence is recognised as something slight and doubtful. On the other hand, St.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, § 17.

<sup>2</sup> See Twisleton, *The Tongue not Essential to Speech*, p. 207

Augustine<sup>1</sup> knows of no influence but the miraculous, and speaks of the martyr's relics having been brought to light "opportunately for the bridling of fury, feminine though regal". Gibbon (ch. 27) says of the miracles: "Their effect on the minds of the people was rapid and irresistible; and the feeble sovereign of Italy found himself unable to contend with the favourite of heaven".

6. Old men remembered, St. Ambrose says, that they had heard of the martyrs and read the inscription, and this ought to have been mentioned, because it shows that nothing supernatural was required for the discovery; and St. Ambrose's admission, too, that it was a "presage" that led him on, for that disposes of the notion that it was a dream. I answer that before the event the old men had so absolutely forgotten the place that it had become a pathway for those who wanted to reach the further shrine.<sup>2</sup> Afterwards, indeed, they began to remember having "some time or other heard the name and read the title". As to the vision which St. Augustine twice speaks of, and which represents doubtless his recollection of what St. Ambrose told him, it certainly does not contradict the "cujusdam ardor presagii," the expression used by St. Ambrose to his sister. But even were the disagreement allowed and the old men admitted to have known all about it, it would be altogether beside the mark; for Newman in his "broad facts" has carefully avoided any suggestion of a supernatural guidance; he simply says that the saint "had reason to seek . . . and he found".

All the details upon which Dr. Abbott insists in the original evidence are in the Ep. 22 to which Newman refers; none of these details are in the least at variance with Newman's "broad facts".

I will content myself with applying to Dr. Abbott's mosaic of misprision his own phrase, "all this is very bad".

#### THE POWER OF SPEECH CONTINUED TO THE AFRICAN CONFESSORS DEPRIVED OF THEIR TONGUES.

A.D. 404 the Vandal King Hunneric, an Arian, in hatred

<sup>1</sup> *Conf.*, lib. ix., c. 7.

<sup>2</sup> *Paulinus, V. St. A.*, c. 34.



of the Catholic faith cut out the tongues and amputated the right hands of some sixty African Catholics. Victor, Bishop of Vite, in his history of the persecution, published only two years after the event,<sup>1</sup> declares that the tongues were "cut out by the roots". Æneas of Gaza says, "Opening their mouth I perceived the tongue entirely gone from the root". Procopius says that their tongues were cut "as low down as the throat". The Emperor Justinian speaks of having seen "the venerable men whose tongues had been cut off at the roots". St. Gregory the Great tells us that he met with a certain aged bishop at Constantinople, who said he had seen the confessors, "and that it appeared . . . as if their tongues having been cut off from the roots, there was a sort of open depth in their throat". So much as to the character of the excision to which they were submitted. As to the perfection of their speech afterwards we have much the same evidence. "He spoke like an educated man without impediment," says Victor of Vite. "With articulateness," says Æneas, "better than before." "They talked without any impediment," says Procopius. "Speaking with perfect voice," says Marcellinus. "The words were formed full and perfect," says St. Gregory's bishop.

From that day to this, Christian writers have appealed to the incident as miraculous, and, very generally, on this principal ground—that articulate speech without the tongue is impossible. This, however, is not the ground taken up by Newman in his essay. In face of Middleton's two instances of speech without the tongue, he contents himself with denying that the case of one born tongueless or losing the tongue at an early age is parallel with that of the victims of a barbarous execution; and he insists upon the number of the victims and the perfection of their speech. In 1858, however, certain evidence as to Persian penal glossotomy appeared in *Notes and Queries*.

1. Colonel Churchill, speaking of the case of three emirs whose tongues had been "extracted to the root," says that "the tongues grow again sufficiently for the purposes of speech".

<sup>1</sup> See Newman, p. 381.

2. Sir John Malcolm speaks of a khan who, after his tongue had been cut "close to the root," had "a voice which, though indistinct and thick, is yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him".

3. Sir John McNeil says: "I can state from personal observation that several persons whom I knew in Persia, who had been subjected to that punishment, spoke so intelligibly as to be able to transact important business". And again: "I never had to meet with a person who had suffered this punishment who could not speak so as to be quite intelligible to his familiar associates".

After quoting these writers, Newman adds, "I should not, however, be honest, if I professed to be simply converted by their testimony to the belief that there was nothing miraculous in the case of the African confessors," and expresses the wish to be first "quite sure of the appositeness of the recent evidence". He concludes: "Meanwhile, I fully allow that the points of evidence brought in disparagement of the miracle are *prima facie* of such cogency, that till they are proved to be irrelevant, Catholics are prevented from appealing to it for controversial purposes".

It is this qualified position in regard to the miracle that Dr. Abbott denounces so fiercely (pp. 13-35) as "the device of indefinite adjournment". On the contrary, I am prepared to show its complete reasonableness in view of the character of the evidence.

This Persian evidence is considerably amplified and also amended by Mr. Twisleton (the author of the original contribution to *Notes and Queries*) in his work *The Tongue not Essential to Speech* (Murray, 1873), a work with which, oddly enough, Dr. Abbott would seem to be unacquainted. He has added, moreover, some seven cases of the removal of the tongue by European surgeons in which the patients were able after the operation to talk articulately and intelligibly. The book is remarkably interesting, and, in spite of some indefensible abuse both of the Catholic Church and of Cardinal Newman, it must be granted that the details of evidence are marshalled with extreme care and candour. It doubtless proves the possibility of articulate intelligible speech after the com-

plete excision of the tongue ; but does it prove that a number of persons could undergo such excision at the hands of a barbarous executioner, and one and all retain their speech absolutely unimpaired, without a miraculous interposition in their favour? This is the problem we have to face in the account of the African confessors if we accept the contemporary evidence as it is given us.

We will take the point of the perfection of the subsequent speech first, and suppose for the moment that it is a case of modern surgery. We will select one of Mr. Twisleton's most telling instances—that of Mr. Rawlings—as our type ; and we will read it in the light of by far the most elaborate judgment pronounced upon it—that of Professor Huxley. We will assume that the same consonants underwent the same conversion in the tongueless mouths of the confessors that they did in the tongueless mouth of Mr. Rawlings (see the scheme given by Professor Huxley, p. 144). The result may be fairly exemplified in a verse of the Athanasian Creed, containing the very words and phrases which we know the confessors must have used : “*Fishes aufem Cafoica hæc eth, uf unum Sheum in Frinifafe ef Frinifafem in unifafe veneremur*”.<sup>1</sup> I do not think that Bishop Victor or Æneas or Procopius could have found it in their hearts to describe such a travesty as something as good as or better than ever, as “nice language without impediment,” “uncorrupted speech,” etc. Without going any further, I think we could hardly be blamed if we were inclined to regard the fact of sixty persons in the condition of Mr. Rawlings speaking entirely without his impediments as miraculous.

There is another consideration, however, of great importance. Mr. Rawlings had passed through the hands of a skilled operator with all the appliances of modern surgery at his command, whereas the confessors were butchered by barbarians ; and Professor Owen remarks very pertinently (p.

<sup>1</sup> “*Fides autem catholica hæc est, ut unum Deum in Trinitate et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur.*” Professor Huxley, after saying that Rawlings was “wholly unable” to pronounce “l’s and d’s, initial and final,” remarks in another sentence that the “l’s and r’s were slightly imperfect”. In my tongueless paraphrase I have not meddled with the r’s, but I have let the l’s disappear.

148): "No doubt where the tongue was wrenched out by violence, the hyoid and larynx might receive injury and articulate speech be abrogated". The *prima facie* cogency of the Persian evidence turned precisely on this—that the excision was the work of a barbarian executioner; and the first two witnesses had spoken of "extracting to the root," "cutting from the root". One asked oneself whether the Persians might not have inherited some advanced method of surgery, and one particularly desiderated medical testimony as to what was done with the arteries, etc.: now such inquiry has become hardly necessary. We are informed by Mr. Twisleton that the three emirs of whom Colonel Churchill speaks were dead before he came to the East, and that so what he relates of them was mere hearsay; that the tongue is never excised from the roots in Persia, but only *at most* that part cut off which hangs loose in the mouth; and that the tongue never grows. On the whole, the evidence as to the perfection of the subsequent speech does not go beyond the statement that it is intelligible to those who are familiar with it. As to the three emirs, the Consul-General, Mr. Wood, whilst testifying that the Emir Ferris, whom he had met, spoke intelligibly, adds: "I never heard that his two relatives (the other two victims) were able to do so". But, it is urged, is it not reasonable to suppose that the language regarding the extirpation of the tongues of the African confessors may be an exaggeration, owing to a want of anatomical knowledge, of precisely the same character as that of Colonel Churchill and Sir John Malcolm? I answer, Certainly not of precisely the same character, if the substantial accuracy of the African evidence is admitted; for observe, there is not the slightest evidence that either Churchill or Malcolm had ever seen an excision or had looked into the mouth of one who had undergone the operation. Sir John McNeil, who had examined the victim's mouth, testifies to a stump and repudiates all notion of extirpation. It is, of course, sufficiently natural—nay, inevitable—that in default of an anatomical knowledge of the extent of the roots of the tongue, the term "from the roots," as expressing the African operation, may be scientifically inaccurate. But what I insist upon is that no one who



has ever put his finger down his throat could have honestly used the language of the African evidence if the operation had only been what we now admit the Persian was—the removal of the loose tongue. They could never in the face of a great lingual stump have talked of “cutting from the root,” “as low down as the throat,” “a sort of open depth,” etc.

But how, then, are we to suppose that the African operation was carried out? Was it wrought, like that of Mr. Rawlings, through an opening under the chin? Mr. Twisleton urges that such an additional barbarity would surely have been mentioned, not to speak of the difficulty of the performance. I feel the force of this. At the same time it must be remembered that such an operation was actually attempted, though unsuccessfully, upon Joannes the Dumb by Turkish pirates (p. 55). By far the most reasonable supposition, however, is that the operation was through the mouth, the tongue being drawn to its full length, as we read in the Persian account; but that then, not contented with removing what was loose, in a line with the teeth, the executioner, after cutting the ligaments beneath the tongue, proceeded with curved scissors to cut and tear away the main body of the tongue as far down as he could reach. This is a rude paraphrase of the account of an operation which has been repeatedly performed on what is called the Walter Whitehead method.<sup>1</sup> The result would be a mouth such as the African evidence describes; and the operation would be one which would perfectly justify the wonder expressed that the victims were alive to speak at all. I have said nothing of the amputation of the hand, which may be fairly regarded as introducing a somewhat unfavourable complication in the treatment. We learn from Mr. Lund that it requires all the patient skill of modern surgery to control the hæmorrhage when the great lingual artery is cut far back. It may well be that the experience of the ancients, who knew little of tying arteries, had taught them that styptics hardly ever availed against the excessive hæmorrhage ensuing upon cutting the tongue so far back, and that at best, under their rude handling,

<sup>1</sup> See *Removal of the Entire Tongue*, by Ed. Lund, F.R.C.S., 1880.

the operation resulted in a lesion such as Professor Owen contemplated, and articulate speech was abrogated.

Eusebius, in his account of the martyrdom of St. Romanus,<sup>1</sup> says: "It is the doctrine of physicians, to which nature also bears witness, that to cut out the tongue is death to the patient". Of this martyr it is said that "whilst he had a tongue of flesh he spake like Moses, stammeringly and not nicely". Formerly the "R" in his name had been a stumbling-block to him, but after his tongue had been cut out, when the jailer asked him his name, "his tongue's soul (*spiritus linguæ*) answered, and with exceeding precision, 'I am called Romanus'". The physician who had performed the operation was a faint-hearted Christian who had conformed. After that the martyr had continued for a considerable time "to dispute with others of the Cross and Victory of Christ," the Governor charged the executioner with having shown indulgence to a brother. "But, on the contrary, by the larger measure of his cutting he had aimed at death rather than amputation. Fortunately for himself, the physician had retained the amputated portion, which he produced, exclaiming, 'Find me another who has not God for his friend, and according to this same measure let his tongue be cut. If he live, it is my lie and not God's interposition.' A criminal is produced, the measure is accurately taken, the portion that had to be cut is cut, and, as the operation ended, so also did the life."

Dr. Abbott must be contented for the nonce to take a live dog in lieu of a dead lion. After carefully studying all the evidence, I must confess that I am by no means "converted to the belief that there is nothing miraculous in the case of the African confessors".

#### PROBABILITY AND FAITH.

I have reserved to the last the consideration of the thirty-eight pages (chapters 1 and 2) which Dr. Abbott devotes to his analysis, moral and intellectual, of faith, as contradistin-

<sup>1</sup> *De Resurrect. et Ascens.*, lib. ii., ap. Sirmond, *Op. Var.*, tom i. The Eusebian attribution is disputed. Anyhow, the author was a bishop of the fourth century. This Latin version alone remains.

guished from that of Cardinal Newman. I have done so because I wish to leave my subject with some attempt at an appreciation of the motive of this very violent and wholesale attack upon the reputation of the late Cardinal, and I think that the motive is to be gathered precisely in these pages.

He begins by quarrelling with Newman's dictum, accepted from Bishop Butler, that "probability is the guide of life". He objects that it is only when we "stop and think" that "the weighing of probabilities" comes in. Precisely; but how can we render an intelligent account of what is at any rate in part an intelligent act, proceeding upon motives, without stopping and thinking what those motives are? In matter of fact we are continually acting under the impulse of appetite, affection, instinct, but the intellectual momenta so far as they exist must either express themselves as a probable or a demonstrative cogency; the circle of abstract proof must be either imperfect or perfect. It is Newman's object, in the *Grammar of Assent* and elsewhere, to show how, under the discipline of love and conscientious observance, what is in the abstract imperfect proof may and will in the concrete afford a sufficient basis for the certain assent of faith.

Dr. Abbott objects to this theory on two grounds, which, if I understand them, are mutually destructive. He shrinks from the "touch of probability" as a miserable balancing of odds, and at the same time he reprobates it as involving a pretension to prove Christianity—probability, forsooth, meaning "proveableness".

In attempting to answer the question "What is faith?" he is still more hopelessly at sea. Faith, according to Catholic teaching, is the act of believing without doubting whatever God has revealed. The revelation not being immediate to the individual, the question arises as to the evidential cogency of the media through which the revelation is brought home to us. This is the problem accepted by Christians generally, by Bible-Protestants and Anglicans as well as by Catholics, and it is in dealing with this problem that Newman's theory of the assent of Faith has its *ἔργον*.

With Dr. Abbott it is different. After putting to himself the question "What is faith?" nothing will induce him to

explain its character as a mental act or give his reason "*why* he believes". He attempts, indeed, to tell you what he believes—the subject-matter of his faith—and that, he says, makes all the difference as to its character. No doubt it makes a great difference, but of still more practical importance is the authority upon which the act is made; for the right authority will secure the right object as our own fancy cannot. He says (p. 64): "Our belief is that God, *as revealed through Christ in the character of a Father*, is already in some sense, and will be seen to be hereafter, in a sense beyond our present apprehension, *the Ruling Power of the universe*, and our desire is that this should be so". "In the character of a Father:" not at all, it would seem, "in the character of a judge". This implies a careful elimination of much in the Scripture presentment of God: on what principle is it made, and on what authority? Ay, there is the rub; it is the notion of authority as essential to faith, a common property of Christians, whether it is vested in the Bible, the tradition of the first centuries, or the living Church, which is wholly wanting in Dr. Abbott's theory. Even the authority of God or Christ, floating as it does in the elastic medium of Dr. Abbott's sentiment, has no established position in his theory of faith. There is, indeed, a satisfaction, a confidence, in God, but wholly without intellectual submission. "The early Christians," we are told (p. 68), "believed because they could not help it," and this is evidently presented as the normal condition of Christian faith. How, then, it may well be asked, can Christian faith be regarded as a gift of God upon our acceptance or rejection of which will depend our claim upon eternal life? If it be merely a question of satisfying the cravings of our higher nature to which for the nonce we are irresistibly compelled, why talk of Divine faith at all, or of anything suggesting the idea of the supernatural? Why not define faith boldly, as some one the other day is said to have defined the cause of civilisation, as a "progressive desire," though in this case sanctioned and encouraged by the memories of a certain holy life of which it retains the record?

Of course, a scheme of faith such as Newman's must present itself to his critic as at best utterly superfluous. "See



here," exclaims the knowing traveller, exhibiting a small handbag, "I have all that I want: whatever is the good of this elaborate system of freighting by which you would keep in touch with a mass of heavy baggage which you cannot possibly want?" "The weakness of such a faith" as mine, he naively confesses (p. 73), "if it is a weakness, is that it does not embrace a large number of dogmatic propositions"; the bag is small, but then it is handy. "The strength of it—besides that it has no quarrel with reason, and incurs no danger of fanaticism"—you see it is so very small—"is that it is under no temptation to deal dishonestly with facts": facts dogmatic or otherwise are not in its line; it is strictly teetotal, and confines itself to the aerated waters of sentiment. And this is "the victory that overcometh the world, your faith".

At the risk of being considered very rude, I must express my vehement suspicion that the handbag, of which Dr. Abbott almost boasts that it contains so little, really contains nothing—is simply empty—*i.e.*, that his faith embraces not a single one of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But has he not already confessed, as quoted above, to a belief in God and Christ whom He has sent? Of course, I admit that to believe that "the Word became flesh" is to believe one of the supreme dogmas of Christianity and one the belief in which will bring many others in its train; "for not alone come the immortals". But I cannot find that he ever speaks of Christ as God, or applies any epithet to Him inconsistent with the notion that His mission upon earth has not differed, except in degree, from that of other just men sent of God; or, to use his own phrase (p. 66), by "the great fixed and loving world-soul".

But there is more serious evidence than this that the Christian dogma of the Incarnation has no place in Dr. Abbott's creed. There are three doctrines which form, as it were, the affidavits of this dogma—the alpha and omega and central point of the attestation of our belief that God became man. They are the doctrine of our Lord's miraculous Conception, of the miraculous Resurrection of His sacred Body from the tomb, and the doctrine of His Atonement, in which a price was paid which only God could pay. Now, the second

of these doctrines Dr. Abbott implies that he does not hold in any literal sense. He tells us (p. 68) "that it is *right* to believe that Christ *in some sense* rose from the dead and triumphed over sin". *In some sense*—the italics are mine. In something the same way, he admits (p. 207), that Newman was honest—"after a fashion".

The Christian doctrine of the Atonement is resolved (p. 70) into bearing our sins, "as on a small scale men are now bearing one another's sins". Returning to the Resurrection, if we compare the statement (p. 58) that He, "in some real, objective, and possibly natural way, rose from the dead," with the psychological sketch of the witnesses of the Resurrection (pp. 66, 67), we cannot escape the conclusion that the "reality" and "objectivity" is confined to Christ's spiritual triumph over death, in which all just souls in their measure partake, and that the rest is an amalgam of brain-waves, faith-healing, and sympathetic enthusiasm, which somehow results in the distracting conviction that "apart from the exact accuracy of this or that fact, God must be such a one as Christ".

We may see our way perhaps a little clearer into the author's mind if we turn to a work, anonymous indeed, but which all the world attributes to Dr. Abbott, *The Kernel and the Husk*. It is thrown into the form of letters addressed to a young man with religious difficulties, and its object is to persuade him that he may with advantage join the writer in substituting a "non-miraculous" for a miraculous Christ—a natural recognition of a spiritual force realised in an historical personage for belief in a God made man. This non-miraculous Christ is the naturally begotten son of Joseph and Mary, not God the Son, assuming our human nature in the womb of His Virgin Mother. His life is destitute of miracle; his death accomplishes nothing save by way of example; and while his soul returns to God, his body is absorbed into the earth from which it was taken. The volume is dedicated to "the doubters of this generation and the believers of the next"; the believers being those who have accepted a Christianity purged according to the writer's recipe from all taint of the miraculous. The address to the reader opens with

the significant sentence, "The time is perhaps not far distant when few will believe in miracles who do not also believe in an infallible Church".

It is true that (p. 318) the writer expresses his belief in a goodly array of more or less orthodox propositions, amongst others the very one we failed to find in *Philomythus*, "the Eternal Son of God was Incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth". And is not this a miracle? one is tempted to ask; if not, according to what natural law was it accomplished? Alas! even these most solemn words have lost all Christian meaning in this writer's mouth. When we turn to the letter on the Incarnation (p. 279), we find this account of the mystery: "That word of God, which in various degrees inspires every righteous human soul (none can say how soon in existence), did not inspire Jesus, but was (to speak in metaphor) totally present in Jesus from the first, so as to exclude all imperfection of humanity". I am much afraid lest the faith of "his believers of the future" should be a development of the pantheistic element in their master's teaching. Long ago, in his *Arians*, Cardinal Newman warned us that pantheism is the legitimate consequence of giving up the Catholic doctrine of our Lord's divinity, in which the antithesis of God and man is enounced the more keenly in this exhibition of their closest union.

Letter 30 consists of an elaborate justification of the public use of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds by clergymen who do not believe certain of the doctrines contained in them, either in the sense of their framers and imposers, or of the audience. One could imagine one was reading the apology of a neoplatonist philosopher for joining in a public sacrifice to gods in whom he did not believe.

Dr. Abbott's creed, on his own confession, contains but few dogmas. So far as I can make out, it contains none of a distinctively Christian character. I have no interest in discussing his theology in detail, except so far as I have considered that it threw light upon the value of his criticism upon Cardinal Newman's. A critic, who only believes what he cannot help believing, is no judge of a theory of faith; and one who has committed himself to the position that

miracles are not, is as little fitted to judge of the evidence of a particular miracle as a Quaker of the justice of a particular war.

I thought at first that the extraordinary virulence of Dr. Abbott's attack might have sprung simply from the puzzled indignation of a shallow man at what he regarded as over-subtlety; like the Satyr's in the fable who, not understanding that heat and cold are relative, and that a breath of the same temperature may warm your fingers and cool your porridge, fell foul of his guest for blowing hot and cold.

A fuller acquaintance with Dr. Abbott has made me realise the fundamental antagonism of the two men. One has seen the instinctive distress and horror of certain small animals at the sight of a tiger's skin: "C'est sur nous qu'il fond sa cuisine". It is no exaggeration to say that Newman's main *ἔργον* in the Anglican Church was to render clergy-men of Dr. Abbott's type impossible.

After mastering Dr. Abbott's theory of faith, one can have no difficulty in recognising the absolute justice of his remark (p. 73) that "it has no quarrel with Reason, and incurs no danger of fanaticism". Indeed, there is no more likelihood of Reason, even in its most aggressively rationalistic form, quarrelling with a faith like this than of a Newfoundland assaulting a toy terrier. After agnostic Reason has been allowed to decide upon the wholesomeness of Faith's sentimental pabulum, and has vouched for the absence of all taint of the miraculous, she can afford to smile good-humouredly when (p. 67) "Faith puts her gently aside" and pipes out the mild rhapsody which is all her own; and we can almost understand how in the lineaments of Mrs. Humphry Ward she may breathe her blessing upon Dr. Abbott's "retiarian tactics," as he kicks about with much noisy demonstration certain fragments of the great Cardinal's armour, or erects "a trophy"<sup>1</sup> to his own skill in eluding the point of his enemy's objection.

<sup>1</sup> See *Newmanianism*, p. xii.



## IRRESPONSIBLE OPINION.

It is our privilege to inhabit a land of which the poet sings—

The land, where girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will.

And so, whenever we are not responsible for carrying out our opinions into immediate practice, we are inclined to think that they may be expressed with the utmost freedom.

Thus all our thoughts, whether first or second, whether the outcome of mature deliberation or the chance medley of patriotism and indigestion resulting from a daily paper and a free breakfast-table, find expression in conversation at least, if not in type. And often enough in type also, for are we not on excellent terms with the editor of the *Daily* —, and have we not many friends who before now have talked pleasantly about our ready pen?

It is concerning this free expression of crude opinion, of which we are apt to make no conscience at all, that I would suggest a scruple. I do not refer here to religious or moral scruples, of which much might be said, but rather to the scruple social or political, suggesting a responsibility to our fellow-men for mischief more or less probably done them. I would insist that no opinion, as long as it is in any way expressed, can be regarded as irresponsible. If we are narrow and fierce and dogmatic on points regarding which we ought to recognise that our knowledge is very small, though it be only in our own family circle, yet we thereby contribute to the great mass of blatant unfairness which drowns the voice of truth, and we tend to obstruct that deliverance from error which requires as its first condition that honest men should understand themselves, and then understand each other. But, it may be said, and it is said repeatedly, that this narrow

vehemence, inspiring as it does assertions on either side of a question, does in fact neutralise its own mischief. Yet it is this very neutralisation of all distinct thought which is the despair of right thinking. No progress is made in any sphere of thought in which dead carcasses throng the field, still under arms, and still demanding battle.

The times have been

That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end: but now they rise again.

And this is precisely what the many so-called irresponsible thinkers are contributing to bring about in the region of politics, religion, and, in fact, wherever exact science has not preoccupied and fortified the ground. Men habitually allow themselves freedom of expression on thousands of delicate many-sided subjects, on which nothing but a careful and prolonged examination of the question—a process to which they have no intention whatever of submitting themselves—could qualify them to speak at all. They are not consciously dishonest, but they are acting under the excitement of a partial vision, very analogous to that of the victim of alcohol, and they should be held responsible for their misstatements, just as the drunkard is for his acts of violence. Passion, the fostering of pride or ignorance, is an acute form of dishonesty, and its expression is a lie. Indignation must not speak until information has been given of the whole case; then, indeed, it has the right to colour and point the sentence of mature deliberation.

No doubt the temptation to this sort of rash judgment is well-nigh overwhelming. To every paterfamilias in the kingdom above the very poorest, the daily paper may bring any event, any point of conduct or speculation important enough to engage public attention, as the animals were brought to the feet of Adam, that he may name and qualify it as he shall think fit. Nay, so many of the acts and speculations of the world are in a degree addressed to him, as to a member of the great tribunal of public opinion; how can he help sitting in judgment? Poor man! be he as reluctant as Sly himself to receive his honours and “conserves,” he can hardly do otherwise. He must come to a decision of some sort upon the

Egyptian crisis, and upon the conduct of the Lords. He is invited to do so, and Egypt and the Lords are both playing at him more or less. Yes, he has the right, and he may exercise it without reproach, if only he will recognise his partial vision, and speak under correction of that larger portion of his subject which he knows, or should know, that he cannot see.

There is a familiar provincialism used in deprecation of such self-praise as is felt to be inevitable, "Though I says it as shouldn't". Might not this formula be extended to all such enforced judgments as I am contemplating. As thus, "I am decidedly of opinion that the attack at Tel-el-Kebir should have begun an hour earlier than it did, but, seeing that I have been all my life engaged in the manufacture of small-clothes, and that, although a volunteer, I have never seen active service, I says it as shouldn't—Sir Garnet being so much more likely to be right than I". Or again, it may seem unreasonable to me that an aristocratic handful should oppose what is generally understood to be the popular cause; but this opinion which I have a right to form should be qualified by the consideration that I may hardly have mastered sufficiently the theory and history of the British constitution to have apprehended precisely the functions of the different estates. We cannot all be expected to emulate the sobriety of that Parisian bootmaker—a hero of fable, I am afraid—who, being asked his opinion of the respective merits of Turenne and the Grand Condé on the same stricken field, replied, "I made the boots of both gentlemen; as far as boots go there is not a pin to choose between them; beyond that I cannot go, for it lies outside my profession".

But, it may be asked, of what use politically are such hesitating judgments; they do not admit of being utilised for demonstration purposes; they are a rosewater out of which it is not possible to make a revolution. Doubtless, I answer, such practice serves the cause of truth, and the cause of truth only. Nevertheless its first effect is by no means to render a man's view or conduct unsusceptible to the influence of others. What it does do is this: it teaches him to distinguish carefully what he does know from what he does not

know, and, as to the latter, to be very scrupulous in his choice of the authority from which he seeks such information as may be indispensable. Such practice, I admit, will ultimately tend to create a political judgment independent of party; but is this an objection? It must be admitted, I think, by any one who has studied our constitutional history, that government by party, whatever its difficulties, is nothing less than a necessity. But it does not follow from this that it is not well that there should be in the country a considerable body who, belonging to neither party, are free to judge both parties impartially. A few so-called "trimmers" like Lord Halifax might bring no unseasonable contingent to the vessel of the state.

If it be urged of this habit of looking at both sides, of scrupulously forming compensative judgments, "thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; I remark that there is no question of action: these are so-called irresponsible critics. Moreover in judging action, and the conduct of men of action, our use will persistently dwell upon the distinction of speculation and practice. It is one special evil of the licentious criticism I am deprecating, that a course of action, say in politics or strategy, is criticised simply on its own abstract merits, as though it always stood with the actor therein to abstain had he so willed it, whereas it is almost always a question of alternatives, inaction not being one of them. It is this which the narrow-minded impulsive critic is apt to forget. Reconsideration should assure him that no abstract criticism of the course taken can be effective, unless it can be shown that some other practical course is less open to objection. Men of action should find here their own advantage.

I have been considering the positive mischief directly accruing from the prevalence of false crude statement in every sphere of human life; but this is not all that such statement is responsible for. It is often responsible for its opposite. You cannot distort the truth in one direction without provoking a corresponding extravagance in the other. How often has the hot-headed Tory paterfamilias, by the dogmatic inconsequence of his deliverances on every possible subject,



forced into premature development the budding radicalism or scepticism of a younger son? "The pater has been outrageous, unanswerable, and demonstrably absurd"; what wonder then if before he has left school, the clever lad whose new cut logic teeth ache like a puppy's for exercise on every knot and tag that comes in his way, protests, under a sense of blank frustration, that his father's hero shall be no longer his hero, nor his father's god his god.

Is there, it may be asked, no practical suggestion in which these remarks may issue? I believe that Mr. Matthew Arnold's ingenious commendations of the French Academy have found little favour in this country; and what Academy could deal with the mass of material we have been considering, the staple of private conversation and correspondence. I hardly think that the time is ripe for a society "*des hommes bien sensés, qui pensent comme vous et moi!*"

My one object, as I began by saying, has been all along to inject a scruple into individuals, or rather to give an additional twist to a scruple which must exist in every honest mind. We cannot help contributing by the very necessities of our living to the sanitary difficulties of our neighbourhood. By the mere act of breathing we help to exhaust the oxygen which makes the atmosphere available for the life of the community. But surely it is more or less in our power to avoid increasing by tributaries of our own the unwholesome mass of nonsense which clogs every channel of honest thought; nor, if we care for our fellow-men, should we grudge any measure of self-discipline to the attainment of such an end. Total abstinence has become a great power in this country, and the tiny shred of blue ribbon which pledges its wearer to allow nothing to enter his lips of a character to prejudice his wits has become almost fashionable. Is there no badge, or is no badge necessary to mark those who are prepared to hear both sides, and to suspend judgment until they have done so; to avoid at any sacrifice the epigrammatic exploitation of half truths or quarter truths when the whole truth is attainable; and when judgment must be expressed upon more or less partial information, to acknowledge frankly the exact state of the case, and that on this occasion their word must be taken

*valeat quantum* ? If our style loses something of smartness and vivacity thereby, such ornaments will be well lost in such a cause, and they will gain ten times in effectiveness when reserved to fledge arrows that we use only when the intention is maturely strung and the aim sure.

But is not this to put too heavy and harsh a restraint upon the intercourse of life ? If free discussion is to wait upon mature study, there is an end of its freedom ; and if it has to qualify all its assertions with conditions, it is a game hardly worth playing. Is the whole race of first thoughts, it is urged plaintively, those firstlings of the intellectual spring, to perish *in limine* ? What maturity of form or tint can compensate for the loss of their tender freshness ? Far be it from me to attempt to banish any form of genial trifling, provided only we know it for what it is. Any lady or gentleman who can condescend to wear motley, or slip on a cap and bells, shall have *carte blanche* to talk what trifles they please, and to exercise justice, poetic or otherwise, upon any opinion or action that displeases them, at a moment's notice. Neither need they fear any incongruity between the occasional flashes of truth and justice with which they may be inspired and the office they would be sustaining ; for are not the fools of our greatest poets serious and pertinent enough on occasion, whilst their wildest aberrations take in nobody, seeing that no one had a right to expect anything better ?

Belligerents need have no anxiety lest there should ensue any lack of controversy, for the real differences which divide men are very deep and deadly, although not so numerous as is generally supposed. Did we know ourselves and others better, we should be opposed in larger masses, but should not fight the less heartily. But the true advantage would be this, that the contest would be a real not a fictitious one, and, as such, would be a real step towards a lasting victory or a lasting peace. As it is, controversialists are obliged by mutual understandings to be contented with repelling from themselves or combating in others attributions in the main fantastic ; and so, for the most part, go down to oblivion together, amid a din of hollow armour. Or again, more piteous still, those who should be friends, contend with one another

to the death. Such fruitless combat reminds one of Landseer's famous picture of two dead stags with horns death-locked, and the curious keen-faced fox who peers at them in the early morning, like the spirit of modern criticism appreciating an antique defeat.

A piece of thinly disguised egotism, I hear people exclaim ; you are really asserting that you alone play the game fairly, whilst every one else is cheating around you ; and this any one can say. There is a self-satisfied character in a recent novel, who, when asked if he thinks that he alone is going to heaven, answers, "Myself and a few more," and then, after a moment of apparent re-consideration, "but unco few". It is to this "unco few" that I would look for examples of what I desire. For ourselves we may well say, "*in multis peccavimus omnes*"; but we have all known here and there a man to whom no appeal made in the name of truth was ever made in vain ; whose life has been devoted to laboriously gathering up every fragment of truth great and small, as the early Church gathered up the remains of its martyrs ; but, unlike the Italian sacristan, who kneads up his relics into the comely conventionality of a waxen *Corpo Santo*, ever refuses to present fragments as other than fragments.

Truth, methinks, has many admirers, but few servants. Who that has the capacity of loving at all, can fail to be smitten now and again with the love of truth, a love transcending all other loves ? Who has not triumphed in its triumph, and for the moment at least reckoned no sacrifice too costly to be made in its behalf ? But alas ! something more than this is necessary. There is a household service of minute observance required, for the most part in the form of abstinence, before, O King Agrippa, "in little and in great" thou canst be accounted one of truth's servants.

## THE ETHICS OF WAR.

“WAR hated of mothers” was the standard classical denunciation. Now, in this fag end of the nineteenth century, we may say with almost more propriety, “War hated of stock-brokers”. Nothing can equal the delicate sensibility of the Stock Exchange to the faintest rumour of war, for war means the depreciation of investments, and a depreciation to which no limits can be assigned. With the Stock Exchange a very real though not the highest factor in our nature must ever be in sympathy: moreover, we willingly allow that peace should have its premium, war its penalty, with an appeal to the pocket, which is ever tender, even when the heart is hard.

The next few months may easily find us in a state of war with one or more of the Continental Powers—a condition which we have hardly known since the war with Napoleon, for the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny Campaign and our various frontier wars partook rather of the character of a punitive expedition, and at least involved no very comprehensive risks.

It is with the war sentiment and its ethical character, its illusions and its disillusionings, that I should wish to deal in this paper; on its equipment in the way of arms or alliances, and on its conduct, should an opinion escape me, I would be understood to speak under due correction.

In this country every view concerning war, I will not say flourishes, but at least finds occasional expression, from that of the Society of Friends, which condemns all war, even when purely defensive, as forbidden by the Gospel of Christianity, to that of the Jingo who, having equipped a fleet outmatching the united fleets of Europe, would still find in the building of every alien warship a *casus belli*. If war were declared to-morrow it would but furnish a fresh text for



every form of warlike or unwarlike discourse. Meetings would be held in which war in general and this war in particular would be denounced as unchristian and unproductive; we should be challenged to show how war is compatible with the Pax Christiana, and again what had been gained by our outlay on any of our wars ancient or modern. Meanwhile the big guns speak in thunder and the deadly game waxes none the less furious for its accompaniment of domestic babble, until something serious gives way somewhere and the world relapses into peace.

Although English want of logic is proverbial, and we are almost come to accept the impeachment as a compliment to our common sense, yet we shall most of us admit that if, in the intervals of practical business, such as brewing beer or moulding chocolate, we can knock a speculative solecism on the head, especially if this be couched in religious language, we shall promote the cause of moral sanitation and deserve well of the country. For, after all, a false premiss, however its action may be controlled in practice by the improvisation of common sense, yet in the immortality of uncontrolled iteration does really constitute a perennial source of mischief, first as an advertisement of what is false, secondly as a provocation to the opposite extreme. I am convinced that Jingoism flourishes on nothing so well as upon such an "Appeal to the Nation" as was issued on the 3rd of December, 1897, by the Society of Friends.

I should be the last to depreciate the many good qualities and the many noble works which have distinguished that Society from the seventeenth century down to the present day. I am convinced that they have made no statement in their "Appeal" which they do not hold to be true; and I am more than touched by the outspoken fervour of their protest, "To us it seems clear that, when once satisfied as to what that teaching [Christ's] is, it is our duty to obey it, regardless of consequences". But none the less I am also convinced that the two assertions upon which their "Appeal" is mainly based—*viz.* that Christ has taught that *all* war is unlawful, and that the earliest writers in the Christian Church were agreed that nothing less than this was their Master's doctrine

—are false, and incapable of justification by any serious student either of his Bible or of Christian antiquity.

It is necessary that we should begin by insisting upon the common ground taken by Christians in regard to war in order to distinguish from it the special contention of the Quakers. We all admit that war is extremely uncongenial to the Christian temper; that the character engendered by Christian teaching will tend to the avoidance of war; to a reluctance to embrace it in lieu of such other alternatives as, let us say, arbitration. Where we join issue with the Quakers is in this, that we assert whilst they deny that war is sometimes neither more nor less than a duty; that it is the duty of a nation to stand up for itself even at the risk of war; that a contrary behaviour is not only base, but to the last degree impolitic as tending inevitably to the loss of independence.

This is the common verdict of every age and every race; and yet if I were once assured that Christ taught the contrary, believing as I do that Christ is God, I should repudiate the common sentence of mankind as delusive, and “regardless of consequences” take my stand with the Society of Friends—at least I hope I should do this. But, on the other hand, considering how universal is the common sentiment, and seeing that God is the author of nature as well as of grace, of reason as well as of revelation, we have every right to demand nothing less than an absolute proof that it has been condemned by Christ before we consent to abjure it. There is really only one passage—see Matthew v. 39 and Luke vi. 29—that has been produced with any effect, in which Christ exhorts His Apostles, “If any one smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also”. But this is obviously a counsel of perfection addressed to the Apostles in their character of missionaries, who are sent out as sheep amidst wolves and are to win their way by the rhetoric of invincible meekness. It will always indicate a principle of Christian progress; but as a hard and fast rule addressed to all men and collections of men under all circumstances it carries its absurdity on the face of it. It is impossible, and even if possible would be pernicious, involving as it must frequently do a negative violation of the moral law. What would be the action of a

Friend were his mother or wife or daughter smitten on the cheek? Can we doubt that the phrase of "Uncle Tom" notoriety, "Friend, thee's not wanted here," would not only be enunciated, but enforced in some sudden and effectual way with fist or foot or staff. One is almost ashamed to have pursued such a topic; and yet what would the Society? They must be taken seriously, if at all.

Not only is the supposed prohibition of war in the New Testament wholly defective, but we have in the words of Christ, recorded John xviii. 36, a recognition of the lawfulness of war. "If My kingdom were of this world, verily would My servants have fought, so that I should not be delivered into the hands of the Jews," which is as much as to say, "If I had come to restore the temporal kingdom of Israel in the way generally expected of the Messiah, My people would have fought". Whence it may be fairly argued that if an earthly kingdom be justifiable at all, as even Quakers admit that it is, we have Scripture warranty to fight for it. Then *ex abundantia* the Scripture of both Testaments is full of the imagery of war, which would never be the case were war essentially criminal.

With respect to the teaching of the earliest Christian writers, a foolish list has gone the round of the papers of some thirteen authors ranging from the second to the fourth century who are supposed to have taught the absolute unlawfulness of war for a Christian. I have called it "foolish" advisedly, for it consists merely of names collected more or less haphazard and without a shred of reference. St. Ambrose figures in it, whose rejoicings in the victories of Theodosius are notorious:<sup>1</sup> again, "Thou hast the soldier's fortitude in which no mean form of righteousness and nobility is exhibited in choosing death rather than slavery and disgrace"<sup>2</sup>; and St. Cyril, but we are not told whether of Alexandria or Jerusalem; and Archelaus, a mere name for a dateless fragment of doubtful authenticity. In St. Cyril of Alexandria we have a passage<sup>3</sup> forbidding armed resistance to persecution,

<sup>1</sup> *Orat. in ob. Theod., op., t. ii. p. 1200.*

<sup>2</sup> *De Offic., op., t. i., p. 54.*

<sup>3</sup> *Joan., c. 18.*

and again in St. Ambrose.<sup>1</sup> Archelaus<sup>2</sup> thus harmonises the Mosaic "eye for an eye" with Christ's "turn the other cheek," "Behold a progress from justice to charity". Irenæus and Cyprian yield nothing to the purpose. In Tertullian and Origen, however, there are strong passages deprecating Christians becoming soldiers. But the strongest of these passages does not amount to an assertion that all war is unlawful, and each of these writers in one place or another implies or asserts the contrary. Thus Tertullian—who<sup>3</sup> exclaims "How then shall a Christian fight, nay how even in peace shall he play the soldier, without that sword of which the Lord deprived him?" *viz.* in His rebuke of Peter—on the other hand,<sup>4</sup> when enumerating the imperial burdens shared by the Christians, insists, "With you we take ship, with you we serve in the army".

Origen<sup>5</sup> claims for Christians the immunity from military service enjoyed by the pagan priesthood, and describes them "whilst keeping their hands unstained, yet by the pouring out of their prayers to God as fighting for those who are engaged in a just war"; but if war is necessarily criminal, such participation would be unlawful and there never could be a just war.<sup>6</sup> He admits that "such as secretly combine and slay the tyrant who is invading their city do well"; and<sup>7</sup> in the warfare of bees finds "an exemplar of how wars may be orderly and justly waged". It has been urged that these are arguments *ad hominem*; nay, they are appeals *ad humanitatem*, our common human nature against which Christians were no traitors. St. Athanasius<sup>8</sup> does not hesitate to write, "To slay adversaries in war is lawful and worthy of praise". There is, of course, no lack of patristic passages deprecating personal vengeance or armed resistance to persecution, but the following from Lactantius<sup>9</sup> is, I believe, the only text that covers, and it more than covers, the Quaker contention:

<sup>1</sup> *In Luc.*, lib. x., n. 53.

<sup>2</sup> *De Idolat.*, 117 a.

<sup>3</sup> *Cont. Cels.*, lib. viii., n. 73.

<sup>4</sup> *Lib. iv.*, n. 82.

<sup>5</sup> *Ep. ad Amun.*, op., t. ii., p. 960.

<sup>6</sup> *Div. Instit.*, l. vi., c. 20.

<sup>7</sup> Ap. Galland, t. iii., p. 597.

<sup>8</sup> *Apolog.*, p. 28.

<sup>9</sup> *Lib. i.*, n. 1.



“Neither shall it be lawful for the righteous man to engage in warfare whose warfare is neither more nor less than righteousness. Neither may he accuse any one of a capital crime. For it makes no difference whether you slay with the sword or with the tongue, since the slaying itself is forbidden. Wherefore to this commandment of God there must be no exception, but always is it sinful to slay man, whom God has elected to be an inviolably sacred animal.”

As to the position taken by such writers as Tertullian and Origen, it must be remembered that for two very serious reasons military service was grievously distasteful to the early Christians: 1st, because it frequently involved or at least risked a participation in idolatrous cultus; 2nd, because it was a conspicuously secular occupation, an entanglement with a world which according to their conception was hastening to its dissolution.

With the exception I have mentioned, I can find no absolute condemnation of war in the writings of the early Church, and most certainly there is no consensus to that effect.

I would entreat the Society of Friends no longer to overweight their laudable efforts for peace with the untenable hypothesis upon which I have felt it my duty to comment. If it is of importance that those who have Christian objects at heart should understand one another; should agree where they can, and where they cannot, at least have a distinct idea of their line of difference, then it is every one's concern that this extravagant misconception of the doctrine of Christ and of the early Church should be finally evicted from the manifestoes of the seekers after peace.

Let it be assumed then, in accordance with the common sense of mankind, that war is sometimes just and to be entered on with soberness indeed, and a deep sense of responsibility, but yet with the confidence that, under the circumstances, it is a work like other works of danger and difficulty, which it has been given into our hand to do. When, however, we go on to ask as a practical question what kind of war is lawful, that is to say, what are the objects and conditions justifying war, it is exceedingly difficult to give an

answer that shall be at once precise and comprehensive. Still we may, perhaps, discuss intelligently what we are unable to define.

Many persons will be inclined to take their stand upon the distinction between defensive and offensive warfare, and to insist that the former is always, the latter never, justifiable. No doubt there is a truth underlying this position, and the distinction is of ethical value. But is the position thus absolutely stated capable of being maintained? I think not: neither member appears to me unassailable. I recollect when the Franco-Prussian War had entered upon its second stage, after Sedan, and had become on the French side of a purely defensive character, it was debated in the English Press how far France had any right to maintain a hopeless conflict. The general principle was admitted on all sides that for a nation to fight absolutely without hope of success was immoral; but the papers that defended France, the *Spectator* and the *Pall Mall*, if I am not mistaken, defended and applauded her precisely because, having an off-chance, though of the slenderest, she took it at the extremest risk for honour's sake. Analogously a woman to defend her chastity may risk her life to any extent so long as the barest chance of escape discriminates her action from suicide. No one, I suppose, to take an example at hand, would justify Spain in renewing her war with America to save the Philippines unless she could find an efficient ally. Not all defensive war, then, can be pronounced justifiable.

As to the second member of the position, must we await the attack of a wild beast before we fire, and may not a barbarous or semi-barbarous nation, or even a civilised nation in a certain stage of excitement, fall under the same category? Thus what is technically a measure of offence may be in reality an act of anticipated defence. In the Franco-Prussian War the French, who struck the first blow, always maintained, and with considerable plausibility, that the situation was forced by their adversary. So curiously elusive is sometimes the term "defence" that I am reminded of the quaint Vulgate rendering in the Book of Judith, cap. 2: "Factum est verbum in domo Nabuchodonosor regis Assyriorum ut de-

*fenderet se.* Vocavitque omnes majores natu omnesque bellatores suos, et habuit cum eis mysterium consilii sui : dixitque cogitationem suam in eo esse ut omnem terram suo subjugaret imperio." I must confess to some searchings of heart lest a Continental critic should apply this passage to England.

As I have already admitted, there is a serious ethical value in the distinction of aggressive and defensive warfare; the difficulty lies in the application to particular cases. A war in which a nation defends its fatherland, or such extensions thereof as are admittedly its own, is altogether just and righteous. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;" and to this judgment of mankind God Himself does not refuse His sanction. On the other hand, a mere war of conquest, in which the object for which a nation or its ruler fights is merely material aggrandisement, must lie beneath the censure both of earth and heaven as an offence against humanity and a violation of the *ἀγραπτα κάσφαλῆ θεῶν νόμιμα*. So far without further particularisation it is easy enough to pronounce with confidence. But how about hinterlands and legitimate spheres of influence? Here with candid minds it is not difficult *injicere scrupulum*, and hence a copious harvest of commissions of inquiry and arbitration. Still, of all this sphere, supposing it acquired by a natural *quasi*-necessary process without obvious unfairness, it may be said that it is practically aggregated to the fatherland in defence of which a nation may justly fight. Yet, even as we are told in Ecclesiasticus that "between buying and selling, sin cleaveth like a stake in the wall," so indubitably is it with many such acquisitive transactions and their issues in war.

It may tend to clearness of view if, putting aside the two instances already mentioned of the obviously just and the obviously unjust, the palmary examples of defensive and aggressive warfare, we turn our attention to the various objects that have motived war since the Christian era, though our list can hardly be an exhaustive one.

In considering the war sentiment throughout the Middle Ages, one is struck with the extent in which war is accepted as a natural condition of things. Kings hunt a good deal between whiles to keep themselves in wind, but fighting is

the serious engagement of their life. Thus theologians, commenting on the sin of David, insist that he fell precisely because "at the time when kings go forth to war" he was lounging idly in his garden after his noonday sleep.

Then, if you have an army, and kings were bound to have armies, you must exercise it, or its armour will grow rusty and its horses wanton or weary in their stalls. And then what a shame to possess so noble an instrument and make no adequate use thereof! Marmion's sentiment found on all sides a ready echo, its profanity apart,

For, by Saint George, were that host mine,  
Not power infernal nor divine  
Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimmed their armour's shine  
In glorious battle fray!

Or, to turn to a sordid comic counterpart, we have Falstaff! "What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars, is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it." Nevertheless, a mediæval war was almost always carefully based upon a legal plea, often very slender and eminently disputable, but at least serving as a badge of pretensive justice. On the whole, such of these wars as were not mere brigandage deserve the name of war for war's sake, in which the motive of war is the actual fighting.

Another very prevalent form of war was respectably motivated as frontier preservation, such as for centuries prevailed on the marches of England and Scotland. The object was defence, but it was carried out by a succession at longer or shorter intervals of what were called "warden raids"; each country in turn invaded the other, with the object, it would seem, of emphasising the blessings of peace, and of impressing upon its neighbour the necessity of practically confining itself to its own land; the limitation of the ebbing and flowing tide ultimately constituting a barrier. This is on a strictly Conservative principle, and, regard being had to the wild habits of the time, may pass.



On the other hand, rectification of frontier, though cherishing a flavour of Conservatism, inasmuch as the ideal is supposed to be there already in the logic of the *status quo*, in fact imports an element of conquest; at least, I never knew of any one fighting for leave to withdraw in deference to the claim of an ideal boundary, although the situation is by no means an inconceivable one. It has been maintained that the Franco-Prussian War was a war for the rectification of frontier, the one country feeling the necessity of being girdled by the Rhine, the other by the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine.

Another form of war we may term "the war of redemption," a war undertaken for the deliverance of a subject population from slavery or maltreatment, physical or spiritual, or from the isolation of barbarism. Under this head will fall many of the mediæval wars of religion. The Crusades in a large measure come under this category, although in these there enters a factor analogous, though in a very different order, to one we are familiar with in modern war, *viz.* the exploitation of some great good which is lying idle. In the Crusades it was the recovery of the Holy Places, with their storage of pious emotion which was lying useless, and worse than useless, in the hands of the infidel. In modern times, when Christianity is regarded as of dubious or at least of quite subjective advantage, we have instead the exploitation of trade, of agricultural and mineral resources—a civilisation in fact, lying together beyond the reach of the aborigines—to justify or excuse conquest.

Although there is here an ample field for delusion, and avarice often masquerades in the garb of philanthropy, I do not deny that the pioneers of civilisation representing the great European Powers have a right to open up countries in the name of progress. I cannot pretend that savages, who do but abrade the surface of the earth like so many fowl, have established any exclusive and inviolable right to its possession; at the same time I should like to insist on the amendment urged by Las Casas and his brethren against Sepulveda and others, that the right to open up new countries to the influence of religion, or, I would add, to that of civilisa-

tion, does not justify their absolute conquest, still less their enslavement.

It may be interesting to note that the policy of the religious wars of the Middle Ages, equally with that of our humanitarian and mercantile wars of to-day, was an advocacy of "the open door"; but then it was thought to be the door of heaven that was in debate, whilst now it is the door of trade. Both then and now motives were exceedingly mixed; a Crusader occasionally made a terribly good thing of it, and it can hardly be denied that, in spite of the genuine sentiment of philanthropy evoked by the desperately cruel mismanagement of the Spaniards in Cuba, the war sentiment in America was largely, I will not say inspired, but at least controlled, by commercial speculation of a selfish kind. If, however, power has its duties, it also has its rights. Although might is not right, it is often its condition, its *sine qua non*. If one has neither strength nor wealth sufficient to perform the duties appertaining to the government of a colony, the right to govern it lapses, and, where the colony cannot govern itself, must devolve upon the competent neighbour who has both. *À l'heure qu'elle est*, the system prevailing in Spain and Portugal, in which colonies are treated like milch cows for the sole benefit of the mother country, and cruelly at that, may be no longer tolerated.

Whilst this is so we cannot fail to mark, and thereat to hang our heads, that there is so little of the hero as a rule in the representative of modern philanthropy. He is certainly no Crusader. To him, indeed, the feeble tyrant must pay the uttermost farthing, but the strong tyrant is suffered to pass by not unfrequently with marks of distinguished consideration. Whilst the Cuban half-caste is triumphantly vindicated from the Spanish lash, none have taken thought for a long century to deliver the noble Polish nationality from the far more grinding tyranny of the Czar. But here, perhaps, Moral Theology may interpose her plea of a *grave incommodum*; of course, no such war may justly take place until the resources of diplomatic representation have been exhausted.

We might hope that questions concerning boundaries and hinterlands and spheres of influence, with the progress of

civilisation, might be once for all submitted to other arbitrament than that of the sword, were it not for a factor in human nature to which I would now direct attention. If a nation consent to retire within itself like a hedgehog within its prickles, as we see Switzerland within its mountain fastnesses, with little or no cosmopolitan outlook, modern nations are well content to leave it under its ancient laurels without putting its prowess to the test. In the case, however, of a nation like England, which is everywhere *en évidence*, and everywhere secures an ample share of what good things may be going, whilst at the same time it is conspicuously free from the least aspect of militarism, it is obvious that John Bull's puzzled companions must from time to time ask themselves whether the fat placid fellow is still able and willing to fight.

I am afraid the credit accruing to us from our great war at the beginning of the century is a rapidly diminishing quantity, and that it does not admit of much reinforcement either from essays on Nelson and Wellington, or even from the explosion of many Dervishes. In the political as in the mercantile world, credit will do much, nay, almost anything; but in the one case there must be the hard cash behind the honoured name to be now and again exhibited, in the other to back the brave words there must be an occasional display of hard knocks.

It is humiliating but certainly true and very dangerous to forget that nations may hardly pretend to more than the morality of the average schoolboy, who must win and keep his place in public estimation by showing his readiness to fight for it, and who may only convince his public of that readiness by occasionally fighting. The moment comes when it is for the interests of the scholastic community that the aggressive bravo should be taught in the only way open to him that his peaceful rival is not a coward, and the authorities, if they are wise, discreetly look another way.

Though a State contain amongst its subjects as many practical Christians as you chose to suppose, the State as such, so far as its external relations with its neighbours are concerned, will be little other than a brute, a generous, kindly,

temperate brute if you will, at best furnishing as it were the equine substratum of a centaur in which the individual may be absorbed waist deep, but hardly further.

In other words, a State in its external relations is an imperial entity, not a human personality. Its Christian statesmen must restrain its action within the broad lines of justice, and bring about as far as may be an identification of its interests with cosmopolitan interests; but its primary paramount interest is self-protection, and the self-sacrifice which is so often the crown of individual perfection can in a State never be other than an imbecility. Whatever men can invest in a common stock must needs be something short of their highest interest and aspiration, which appertains to an incommunicable individuality. State interests are, as it were, a deposit in which individuals in accordance with a natural law have invested what they are able to regard as a common property, and it must be administered on strictly business principles. The state, then, is not a function of the highest ethical centre, even in the order of nature, still less in the supernatural order to which Christianity belongs. It may be controlled by, it cannot be reconstituted on, purely Christian principles. Neither has the most Christian statesman the right so to reconstitute it, or to deal with it as so reconstituted, for he is concerned with a property which is not his own but another's—*viz.* the community's.

It was from forgetting this that England, after its defeat in the Transvaal, was submitted to the opprobrium of the Boer Convention and baulked of its final victory. The warmest admirer of Mr. Gladstone must needs shudder at the outcome of this ghastly attempt to foist a Sunday-school conscience behind the iron ribs of war. Whatever good reason there may have been for recognising that our claims of sovereignty in the Transvaal rested on a mistaken view of native sentiment, and however fairly such recognition might have been allowed to affect the ultimate settlement, the game of war once entered upon ought to have been played out until it was either lost or won. To this the honour of the country was fully pledged; for this much she stood engaged to the young soldiers who fell in her inauspicious preludes, that



their loss should either be redeemed in the full flood of their country's victory, or solemnly accepted in her defeat. Never before in our history has an English Minister thus misapplied a Gospel text, and turned his country's cheek to the smiter.

The most common, the most inevitable of the causes of war in our day promises to be the collision between undemonstrative assurance on the one side and witless contempt on the other; the precise distribution of explosive matter between box and match is unimportant. If "our doves," as *The Times* of Crimean days called the Quakers, who at the last moment besieged Nicholas with entreaties for peace, are allowed to clothe us in their drab, and attune our voices to their mellifluous cooings; if Mr. Gladstone's conscience is still to whisper in the Imperial Council; or, more unseemly still, if the *hysterica passio* of certain notorious agitators be allowed to engage attention, it will take a long course of heavy fighting for the text of England's mind to be fairly read and understood of the nations.

The problem which peace-loving persons have to face is this: how they may entertain such peaceful alternatives as arbitration, to which they instinctively incline, yet so as not to accumulate in the near future an irresistible momentum towards war.

Let us suppose that before the current year is out we find ourselves at war with France and Russia; it may be well, before concluding this paper, to give a glance at its probable conditions. We shall be almost certainly without allies; at best Germany will stand neutral. America will yield us her good-will, which I conceive to imply that she would stretch a point in our favour by way of systematic blockade-running, supposing that after a severe naval defeat the cutting off of our food supply was to begin.

We must realise that a great change has taken place in naval warfare since the day when for every ship we lost we captured five, and were thus able to rehabilitate our fleets largely from foreign dockyards. Now it would seem that where ironclads are seriously handled they may indeed be wiped out but hardly captured. The survival tends to be an

arithmetical remainder, and victory a result rather than an achievement. Modern fleets resemble too closely the "fleets of glass" Tennyson sings of in *Sea Dreams*, "the brittle fleet . . . near'd, touched, clinked, and clashed and vanished".

The war marine of to-day knows nothing of the stout timbers which the old-world tars had so often to thank for their safety after their ship had gone to pieces. Assuredly an added pathos and solemnity invests its freight of men and boys, as a modern battleship clears for action, that for them no chapter of accidents is likely to be interposed between "to be" and "not to be".

I have often wondered whether a wooden fleet under international protection might not assist with modern appliances to rescue the crews of exploded battleships.

The increased destructiveness of modern warfare has often been used to aggravate the repulsiveness of war. On the other hand, it must be remembered that under the touch of civilisation war has lost some of its most offensive features. The condition of non-combatants is immensely relieved, and we may regard the sack which gave defenceless women and children to the mercy of a maddened soldiery, and the bombardment of unfortified towns and harbours, as henceforth excluded from the casualties of civilised warfare.

I believe that the state of war is not only by no means the greatest of all evils, but that it is calculated to evoke some of the best qualities of human nature, giving the spirit a predominance over the flesh. This is not only true of the actual belligerents, but also in its measure of all those who care for them at home. I remember asking a little boy from one of our orphanages why he had chosen to be a sailor. He answered very simply, "I thought that as a sailor I should always be in danger of death, and so should always be able to make a good act of contrition".

Fear has been sometimes expressed amongst us as to whether the prevalence of scientific destructive machinery especially on ship-board has not neutralised the once predominating value of British pluck. At first the tendency may be in this direction, but ultimately I do not believe in

the subjection of soul to matter. No doubt our pluck must become more and more intelligent and more and more at home in the realm of scientific force. If with the Dervishes we too in our turn have to charge Maxims, it must be by the path of least exposure, and with a clear knowledge of what Maxims can do. In the long run I do not think that British pluck will be either calcined by electricity or pulverised by dynamite. It will remain what it has always been, keen, cool, and, along the line of the best chance open, absolutely regardless of consequences. Alas! much heroic effort, more than ever before, will be sterile except for example, but a percentage will succeed and it will suffice. To this I hold until outfaced by experience, for, if this fail me, from a national point of view there would be little worth holding. With Rudyard Kipling in his ballad of the *Clampherdown*, I believe that a British crew is still capable of tearing victory from the jaws of death,

As it was in the days of long ago,  
And as it still shall be.

And is this all, and can the Church and the Churches, as they call themselves, do nothing towards peace? Has every nation an unchristened right hand?

I do not venture to say what the Church can do and what she cannot do in such a matter. I know she has sometimes brought about arbitration when otherwise arbitration would have been impossible. But if I am right in thinking that certain wars are in the nature of things inevitable, I would suggest that where the Church might most successfully intervene is not before but after the war, in order to prevent it degenerating into a traditional hatred between the combatants. For it is not the loss of fleet or army that constitutes the unforgivable offence, but the extravagant conditions exacted by the victor. It is hopeless, I suppose, to ask that each of the belligerents should pay his own expenses; but in such wars as I have been last considering, where the objective is so largely to have the matter out and clear the atmosphere, is it too much to expect the successful one to be emphatically

generous? In such a case the Church might intervene with advantage.

It is right to pray for peace, for this supposes peace with honour. But a selfish turn might easily be given to the prayer if we emphasise the phrase "in these our days," as though relegating an accumulation of war to our posterity.



## THE PASSION OF THE PAST.

THE source of much of the pathos of poetry, and particularly of the self-conscious poetry of our own day, is the passionate idealisation of what we once had, but have not, and cannot have any more. Herein is the virtue of all the eternal farewells and hopeless regrets of literature; and we each of us, in an abiding sense of such loss, carry about a burden of which we seldom trust ourselves to speak, but which to a great extent qualifies all we say. It is the light out of which so many pathetic colours are made, identical under so many different expressions, from Cowper's lament over his Mother's Picture,

Children not thine have trod thy nursery floors,  
to Lord Tennyson's,

Till year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.

But never before, I believe, has it won so distinct a recognition of its character, as apart from and beyond any special loss, as in the Laureate's wonderful lines, "Tears, idle tears". Here for the first time the Passion of the Past finds a distinct utterance, a voice unmixed with any specific strain of lamentation. The various images presented of special losses are merely illustrations serving to introduce the "idle tears," the sorrow which is so large and vague and yet so mysteriously intense, within the circle of the imagination.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

It is not merely that we think of certain definite losses

with which particular scenes may be associated. "The happy autumn-fields" are not simply, as the veteran sportsman might surmise, the partridge-haunted stubble, which in the "days that are no more," before gout and rheumatism had wrought their wicked will, he had quartered so dauntlessly. It is something much larger and deeper in our nature. It is the old grievance symbolised in the story of Tithonus and Aurora, "Immortal age beside immortal youth," our dwindling age beside the undying youth of Nature. Not, mercifully, that our age is really immortal, but in imagination at least it is nothing less, for when is our own death ever adequately compassed by our imagination? Nay, even when our memory is fading "from all the circle of the hills," are we not standing by to see it fade? And so the poet apostrophises the autumn fields as happy, because they are yet in possession of their ancient glory which has not waxed old. The golden shimmer and the fragrance and the fruitfulness are all there, although we are no longer in touch with it as once in "the days that are no more".

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
 In days far off, and with what other eyes  
 I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—  
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw  
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
 Thy presence and thy portals. . . .

Of course, in many lives some over-mastering loss has as it were gathered about it all the Passion of the Past—

With bitter memories to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.

But even here, except in certain supreme moments, it is hard to say whether the larger rhythm of sorrow does not belong to that which is gathered rather than to the special sorrow which gathers it. We love, it would seem, the past, if it be in any sense good, because it is the past. A light has fallen upon it which when present it had not; an evening-light in which the scene, whilst exquisitely distinct, has

somehow lost all the irksome trivialities which accompanied its actual presence. It is invested with

The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Compare, for instance, our memory of some summer-wandering with any faithful diary made at the time, and we shall be able to realise something of the sort of glamour thrown by loss. Most people regard with a tender, and often with an intense regret the memory of childhood. Here for the most part there is a solid ground for the pain of loss. We have lost our innocence with all its infinite possibilities; and we may well sigh over the happiness of a time,

When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back at that short space  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face.

Moreover, we have lost almost infinite opportunities. We have seen door after door closed to us which but now was standing open: we have joined the ranks of "the old who play no more"; of those *emeriti* who would seem by long living inadvisedly to have earned the right of advising fruitlessly. But even here it is hard to say that the surplusage of actual anguish is not due to the Passion of the Past, that is to say to a delusion, as some will be inclined to call it. But this is hardly fair: the Passion of the Past is as much a phenomenon as our nature, and therefore as likely to have a truth of its own, as any other sentiment. It may be in abeyance to a great extent in some natures who cannot afford, as they boast, the time for dreaming: who are too eagerly engaged with the coming chapters even to keep a finger in the past; but sooner or later in all probability their time will come. On the other hand, it is wonderful to see how this passion will affect even quite young children, of whom their elders can scarcely understand how their tiny lives afford room enough for any past upon which to dwell with regret. Past holidays, past toys, past companionships will often affect these little beings with a solemn sense of woe not the less real because in miniature; and they will listen to the sighing

of the wind at night, or to the continuous murmuring of the stream with the feeling that it is singing to them of ancient bygone times when it was all so nice, when the weather was fine, and their best friend in all the world had not departed. So the Ancient Sage:—

For oft

On me, when boy, there came what then I called,  
 Who knew no books and no philosophies,  
 In my boy-phase "the Passion of the Past".  
 The first grey streak of earliest summer-dawn,  
 The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,  
 As if the late and early were but one—  
 A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower  
 Had murmurs "Lost and gone and lost and gone!"  
 A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—  
 Desolate sweetness—far and far away—  
 What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?  
 I know not and I speak of what has been.

Of all appeals to the Passion of the Past one of the strongest is that which belongs to revisiting an old home. There is a fair spot in a southern county, an old home of the writer's—or rather the scene of an old home, for the home itself has vanished. It is the first home he can recollect, lost to him when still a child; and the last home he recognises, for a school-boy has no home in any complete sense. A large grey house it was, with purple lichen-mottled roof and goodly lawn and gardens sloping to one of the brightest of English trout-streams, which wound its way through the deep water-meadows to an old cathedral town some two miles distant. Our life was lulled by the caressing sounds of those cathedral bells which in their varying cadences had this ever for an under tone, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end". Those who came after us, for one reason or another, quarrelled with the old place, which was to us as a Paradise of God. They dealt with it as it had been Thurnaby waste: the house was demolished, the shrubs and trees cut down, and the disfenced garden suffered to melt away into the surrounding fields. Any ghost of our leaving, one would think, must have been "stubb'd oot wi' the lot".

I remember that on first hearing what had taken place,



I felt a certain fierce satisfaction that the work had been so cleanly done. It was almost as though we had not been ousted at all, but that our home had perished with our possession of it. No more fear now of any such desecration of nursery floors by alien footsteps as Cowper lamented. One who years after saw and brought us word, reported that there was nothing to distinguish the old place from the meadows round except two or three trees yet remaining, with a statelier presence speaking of more gentle days. Hardly a shred is left us here on which to feed the Passion of the Past; and yet to me it has always seemed that these desolate fields must be its very sanctuary. There is the river ever whispering the story, whilst the garden trees, a knot of old retainers with uplifted hands and husky voices, bear witness that it is true.

I have not seen, and I trust I may never see, that spot. There for me, if anywhere, is the ancient well-head from which, when it is once unsealed, the Undine of the past is fain to issue, a spectral figure with agonising hands, to kill one with a kiss. Who can fail to recognise the allegory in that story? The present, a dainty bride, would fain add to her charms "the tender grace of a day that is dead": a few drops of that water is deemed a sovereign cosmetic—yesterday is to enhance with its delicate half-shadows the brightness of to-day; and lo, from the unsealed spring of memory rises your dead youth, or first love, or in some more vague form the Passion of the Past, and with a kiss that is at once more sweet and more bitter than aught else on earth, snaps the thread that binds you to the present, and you wander forth a man forlorn. This is no mere fancy: though for the most part the malady is neither fatal nor continuous, it has sent many a victim to our mad-houses. It is the nympholepsy of the ancients. Men are driven to seek an escape either in leading the life of a superior sort of swine, contented not to look beyond the daily mash, or in the life of the ascetic, who both in theory and in practice recognises that here he hath no abiding habitation, and must look for his contentment to the city that is above. Others, and they are the majority, would fain practise a wise economy of the emotions, and con-

tinue more or less painfully to sit upon two stools until the present vanishes with its need and capability of compromise. Such alternate between indifference and sensibility: they use the water of the well sparingly, and somehow no Undine emerges. But each stands on his guard against his peculiar danger. For one it is an old song, for another some pictured face, or faded letter, or lock of woman's hair.

Yet if a man be not faithful to his past I know not how he shall be faithful to his future; for in casting away his past he remains but half himself. It is the more manly and the more philosophic course to take up the burden of our past upon our own shoulders without flinching, to live with it as with something inalienably one's own. It is the basis of Christian repentance not to ignore the guilty past: it is an element of Christian hope to retain our hold upon the old good things which God has promised to renew. It is infidelity to their past which renders so repulsive certain personages of modern fiction who are supposed to have found out the secret of the elixir of life. These pass sentimentally unscathed through a succession of generations, ever hardening in the process, as they form fresh connections, until they change them as easily as their clothes.

But if human life be essentially successive, why should it complain of what belongs to succession, the continual losing of the present in the past? A river ever flowing on, as it belongs to rivers to flow, between banks ever varying in their aspect, even if it were conscious of every image thrown successively upon its surface, could not as a river complain that they are fleeting. On the contrary we do complain as we cling passionately to that which, for the moment at least, we cannot hope to retain; and by so doing testify, as I conceive, that to live with such a successive loss of life is no essential part of our immortality. We appeal to the obstinate aspirations of the soul after life and yet more life, as an argument of immortality: we may with equal justice appeal to the Passion of the Past as an argument that our immortal life will not be in time but in eternity, that it will, in some sense at least, be unsuccessive.

Keats, in his Ode on a Grecian Urn, apostrophising its

sculptured images, expresses this craving in the form of a regret in immortal lines :—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;  
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;  
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love,  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting and for ever young ;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

At the end the poet wakes from his rapture, and in a line I venture to think at once acute and perverse, exclaims,

Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity. . . .

Now it is precisely this suggestion of eternity which does not tease us, but on the contrary administers the one sedative to our passion. I know few words of more solemn beauty and stronger comfort, that have come to us from the remote past, than the definition given of eternity by Boetius in the sixth century, which the schoolmen have with one accord adopted as their own : *Est interminabilis vitæ tota simul et perfecta possessio* ; “ It is the all at once and perfect possession of a life without end ”. In its first instance and highest perfection it is regarded as an attribute of the Divinity ; but it is also attributed in its degree under the expression of *ævum* to the life of pure spirits, and of the souls of the just made perfect. It is a life in which for the first time we shall have a present

we can call our own: no mere gasp between an anxious future as yet uncome and a regretful past which has come and gone. Surely of all undesirable things the most undesirable is to be for ever broken on this wheel of time:—

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this rough world  
Stretch him out longer.

As it is not congenial to a man to be for ever tossed on shipboard, and he must needs desire and look again to feel the solid earth beneath his feet, so we must desire and look for that day which “hours no more offend”; in which the freshness of morning is interwoven with the tenderness of eve; in which the past and future are merged in the creation of a steadfast present, instead of rending it asunder as between wild horses. *Flumina Babylonis, sunt omnia quæ hic amantur et transeunt*, exclaims St. Augustine. *O Sancta Sion ubi totum stat et nihil fluit*. Then comes “Mimnermus in Church,” and complains very naturally and gracefully,

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away:  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.  
But oh! the very reason why  
I clasp them is because they die.

Have we any hope that the eternal life, *ubi totum stat*, will not only bar future loss but will restore to us what we have lost in the life that is past? To this I answer that there can be no actual repossession of a past that has actually gone; that were such repossession possible, in virtue of the *tota simul possessio*, it would in the best circumstances be intolerable. There is much in every one's past that he would not only willingly not recover, but that he would gladly not even remember. The river Lethe has a necessary place even in the Christian conception of the after-world. Dante makes it flow in the highest place in Purgatory as a proximate preparation for Paradise; but by him it is described rather as a water for transforming the remembrance than as the mere water of oblivion. The past remains and is recognised, though only



under the aspect of a prelude to the blessedness of the life that is then present: the memory of sin perseveres in that of the grace which makes it void.

In this life, hope and memory divide the field between them: in the life to come, hope and affectionate memory are merged in the joy that welcomes the old things made new: *Ecce nova facio omnia*. Winter's despair and summer's disappointment having perished, autumn and spring shall meet and bring between them a new season, neither the one nor the other but holding of both.

Should Mimnermus still persist and refuse to be comforted, I must be allowed to doubt the sincerity of his devotion to the past, daintily as he expresses himself. He clasps his dying roses with an eye to relays of fresh ones by which the charming tradition of blooming and dying may be carried on. He has, after all, been only coquetting with the Passion of the Past. He is not "aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm," or he would look longingly toward that Avilion,

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

For this at least, whatever else, is the promise of the after-life; and to this, if I do not mistake, the Passion of the Past in the intensity of its resentment witnesses.

## SOME MEMORIES OF A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

PROBABLY few of us have passed middle life without some affection of that disease of self-consciousness of which autobiography is the acutest symptom. There are exceptional experiences, persons we have known, thoughts we have conceived, which we are unwilling, and we are inclined to think our fellows may be unwilling, to let die. A literary expert might embody such scenes and thoughts in story or verse or formal essay. It may be precisely because the present writer can no longer count upon either time or energy for any such effort that he claims to write without standing on the order of his writing. It is but fair, I think, that facts should have precedence over mere thoughts, since the latter may be thought again, while the former can never exactly repeat themselves.

For seven years I was Roman Catholic chaplain to an important gaol. It was not then, some twenty-five years ago, what it has subsequently become, one of Her Majesty's Prisons, but was under Borough control. Several years before my connection with it this gaol had been immortalised in Mr. Charles Reade's novel, *It is Never too Late to Mend*, as a type of brutal tyranny. It is hardly necessary to say that the facts lost nothing in the hands of the novelist; but they were in sober truth sufficiently unpleasant, and reflected seriously on the conduct of the governor and one or two of his subordinates, who were tried and dismissed, having been found guilty of persistent, unintelligent harshness resulting in the suicide of one of the prisoners.

Service in the prison chapel was sufficiently trying for a young preacher, or for an old one either if not familiar with it. The effect was as though you were addressing a congregation in coffins set on end, with a foot or so of the front

sawn off so as to disclose the head and shoulders. Afterwards a sense that you were more or less responsible for keeping order, the *grâce d'état* of the schoolmaster, tended to keep you steady; a sense too that an effort was necessary to avoid being mesmerised by the convergence of glaring eyes.

I only once had to complain of misbehaviour, and this was not on the part of the prisoners, but of the officers. These last occupied lofty pulpits almost on a level with the platform on which my altar stood, which was built up each Sunday on the edge of the tribune containing the organ and reading-desk of my Anglican colleague. It appears that these officers were curious as to what I was doing when my back was turned to the congregation, and peeped and smiled and whispered, to the keen indignation of the prisoners. I received several complaints during the week, and next Sunday (it was about Christmas time) I preached on the Nativity and referred to an ignorance, as complete, and perhaps as innocent, as that of the ox and ass in the stable of Bethlehem, manifesting itself in the presence of another mystery. The prisoners were vastly delighted, and on the following Sunday the governor himself, a man not less than six foot four, took his place beside me and joined emphatically in the hymn. I could not help smiling when he gave out in stentorian tones, "Break the captives' fetters (*solve vincla reis*)". The subject was never referred to between us, and the unpleasantness never occurred again.

My involuntary congregation consisted largely of Irish. I think I never fully realised before what so many persons have noticed, the wonderfully good manners of the Irish lower class. Of course, where the system of solitary confinement prevails, every visitor is sure to be at a premium and his welcome of the best. But what astonished me was not so much the kindness, which might have been expected, but the dignity, nay, the courtliness of my reception. I remember once asking the stereotyped question of a middle-aged woman, "Is this the first time you have been in trouble?" She looked me full in the face and answered, "It's the lavings of trouble I am, your Reverence". A splendid evasion, but the subject was at once lifted on to a higher plane where one

might drink the larger air of humanity; and I thought of *Reliquiæ Danaum*, or closer still, the proud claim of Constance,

Here I and sorrows sit,  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

A young Irishman, but little more than twenty years old, was in for garotting. I forget the length of his sentence, but it was some weeks and included a flogging with the cat. I saw him once or twice before the flogging; he manifested neither fear nor resentment; it would be a lesson for him, he said. It was a somewhat hard case; the assault had taken place in a public-house where the whole party had been drinking. The victim was not seriously hurt, but a handkerchief had been thrown over his face, and his pockets turned out so that the half-crowns and shillings were rolling about the floor. Beyond knowing in a general way that mischief was afoot, and picking up one of the half-crowns as he sat by the fire, my friend had no part whatever in the business. Four were flogged together, and the warder who was present said to me afterwards, "The three others yelled and struggled, but your man was quite still and never opened his mouth". The punishment was severe enough to send them all to bed for three days.

Some newspapers are fond of dwelling upon the degradation involved in corporal punishment. I wish to register my conviction here that, where the punishment is neither excessive nor unjust, this is absolutely untrue. The notion arises from a confusion between the infliction of pain and the exploitation of pain. Direct compulsion through the infliction of physical pain necessarily tends, so far as it succeeds, to degrade the victim; whereas the infliction of physical pain as a penalty for past offence has no such tendency. Just so far as the man is not degraded already it will act as a tonic; for once the victim will have at least tried to play the man; when no such effect ensues further degradation will be impossible. I saw my friend repeatedly after he had recovered, and he had no quarrel with the situation. Though not above middle size he was wonderfully good-looking; a brilliant



complexion, large violet eyes, and dark hair with just a glint of fire in it. He was earning plenty of money at making sofa-springs, an average, he told me, of £4 a week. He had an excellent young wife, who had a comfortable home ready for him when he came out. I never could discover anything amiss with him except the drink. It was this that brought him to gaol, and it was this that ultimately frustrated all that I could do until he disappeared from my neighbourhood.

There are no people more delightful than the Irish, but none to such an extent victims of circumstance, and of the circumstance of the moment, and therefore upon whom less reliance can be placed for the fulfilment of any engagement, —except that which nature undertakes for them, of persistent pleasantness.

I had made the acquaintance of various brothers and cousins rejoicing in the same Irish patronymic; and I asked one of them, whom I had often met in gaol, whether he had any but scamps in his family. He laughed at first, and then looked grave as he answered, "One, your Reverence, and she is a saint". He then proceeded to tell me a story I knew before, but had never associated with that family. It was of his cousin who had been early left a widow with a large family, including three girls, the eldest about thirteen. On her husband's death she was penniless, and her brother, a well-to-do but hard and selfish man, offered to install her as landlady of a public-house belonging to him, which brought in a large income. She took a day or two to think it over, knowing that a refusal meant the workhouse for herself and her family. Finally she made up her mind that to accept such a post in such a neighbourhood would involve the probable ruin of her girls, and then quietly entered the workhouse with her children. There I knew her well, and was able to defend her from the reproaches of those who did not understand the motive of what she had done. Her wild cousin had understood the situation perfectly and cherished the memory of it as something the family might well be proud of, the more so that it was not on the family lines:

Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

A bricklayer, a short tawny man nearly as broad as he was long, with a frame of knit steel, coal-black hair and eyes, and a strong but not unkind face, was in for beating his wife for the second or third time when I first saw him. The general opinion among the officials was that he was more sinned against than sinning, and this was amply confirmed by my experience of him. I found him constantly returning for the same offence, and I came to wonder how it was he did not kill her instead of merely slapping her across the face with his open palm. Here is a specimen of the life she led him. On returning home after a hard day's work he finds the three children naked, their clothes in pawn, a fireless grate, and his wife dead-drunk on the sofa. He proceeds to light the fire and make himself some tea; the teapot is just filled when the wife staggers off the sofa, seizes the teapot and empties it on his head. Then follow the slap and the bleeding mouth and nose. The woman bawls murder until the policeman, who is not far off, and to whom she has given many a retainer in the shape of beer, comes in, and the husband gets another six weeks. So convinced was I that the man was in proximate occasion of murder, that I told him he was justified in putting the Atlantic between him and his wife and children.

He was by no means faultless himself, would occasionally drink badly, and had a keen sense of his own shortcomings. He had been employed in the prison, breaking down some useless courtyard walls, the tops of which were armed with long cross spikes of iron. While he was standing above them, straining heavily on his crowbar, the bar slipped and he fell face foremost among the spikes, some four of which entered his chest and stomach. The doctor afterwards said this was lucky, for had it been only one it must have killed him. He managed to get his strong arms down through the spikes to the brickwork, and heaving himself off fell senseless to the ground. When I saw him he was sensible but in great pain, and kept repeating, "He was bound to do it". I was startled at first by the notion that some one else had a hand in it, and that it was not a pure accident; but his meaning was to put in a word for Almighty God whom his

demerits had obliged to a course of such severity. He never fled from his wife as I advised, and ended, I verily believe, by dying of her.

As may be supposed, there was no lack of comic incident in the gaol, though the comedy in the case I am about to relate was altogether unconscious. In visiting I was in the habit of distributing books, religious and secular, and for this purpose carried a carpenter's rush-basket. On offering a choice to a new arrival to whom I had just been introduced, a wizened little man of forty, he declined unless I might happen to have a volume of the works of Seneca. This was beyond the resources of my library, and seeing my surprise, he went on: "I have taken a consate against religion ever since his Reverence hit me over the head with the spurs". "With the spurs!" I exclaimed, with a wild vision of his Reverence leaping in the air like a game-cock. "I was at Tim Doolan's funeral, and we were packed as close as herrings, and when I could not get out of his road, he up with his spurs [*sperse*, a brush, with rather formidable corners, for dispensing holy water] and hit me on the top of my head; and I went out and sat down on a tombstone, and I took a strong consate against religion, and I just read Tom Paine's works through from cover to cover, and now I am of the opinion of Pythagoras that man was made to fill a vacuum." His case was dismissed within the week and I saw him no more; but I learned afterwards that the works of Seneca had been actually translated by an Irish priest, I believe in the last century, so that Pat's demand was after all not so extravagant as it sounded, and in Seneca he might possibly have found a road back to orthodoxy, at least a safer guide than Tom Paine. There was not a touch of fun in his narrative; the man was in deadly earnest.

A very different example was a tall man, crippled in one leg, middle-aged, with sandy hair and merry twinkling eyes that looked along a length of nose like a fox. The account he gave of himself was as follows. "You see I had to do something for a living, so I got some twenty shallow cardboard boxes such as drapers use, that would all go nicely under my arm. In the outside one I put an elegant silk

handkerchief that no woman could set her eyes to, still less take between finger and thumb, without knowing it was worth four shillings at the least; in the other boxes there was a neat piece of silver paper folded up. Well, your Reverence, when the first woman I met in the strate handled the silk, and found I was only asking a shilling for it, out came the shilling, and away went the woman with one of the other boxes in her hand. I had got rid of nineteen, I think, and was nearly at the bottom of the street when one of them opened her box to make a boast of her bargain, and then,—why just the whole street took fire, and, your Reverence, you see [here his voice dropped] my lameness was agin me.” If he had then and there mounted a swift horse he might have managed it, but, as it was, it was a mercy for him that the police came up in time or he would have been pulled to pieces. He was by no means penitent. “You see, your Reverence, it served ’em right; they thought, sure enough, they were doing the poor man.” I could make nothing of him. The scamp could see I was amused, and I am afraid the cleverness of the ruse that was so nearly successful was one of the consolations of his captivity.

During the time of my chaplaincy a fierce anti-popery riot broke out in the adjoining town, inspired by a certain lecturer named Murphy, and an ultra-Protestant mob invaded and sacked the Irish quarter. The Irish fought well, but they had to contend against superior numbers. The police were quite inadequate to keep the peace, and after a vast destruction of property and considerable bloodshed the military were brought on the scene, though I believe they were never actually used. The Irish, though overmatched, were irrepressible, and in consequence my congregation was about doubled for several weeks. I encountered many old friends, whom I had known well under less creditable circumstances, and I shall not easily forget the air of triumph with which they greeted me. For no breach of the commandments were they now in bonds, but for standing up like men for their religion; and they bore themselves like veritable crusaders. This was perhaps fair enough and not more than one was willing to accept; but in after times it became



necessary to insist that the proud boast, "I was in for Murphy, your Reverence," did not give them *carte blanche* to wander at their own sweet will across the lines of the commandments, nor even justify the importation into subsequent imprisonments, however incurred, of the corrective flavour of political offence.

They were too well-bred to boast of their own exploits, but they could praise one another. "It would have done your heart good, your Reverence, to see lame Ted,"—a cripple with a chest like a steam-roller and arms to match, but with one leg quite powerless so that he required two crutches. "He limped twice up the whole length of the street on one crutch, and cleared it with the other." This hero, having "drunk delight of battle with his peers" during a long summer's day, was well-nigh sated and determined to make an end. Hitching himself up against a wall he began bawling lustily, "Perlice, perlice!" Thinking him severely injured persons near him exerted themselves, and a policeman was procured from the outskirts of the crowd, a stout personable man fresh and clean, untarnished as yet with the dust of combat. With a supreme effort, for the strong right arm was weary, Ted smote him between the eyes, and stretched him on the ground, a last *bonne bouche*. He then at once resigned his sword, I should say his crutch, to the nearest upright official, and was taken in charge.

Solitary confinement is doubtless a magnificent reforming engine, a ploughshare which, when properly used, will break up the most stony natures. But, although there must be a great advance in prison economics since my acquaintance with them twenty-five years ago, I doubt whether even now men fully realise what a tremendous instrument it is, how dangerous, how easily cruel. Neither the framers nor the administrators of the discipline of solitude seem to have paid sufficient attention to anything but its negative side, its separation, I mean, from external corrupting influence. No doubt this is efficacious, and of course most important, but it is not all; for solitude means more than separation from others; it means the enforced companionship of self. Men are horrified, and rightly so, at the application of so vast and

imperfectly gauged a force as electricity to the execution of justice; but they have no scruple at loosing a man at once and altogether upon himself, when forces understood still less come into play. In many cases imprisonment arrests for the first time the turbid impure current of a life which has been hitherto too rapid and confused for more than semi-consciousness. The wretched filth that, as part of a whole, suggested a largely divided responsibility, now clots, as it were, and concentrates round the isolated one. The less depraved nature is confronted with the adversary who is ever in the way with us, God's vicegerent, the remorseful conscience; and a wild irregular justice is dealt out in language only partially understood. With the wholly corrupt, on the other hand, instead of remorse there is the sick weariness of despair. It is difficult to exaggerate the dreariness of a mind which is a mere one-room tenement, quite unfurnished, and without the slightest faculty either of abstraction or distraction. Such an one will simply spin round and round, impaled upon his trouble like an insect on a pin. Even with such alleviations as manual labour and books, solitary confinement often involves severer punishment than any legislator contemplates. For it must be remembered that not all can read, and of those, few can gather much lasting entertainment from books.

All that I would contend for is that those who are responsible for the infliction of solitary confinement should know it for what it is, and should see that it is not abused, qualifying it with a modicum of good company other than the prisoner's own. How, precisely I cannot say; I have no practical suggestion to make, unless it be a multiplication of selected visitors.

That the torture is often overpoweringly severe is proved by the terrible expedients to which prisoners not unfrequently resort for relief. I remember that a prisoner, not of my congregation, had been in association, as they called it, in the infirmary. After a few weeks the doctor declared him well enough to resume his solitude. He had not long been conveyed to his cell when his bell rang. When the warder came to see what was the matter, the prisoner lifted up a mutilated hand, and it was found that he had cut off a finger with the

large blunt scissors used in mat-making, in order that he might be taken back to the infirmary.

Some of the most pathetic figures in the gaol were big boys of fourteen and fifteen who were undergoing their first experience of exile from their parents' roof. It was a horrid exaggeration of the familiar schoolboy experience. Sometimes they would neither eat nor sleep, but wept continuously for three or four days till the gaolers were at their wits' end. I have often sat with one of these big fellows on my knee, trying to coax him to be less wretched, and to take some food for his mother's sake, whom I would promise to visit, etc. Dr. Johnson, I think, could have done no less. Their miserable faces and unsteady gait would have moved anyone.

In those days, too, children of tender years found their way into gaol. In the case of two little boys of not more than eight, the governor, a retired military man of large proportions and kindly heart, excused himself to me for breaking the law. He had put them together in the same cell, and they had been refreshing themselves with a regular set-to before breakfast. As the governor put it, he had children of his own of the same age, and he would be d——d if little fellows like that should go into solitary confinement. When I went in and asked them what they had been doing, they answered with great *empressement*, "Stealing dimonds, Father". They had been put through the window of a glazier's shop to steal his working-diamonds, and had been caught and sent to gaol. This sort of absurdity does not happen now, I am told.

I paid a visit the other day to an old warder who had been on active duty in my time. He had retired, but had chosen a cottage in the neighbourhood from which he could still see the old shop, as he called it. I asked him what in his opinion had been the effect of education upon the criminal classes. He thought that they had learned to be more civil and less desperate. As contrasted with those he had known in his youth the rising generation of criminals were more ready to recognise when they were beat, and took defeat less nastily. They were altogether pleasanter to deal with.

There is no better charity in my opinion than that of the Prisoner's Aid, branches of which are established in connec-

tion with all our principal gaols. Many persons demur at giving, as they say, the children's bread to dogs. By all means cherish the few individuals about you whose merits you can answer for. But if classes are to be benefited, remember that the inmates of a prison are distinguished from the corresponding company outside in only one way that we can be sure of,—they have been found out. Then, on the whole, they have, to use the scriptural phrase, given glory to God by confession directly or indirectly, and are thus reduced to their lowest denomination. Moreover, the State has undertaken, in separating them from their past, to make a decent future at least possible for them, and it is not possible, unless we assist them, to make a fresh start elsewhere. This is what the Prisoner's Aid Society undertakes, and its success in the way of sustained reformation has been phenomenal, while individual effort (I speak from bitter experience) has few triumphs to record.

I had meant to confine myself to giving scenes from a phase of life which interested me. I must apologise for deviating into the practical sphere, in which I cannot pretend to the latest knowledge. An acquaintance with prison-life will always, I suppose, tend to bring home to us that we are all brethren and all sick, and that our advantage the one over the other is in a very large degree circumstantial. I have often been reminded of a saying of Cardinal Newman: "Remember we are all living in a hospital".



## PURCELL'S LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING.

THIS Life, which had become famous *mala quidem fama* during the three years and more of its literary gestation, has more than confirmed our worst anticipations. The author is wholly possessed by the idea, obvious enough, one would have thought, to be entertained soberly, that the more that is revealed *au naturel* of his hero's weakness as well as of his strength, of what he has said in his haste as of the issue of his deliberate judgment, the more interesting will be his record. And more than this, he considers that a system of literal reproduction is its own sufficient justification, however cruel may be the wounds it inflicts upon individuals, however widespread the circle of its offence. Against any such ethical principle I wish to enter my protest. But setting this aside, we are confronted with the added misery of an author who is not master of his pen, who aggravates where he would fain soften, and frequently gives away his hero's case in terms of conventional apology. Undoubtedly Mr. Purcell means well; he honestly desires to do his duty both by his hero and by the public, but he is without a vestige of literary sense, his fingers are all thumbs, and, in spite of the elaborate pains devoted to every line and shadow of his portrait, the result is a caricature, a splendid monster, than which, to quote his motto, οὐδὲν δεινότερον.

His hero, he is ever reminding us, is a great man who can afford to have the whole truth spoken about him; whose virtues are so considerable that a sturdy natural blemish here and there will but enhance their comeliness. This is all very well in an artist's hands, but in the hands of a literary *chiffonnier*, who gathers up every trifle that comes in his way without much sense of their relative value, it is not well.

The public has been invited to a Manning exhibition in

which letters, diaries, journals, documents *sub sigillo*, autobiographical notes are on view, and amongst them all Mr. Purcell moves the Cicerone mainly of the defects. Here is a vestment of cloth of gold, he would seem to say, of which you will be careful to mark that the substratum is or may be cotton, or at least may contain a strand of baser material. We read of a noble action conspicuously inspired by high motives, and our biographer sounds it in our ear that the motives were probably mixed. This remark may be literally true, considering that the action was human, but could only be to the purpose were there question of a commodity offered in the market. His minute analysis often reminds one of those would-be accurate representations of leaping horses, in which they are exhibited in momentary attitudes whose reality instantaneous photography approves, but of which no human eye has as yet been conscious.

But before we attempt to appreciate some of the aspects of the Cardinal's Life there is an important question to be asked. Whatever fault we may find with Mr. Purcell's method we cannot deny that he has presented us with an astonishing number of letters and documents, mainly from his hero's pen, many of which are of surpassing interest; and that in consequence the two volumes, particularly the second, are nothing less than fascinating. We are entertained with the freest criticism on men and things, on the Pope and Jesuits, on laymen, divines, brother Cardinals and Bishops, by the pen of one whose peculiar note whilst he was with us was dignity and reserve.

Now the preliminary question forced upon us is just this: is the Cardinal responsible directly or indirectly, not merely for the individual letters and documents of which no one disputes the genuineness, but for their publication? Is the buffet under which we are reeling struck by the hand of the late Cardinal, or only by that of his biographer? Now it is admitted on all hands that the Cardinal had intended Mr. Purcell to write his Life, and had put together materials for his instruction. Repeatedly during the course of these volumes we meet with the expression, "The Cardinal bade me remark," or the like with regard to this or that document;

and the effect produced is that the Cardinal intended the whole to be published or at least with such possible omissions as Mr. Purcell's discretion might dictate. That is to say, we are called upon to believe that one whom these very volumes prove to have been excessively sensitive to public opinion, nay, to have made somewhat painful sacrifices for decorum's sake, had authorised the publication of such a mass of jarring atoms,—precious indeed some of them, but others crude and occasional to the last degree; as a whole full of incongruities real or apparent, and recklessly stirring many a bitter memory that might otherwise have slept. Or at best are we to believe that he, who of all men on earth was least patient of control or even suggestion, had left this all-important question of selection in the hands of one of whose qualifications for the task he could not have been without some shrewd suspicion?

The story as we have heard it is something very different. Mr. Purcell, it appears, incurred considerable losses some quarter of a century ago as editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, an extremist organ which came to an untimely end. The Cardinal would willingly have given him pecuniary compensation, but as no money was forthcoming he promised that when the time came he should write his Life, and though the time was long a coming and the intended biographer rather flighty,—he had already during his editorship signed the famous Lay Address to Newman in 1867,—the Cardinal was true to his promise. He selected a Diary which he carefully expurgated, together with various letters in correspondence with it, besides allowing him to read portions of other documents and make copies of them. Of two documents, and two only (see *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1896, p. 516), did the Cardinal say “you need not take notes,” “as you will want” the book, and these were comparatively of a less private character. At the time of the Cardinal's death the selection of letters, it appears, had not been completed. The hunger of more than a quarter of a century is hard to baffle, and Mr. Purcell was not inclined to lose any more time now that the promised Life had fallen. He was not mentioned in the Cardinal's will, and so had no legal right to a single paper, but he called and was permitted by one or more of the four literary executors to take

what papers he might consider his due. On the principle *favores ampliandi* he seems to have taken all, or at least all that he could lay hands on. Neither Cardinal Vaughan nor the executors ever insinuated that he acted without authority, or took what the owners at the time did not allow him to take. "Quod non fecerunt Barbari fecerunt Barberini." What Manning failed to authorise that the executors supplied. They gave Mr. Purcell a *carte blanche* because they too readily believed that Manning had granted him no less. It was only when Mr. Purcell's alleged boast that he was going to show what an untruthful person the late Cardinal had been was reported to them, that they woke up to a sense of their misplaced confidence and tried to stop him. Anyhow, the result of Mr. Purcell's importunity was that for the first time, instead of transcription of one portion or another and notes made under the Cardinal's own eye, he has had entire documents and correspondence at his command. Of these he has made a most reckless use, suppressing, save in one instance and under great pressure, no single name or expression that could give piquancy to the record, at whatever cost to the subject of it, or to his friends.

For Manning himself it is impossible to conceive that his biographer had any regard whatever. Doubtless he gave a notional assent to the proposition "the late Cardinal Archbishop was a good and a great man" whilst reiterating certain conventional expressions of praise; but he never manifests the slightest sympathy with anything Manning says or does. He gives us no genial picture of the man under any aspect whatever, from one end of the book to the other. His biography is a Morgue in which the victim lies mother-naked with his belongings stretched across the room. So be it, we take up our dead of whom we are proud in his biographer's despite, consoled at least in this, that no further outrage can be inflicted by friend or foe.

So pertinaciously has Mr. Purcell dwelt upon every detrimental topic in his hero's character that he has only himself to thank if many of his readers are convinced that he is purposely malicious, and that his praise is mere irony. This we are sure is not the case. He wanted a great subject



invested with a large enthusiasm, with which he hoped to identify himself. He knew the world about him sufficiently to be aware that there is a passion for realistic portraiture; that in fact people rather like a hero with a broken nose or the lobe gone from an ear, "it is so human, you know". Unfortunately he has not recognised that this belongs to a method that is not his; to the impressionist execution which flashes the subject upon the observer in a form which reduces such physical defects to artistic subservience. With Mr. Purcell's slow solemn stippling, to proceed to block one eye and then the other, and to elaborate a sore upon the cheek-bone, is not to paint a time-worn weather-beaten man, but a hospital case. It is a painful illustration of what new wine may do in an old bottle. It is not malice, but incompetent presumption; the ambition of an impressionist without either his method or his technique.

He is no "gushing incense burner" he tells us (letter to the *Times*) but an "independent and outspoken critic," and as such was selected by the Cardinal. Nay, if we have been informed rightly, he was selected because he was needy, and had become so through his exertions in what the Cardinal accounted a good cause. Indeed, *experto crede*, he took his weekly exercise for a considerable period upon Dr. Ward's antagonist, and that with such virulence that his excellent uncle, Professor Robertson, thought it incumbent upon him to apologise for his nephew, as for one who was in some sort obliged to play a part. Now that times are so changed that to some extent the most of us are minimisers, as it is said that we are socialists, we find Mr. Purcell presenting Fr. Ryder with the *spolia opima* of his distinguished adversary.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>This is how Mr. Purcell, in 1895, summed up the Ward and Ryder controversy: "The writer [Dr. Ward] denounced all those who refused to accept his extravagant interpretation of the Pope's infallibility as bad or unsound Catholics. Fr. Ryder . . . exposed, with singular ability, Dr. Ward's errors, showing his statements to be contrary to the principles of Catholic Theology. Of Fr. Ryder's second Pamphlet Manning said, 'It is a great evil; the more so because it is not his own sole act. It must, I think, be examined at last in Rome.'"—*Life*, vol. ii., p. 320. Not a word to indicate the writer's own change of front!—Ed.

So cheap is fame in the trumpet of the "independent critic". As for the Cardinal in spite of a growing uneasiness he disdained to swerve from his rash engagement. On one occasion, when Mr. Purcell had, by some accident, carried off one of the more private diaries to his own quarters, the Cardinal expressed the utmost distress and anxiety, sending message after message to enforce its immediate restoration, and it was as much as he could do to bring himself to condone the mistake.

We are all suffering more or less from Manning's fidelity, but we cannot I think refuse it the title of heroic. In one of Buddah's incarnations we read, when traversing a forest he became aware, as he peered through the bushes, of a tigress so worn with thirst and hunger that she could not suckle her cubs. He at once stepped forward to supply the want and was devoured. This is hard enough, but fancy looking along the vista of life to such a welcome at the end of it. Of course it was not quite this, for the Cardinal thought that he had secured himself against the enormity which has been actually perpetrated. But anyhow he took a serious risk rather than divert a promised alms.

Many persons have been so impressed with the genuine value of the material which Mr. Purcell has brought together, which would otherwise have gone, they think, into the conventional melting-pot, that they assure themselves that a true likeness of the Cardinal has been obtained. But a true likeness is a synthesis of many representations, and ultimately a selection. No single one is an adequate representation of the man, but only of his momentary incidence upon the sphere of observation—in fact the shadow of an accident. The predominance of any such accident will produce a caricature. To be too like the moment is so far to be unlike the man. It is art that restores to nature the unity which successive moments of observation have destroyed: otherwise the wood is not seen for the trees. Thus what Mr. Purcell in his letter to the *Times* denounces as a "judicious system of suppression, an idealised portrait," may after all involve what is entirely necessary for the production of a true portrait, as distinct from the snapshots of accident. On the

other hand, suppression may of course be as injudicious as Mr. Purcell has shown us expression may be.

And now having said enough and perhaps more than enough of the biographer we turn to the subject of the biography. Here it is sufficiently provoking to find oneself at once in the position of one forced either to accept or repel a succession of insinuations brought against one who has held so large a place in the eyes both of his country and his Church as a ruler and a philanthropist. But Mr. Purcell has so elected, and we have no resource since we are not in a position to write another *Life* for ourselves.

The main charges which appear repeatedly throughout the *Life* and give it its tone and movement are these three—Ambition, Duplicity, and Treason or the sin against friendship. Mr. Purcell is always putting them up, so to speak, as he jaunts along and marks them to his gun. We will take them in order.

#### MANNING'S AMBITION.

Here we must distinguish. Manning was possessed of extraordinary administrative ability, and having a very keen sense that this was the case he was instinctively desirous of the opportunity for its exercise. In this sense of aspiring, Manning certainly was ambitious, and in this sense it belongs to the better sort of men to be ambitious, as to the better sort of horses to be spirited or mettlesome. Again, ambition, if it is to be successful, must make much of little things, of slender opportunities; and on this score will be often charged with trivial vanity by those who do not understand the relations of means to ends. The ambitious man is liable to the charge of vanity in his pursuit, of pride in his attainment of greatness, but it does not follow that he is really the victim of either the one or the other.

If we ask, was Manning ambitious in the sense of being overmastered by his ambition, we can answer very confidently that he was not. On two occasions, at least, once in his Anglican and once in his Catholic life, he checked himself in mid-career. Once when he declined the sub-almonership with its issue in a bishopric, lest preferment should obscure

his judgment of the question at issue between the Churches ; and once when he exerted himself most energetically and persistently to obtain Bishop Ullathorne's elevation to the vacant coadjutorship of Westminster, an event that would have rendered his own succession impossible.

Vol. ii., p. 685 (1881). He thus queries as to the charge of ambition that had been made against him. " If it be ambition to desire to see work done that ought to be done, and to be done as it ought to be done, and when ill done to be done better ; and to be done without being the doer of it, if only it be done well at all,—or to be impatient when, with the evils and wants and miseries of the people before them, men, and above all, those who bear the office to do what is needed, do nothing ; and if they will not work but make mountains of excuses and fictitious impossibilities, it be ambition to say let me try then, I acknowledge to ambition and hope to die in it."

Doubtless Manning was always, as the Italians say, *in carriera*, equipped for promotion. Like the Knights of Branksome, " who carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred," he was ever in readiness for service. Indeed this was part of his vocation, and it was approved as such by no less a person than Newman (see Manning, autobiog. note, *Life*, vol. ii., p. 347): " I remember his saying to me: ' It will be well for you to go to Rome, for if the Cardinal's life dropped you would not be known ' ". It would be an evil day for the Church if only the unworthy might aspire.

I think Manning was under no delusion as to his habitual temper on this subject, in spite of certain definite acts of renunciation, and in spite of his insisting that in regard to the archbishopric he had not even ventured to formulate an interior wish one way or the other. Again, there is much indirect remote preparation in the way of removing obstacles, instinctive to the aspiring mind, which it may or may not recognise for what it is. In the case of another great prelate, Fénelon, we find a very similar quality of ambition united to a far more subtle intellectual nature. The following is Monsieur Tronson's comment upon it in a letter to his old pupil:—



“ Vos amis vous consoleront sans doute, sur ce que vous n’avez recherché votre emploi ; et c’est assurément un juste sujet de consolation, et une grande miséricorde que Dieu vous a faite. Mais il ne faut pas trop vous appuyer là-dessus ; on a souvent plus de paix à son élévation qu’on ne pense : il est très rare qu’on l’ait appréhendée et qu’on l’ait fuie sincèrement. L’on ne recherche pas toujours avec l’empressement ordinaire les moyens de s’élever ; mais l’on ne manque guère de lever adroitement les obstacles. On ne sollicite pas fortement les personnes qui peuvent nous servir ; mais on n’est pas marri de se montrer à eux par les meilleurs endroits ; et c’est justement à ces petites découvertes humaines, qu’on peut attribuer le commencement de son élévation : ainsi personne ne sauroit s’assurer entièrement qu’il ne se soit appelé soi-même. Les démarches de manifestation des talens qu’on fait souvent sans beaucoup de reflexion, ne laissent pas d’être à craindre.” This presents a high ideal of habitual self-renunciation to which neither Fénelon nor Manning can be considered to have attained. Still we cannot but feel that whatever they may have lost by their failure it has been to the gain of the Church and the world at large.

#### MANNING’S DUPLICITY.

We are told that Manning had a double voice, that is to say, spoke very differently to different persons on one and the same point within too short a period to suppose a change of view ; from which it is inferred that on one or other occasion he must have been insincere in his expression of opinion. To this I should answer, “ that no interval, supposing that it be an interval, is too short for the change of a view which is mainly held as the text for a possible or probable line of action ;—lightly come, lightly gone. It is amply allowable, may be possibly a duty, to speak of your health and prospects in quite another tone to your wife and children, who have a right to hope for the best as long as they can, and your doctor and lawyer to whom you insist upon the worst, for them either to qualify or to face. Fr. S. Smith has shown that the contrast insisted on between the letters to penitents and Mr. Gladstone, on the one hand, and to spiritual advisers

like R. Wilberforce on the other, is in part assumed, in part exaggerated. There remains the contrast between the letters to R. Wilberforce, of January, February, March, 1848, and the charge which Manning delivered in the July of that same year. The letters certainly read like a refutation by anticipation of each point in the charge that relates to the Hampden case. However, R. Wilberforce's replies are no longer extant, and they may have contained the counter-arguments embodied by Manning in his charge. Be this as it may, Manning undoubtedly possessed in an eminent degree the talent imputed to his political friend and correspondent for "the improvisation of lifelong convictions," and was never more oracular than when, to use his own expression, he had not quite felt his feet. Hence, as is the case with other oracles, his various utterances are hard to reconcile. I shall have to return to this matter in another connection.

#### MANNING'S INFIDELITY TO THE CLAIMS OF FRIENDSHIP IN THE CASE OF J. H. NEWMAN.

It may be admitted that only the friendship of accident or in virtue of association in a common cause with common friends could exist between persons as radically different as were Newman and Manning. Like the sea, and the rocks confronting it, they might, while the storm lasted, combine against a hostile armada; but their eventual condition was ever one of settled opposition of sentiment, method, aspiration. They both loved God's Church with a devoted love, and desired to spend and be spent in her service, but the one ever realised the solidarity of her responsibility in the past and future as well as in the present, whilst the other was inclined to make little or no distinction between the eternal and the provisional, between the word that passes not away and the *mot d'ordre* of the moment. Again, in their attitude towards the society which they addressed, no two men could be less akin. The one ever looking for a platform from which in his first inception he might arrest attention, even if he could not satisfy it, whilst the other could say (Letter to H. Wilberforce, March 28, 1855): "I have an enormous dislike for puffing.

S. Wood used to find fault with my writing 'Parochial Sermons'. He said if I gave another name people would read, and then he quarrelled with the titles of particular sermons which had more in them than the titles promised. From a child the description of Ulysses's eloquence in the *Iliad* seized my imagination, and touched my heart. When he began he looked like a fool. This is the only way in which I have ever done anything."

The one man could not advertise himself, the other could not help doing so. As I have said, they were friends because they had a common cause and common friends, and in times of trouble had exchanged comfortable words; and it was an enthusiastic epoch when correspondents easily passed from "yours truly" to "yours affectionately". But the friendship of these twain was more or less dependent on its lack of intimacy. In case of rupture it could not be said by either "the man of my peace has lifted up his heel against me"; for the friends of peace are the friends of choice whereas the comrades of war are the friends of accident, and as violence has blown them together, so by violence they may be again sundered without any serious breach.

The two men took, inevitably, different lines upon various ecclesiastical topics; but, as I shall have occasion to show, it was rather a difference of method, a psychological difference, than a difference of theological position. They had every right to be opposed to one another, the one as going too fast, the other as going too slow. But they were not called upon to contend on an open field, their opposition was of the kind which the French word *sourd* expresses, the most trying of any. The one was in the fierce current of action, the other on the quiet shore of criticism; and it must have been peculiarly trying when galled hands and sultry brow were cheapened to the cry of "Saul has slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands". I do not mean that envy was ever a considerable factor in Manning's life; but I conceive that he must have been something more than human if he did not sometimes feel its sting and give it at least momentary expression.

Both men I would insist had a strain of genuine admira-

tion for one another and a tender recollection of old relations. Of this on Manning's part I think there is sufficient evidence in the letter to R. Wilberforce on the *Essay on Development*, and in the sermon on Newman's death. On Newman's part I may be allowed to bear witness, for I have often heard him speak with admiration of Manning's preaching, especially of one particular sermon at the Synod of Oscott. The utmost criticism Newman ever allowed himself, so far as I know, even in private correspondence, was an expression of surprise that "a high ecclesiastic and a theologian could write some sentences that Cardinal Manning has written" (Letter to Canon Jenkins, 2nd December, 1875).

The charge brought against Manning by his biographer in the section devoted to the relations of the two Cardinals is extremely serious, and whatever may be urged, and fairly urged, in extenuation of the fault, a serious fault it remains. We are called upon to collate Manning's letters to Talbot of 25th February, 1866, 22nd April and 3rd May, 1867, with his letters to Newman of 17th April, 7th and 29th August, 1867. We find him under the first date endorsing Mgr. Talbot's wild tirade against Newman, ending with "his spirit must be crushed," thus, "what you write about Dr. Newman is true". He then goes on to denounce Newman as "the centre, whether consciously or not, of those who hold low views about the Holy See, are anti-Roman, cold and silent, to say no more, about the Temporal Power, national, English, critical of Catholic devotions, and always on the lower side. . . . I see much danger of an English Catholicism, of which Newman is the highest type. . . . Between us and them there is a far greater distance than between them and Pusey's book. . . . You will take care that things are correctly known and understood where you are." Under the second he complains that "as it (the Lay Address to Newman of 6th April) stands it implies that in Dr. Newman's writings there is nothing open to censure, and that to touch him is to wound the Catholic Church. But if Rome should touch him?" Under the third he excuses himself for not taking a stronger line against Newman, because it would divide the English bishops. He refers to Fr. Ryder's pamphlet against Dr. Ward thus: "This is



opportune, but very sad". Opportune, *i.e.*, convenient as a handle against Newman. Of Fr. Ryder's second pamphlet he remarks: "It is a great evil; the more so because it is not his own sole act" (*i.e.*, Newman is involved). "It must, I think, be examined at last in Rome."

On the other hand, to Newman in a letter dated 17th April, 1867, which though never sent is referred to in the letter of 7th August, he writes: "Whatever gives you pain is to me a source of very real regret" (7th August). "It would give me a great consolation to know from you anything in which you have thought me to be wanting towards you." "It would give me a real happiness to enter with you into the openest and fullest explanation of all my acts and thoughts towards you." "I do not believe that among your old friends there is any one who has remained more unchanged in all the kind regards that have so long united us. If our lines have differed, I cannot suppose that either you or I would invest that fact with any personal feeling" (14th August). When Newman had complained that Manning's *entourage* had been a centre of evil insinuation against his loyalty, Manning contents himself with saying that they acted on their own responsibility; he omitted to confess that he had been acting in a precisely similar way in his recent correspondence with Mgr. Talbot.

But the case against Manning is not yet complete. Mr. Purcell has indicated the material for its completion in what he entitles "Supplementary Correspondence, 1869," but apparently without mastering its full significance. The facts are as follows. An article written by Newman in the *Rambler* in 1859, "On Consulting the Laity on Matters of Faith," was delated in Rome by the Bishop of Newport. No official communication from the Holy Office was received by Newman, but as soon as the affair reached his ears he wrote to Cardinal Wiseman a letter which Manning describes accurately (Letter to Bishop of Birmingham, 2nd November, 1869) as "no statement or explanation, but a request to know what passages were objected to". What he omits to notice is that the same letter contained an expression of willingness on Newman's part to explain or retract anything

objected to, and to come to Rome himself for the purpose if necessary. Manning goes on to say (Letter to the same, 3rd November): "During that time I wrote to Dr. Newman asking him in what way I could be of use. . . . I endeavoured more than once to remove from Cardinal Barnarbo's mind the impression left by the Bishop of Newport." What we have to add to this account is that Newman answered Manning by reiterating the account of his dispositions expressed in his letter to Wiseman, and begging him to learn the mind of the Roman authorities, and advise him accordingly; that shortly after this Manning thought himself justified in advising Newman that the storm had blown over, and that this being so "*quieta non movenda*". Whereas (see Talbot's letter to Manning, 25th April, 1867): "It is perfectly true that a cloud has been hanging over Dr. Newman ever since the Bishop of Newport delated him to Rome for heresy in the *Rambler*, on consulting the laity on matters of faith"; a cloud which at a date but little preceding Newman's cardinalate exhibited the explicit form of an assertion that Newman had been invited by the Roman authorities to explain his article and had refused.

It is obviously convenient to have one's adversary under a cloud and to keep him there, although the situation originated, I cannot doubt, in nothing worse than an over-facile discharge on Manning's part of a serious duty. The form the story of Manning's negligence took in the hands of Ffoulkes was the monstrous exaggeration that he had actually suppressed a letter of Newman's to the Holy Office. It is this version which Fr. Ryder (Letter, vol. ii., p. 343) characterises as "a melodramatic misstatement". The letter was written after consultation with Dr. Newman, in answer to an interrogatory of Dr. Ward's, who must have forwarded it to Cardinal Manning in whose collection Mr. Purcell found it. Dr. Newman's letter of "explanation to the Sacred Congregation," supposed to have been found by Fr. Morris, S.J., among Cardinal Wiseman's papers (see the *Month*, March, 1896, p. 421), can hardly have been the letter addressed to Cardinal Wiseman of which Manning testifies that it was "no state-

ment or explanation". Again, if Fr. Morris' discovery had been of the character the writer in the *Month* supposes, he would certainly have seen it either forwarded to its address or returned to its author. It may surely be dismissed as a creature of the imagination.

Manning was not indisposed to appeal to the laity when it suited him, particularly in the form of the masses (vol. ii., p. 603). He enforces the very text of Newman's article thus: "I think it was St. Guy of Tours who said in the Arian times that the ears of the faithful were purer than the lips of the priests. In the total abstinence movement the aspiration of our people has been higher than that of the clergy. The chief discouragement has come from priests." See too p. 324, where he looks to the million of Irish in England to support him against "the low views" of English priests and English Jesuits.

In a note (vol. i., p. 309) Mr. Purcell tells us that Newman destroyed all his letters from Manning after 1840, "subsequently to his correspondence with Archbishop Manning in 1866". We are thus left under the impression that Newman in his pique with his correspondent made a holocaust of his letters. In fact, Newman destroyed no letters at this period. It was only after Fr. St. John's death in 1875 that Newman in his anxiety as to the hands into which his correspondence might fall after his death, burned Manning's letters along with many others. In so doing I believe that he was consulting more for the reputation of others than for his own.

And now I think the facts of the case are complete, and I may say what I think may be said in the way of extenuation of a course, or I should rather say a combination of action which *in se* and objectively I cannot regard as other than unfaithful.

It is sometimes just, and I think it is so here, to interpret the action by the person rather than the person by the action. I say then that the fact that it was Manning who acted towards Newman in the way we have noted is sufficient proof that, so far as he was conscious of the double action, he regarded it as coherent with itself and with the norm of Chris-

tian practice. We may in some degree understand how this was possible if we realise to how great an extent Manning on ascetical grounds had renounced friendship as an interchange of mutual duties. He acknowledged no such claim except *in forma pauperis*. Let a friend lay a restraining hand upon his shoulder as the expression of a right, and he would at once shake it off, and betake himself in preference to the man in the street. This was in part an instinctive resentment of control, in part ascetic renouncement. He was an admirable master, patron, nay parent and providence, but the frank equality of friendship, except once and again as a man might take a wetting for the sake of the view, he did not practise.

It would have been well for his reputation for consistency could he have inscribed upon his lintel the notice "No friends or kinsmen need apply," but against this militated his natural tenderness of heart, and fondness for old associations.

He had made up his mind that the cause of ecclesiastical unity and discipline required a rapid forward movement with closed ranks along the whole line, and Newman stood in his way, or rather moved but slowly at a different angle, and without keeping step. He at once became an obstructive, and so an adversary, and not of Manning only, but of the Pope, the Church, the Holy Spirit. But yet in the lulls of the contest, and still more of course in the longer intervals of peace, he recovered his normal position in Manning's esteem, and was a benefactor who had done much for the good cause, and might do more, and the recollection of whose ancient friendship was to be cherished. It was impossible for a man of Cardinal Manning's dignity to adopt the frank motley of Dr. Ward, on which, as on a plaid of chequers, black and white, were exhibited side by side the conflicting sentiments of love and suspicion, veneration and hostility towards his quondam leader. Manning could not do this, and so he vacillated and forgot one sentiment in the other, and laid himself open to the charge of simulation, forgetting that sometimes "motley is the only wear".

As regards the language he uses of Newman to Talbot, I



may point out that the word "disloyal" is never his word though it is Ward's. Again he is describing, not so much Newman, as a large party of which Newman happens to be the "centre" and "the highest type". A party numbering in its ranks some bishops and many priests of whom he has not hesitated to admit elsewhere there were many better men than himself. After all, Newman as the best of these is not so far removed from the Kingdom of God. If Newman had accepted Manning's offer in the letter of 7th August, 1867, "It would give me a real happiness to enter with you into the openest and fullest explanation of all my acts and thoughts towards you," it is possible that it would not have occurred to him to give an account of the Talbot correspondence. If he had recollected it at all, he might have regarded it as too impersonal to be to the purpose. I deliberately suggest that he might not have recollected it, for never was it more true of any mind than it was of Manning's that it was constructed in water-tight compartments, and that intellectually the right hand knew not the doings of the left. Short of this, the torrent of business even then was enough to paralyse the sensitiveness of recollections. As he told a friend of later years, when he lay down to rest at night his memory of the past day was just a river of faces, nothing more.

Doubtless warfare was a very real part of Manning's life, and when immersed therein he forgot for the moment all but strokes of advantage and disadvantage. Yet I would maintain against his biographer that the real normal life of the man is more truly represented by such episodes as the efforts at reconciliation, and the sermon on Newman's death, which Mr. Purcell regards as mere diplomatic expedients. However this may be, it can surprise no one that Newman, without even a morbid sensitiveness such as Manning ascribes to him (vol. ii., p. 351), should have felt, in the presence of this surprising phenomenon, what most Catholic readers of Cardinal Manning's Life have felt, that he does not know "whether he is standing on his head or his heels".

And now I would willingly leave the questions in debate

between the two men in the obscurity which distance of time, and change of temper and circumstance have given them; but unfortunately Cardinal Manning, in the autobiographical note of the date of 1887, again thrusts them on the scene in a way to enforce attention. "1. Temporal Power, 2. The Oxford Question, 3. Infallibility." "On all these Newman was not in accordance with the Holy See." "If I have been opposed to him (Newman) it has only been that I must oppose either him or the Holy See." This is a recapitulation of offence too serious and too recent to be left without an adequate answer; although I shrewdly suspect that the intention is wholly apologetic, whilst in form it begs the question against Newman.

I need not dwell upon the distinction between the judgment or precept of the Holy See, and the private opinion of Pius IX., or upon the consideration as to how far Cardinal Manning's view may correspond either with the one or the other. I should desire to ascertain as precisely as may be wherein on these three points Newman's view differed from that of Manning.

#### (1) THE TEMPORAL POWER.

For Manning, see Gen. Pref. to *Temporal Power*, 1861; *The Independence of the Holy See*, 1877; Purcell's *Life*, vol. ii., pp. 580, 615, 617, 683; Letter to Mr. de Vere, *Contemporary Review*, March, 1897 (p. 333). For Newman, see sermon, *The Pope and the Revolution* (October, 1866), reprinted in *Sermons on Various Occasions*.

It will be the more convenient way if we consider first Newman's view, inasmuch as nobody has pretended that it has exhibited any variation whether as held privately or expressed publicly, under the influence of events, whereas the contrary is admitted of Cardinal Manning.

Newman, then, begins by insisting upon the distinction between what is of the essence of the Church's Divine Constitution, which is as changeless as God Himself, and the gifts more or less useful or necessary with which, under a special providence, a grateful world has endowed the Church; some of which, the Temporal Power of the Pope *par excellence*,

have such a character of *prima facie* necessity that the Church is bound to retain them until they are forced from her.

Suppose the Pope lose his Temporal Power. P. 294: "Our Lord maintains her (His Church) by means of this world, but these means are necessary to her only when He gives them; when He takes them away, they are no longer necessary. . . . If He takes away one defence He will give another instead. We know nothing of the future: our duty is to direct our course according to our days; not to give up of our own act the means which God has given us to maintain His Church withal, but not to lament over their loss when He has taken them away." P. 268: "Who can force a sovereign on a people who deliberately reject him? You may attempt it for a while, but at length the people, if they persist, will get their way." P. 284: "Yet I wish I was not forced to believe that a hatred of the Catholic religion was not at the bottom of that revolutionary spirit which at present seems so powerful in Rome". P. 292: "I think the Romans will not be able to do without him". P. 293: "His autonomy is a first principle in European politics whether among Catholics or Protestants; and where can it be secured so well as in that city which has so long been the seat of its exercise". P. 290: "We are to pray that he may continue King of Rome; that his subjects may come to a better mind". P. 292: "We prepare ourselves both for thanksgiving and resignation as the event may be".

These extracts sufficiently establish Newman's position.

1. That the spiritual power must be distinguished from the temporal (local), as of Divine in contrast to what is human or ecclesiastical institution.
2. That the temporal power may be taken away; and that if taken away it ceases to be necessary, for aught we know, for such a degree of peaceful exercise of the spiritual power as may for the time consort with God's providence over His Church.
3. That its abolition need not imply the coming of Antichrist.
4. That the continued coercion of the Roman people by French bayonets is neither desirable nor in the end possible.

Newman's main object is to prepare for the worst; Manning's to make all but the best incredible.

Manning (*Temporal Power*, Gen. Pref., p. xxvii.) insists upon the indivisible unity of the subject, *i.e.* the spiritual and temporal power. He brings both under the promise concerning "the gates of hell". He maintains (p. 183) that the local temporal power will be found at the "Second Advent" because "no human hand founded it, and no human hand can overthrow it". Notwithstanding this, see Gen. Pref., p. lv., the ultimate title of the Temporal Power is the initial choice of the Roman people. P. 219: The dissolution of the Temporal Power is to man an impossibility. Pp. 55-56: He concedes that in the times of Antichrist there may be such a dissolution. See, too, *Independence* (1877), p. 20.

Gen. Pref., p. xxxviii.: "The local sovereignty . . . affords abundant and proper matter for a definition or judgment, or authoritative declaration of the Church" such as would exact the absolute interior assent of a Catholic under pain of grievous sin. P. lvi.: "With us (in England) a revolution might be a just impatience of unlawful acts; with the subjects of the Vicar of Christ it must be a *taedium de Deo*".

I have not done more than select from Manning's two volumes such passages as emphasise his difference, such as it is, from Newman. The Temporal Power with him is, though indirectly, of Divine right. It cannot cease except with the end of all things. The Roman people in rejecting the rule of the Pope are *ipso facto* rejecting the rule of God. The local sovereignty is necessary for any tolerable degree of free and peaceful exercise of the spiritual power, and this necessity is capable of being defined as certainly true and imposed as such upon the consciences of the faithful.

Now I would observe that whilst the Holy See has had to complain during the last twenty-six years of numberless insults and spoliations, especially the suppression of religious orders in the Papal States, the Pope's exercise of his spiritual rule and influence throughout the Church during this period has been as free and peaceful, nay as masterful, as during, let us say, the previous twenty years of French occupation. I leave it to my fellow-Catholics to decide which of these views it is most respectful to identify with that of the Holy See, which events have justified and which they have left behind.



On neither view, of course, can the present state of things be regarded as final, or in any sense acceptable. But those who have with Newman accepted the worst as at least a possibility, are able, now it has been realised, to make the best of it, whilst trusting for a solution of the difficulty to the Providence of God, and the traditional wisdom of the Holy See. With Manning it has apparently been otherwise: during the last eighteen years his mind under a reaction, the nemesis of his former dogmatism, has drifted from the position of the *intransigente miracolista* or looker for miracles, to that of the dissatisfied reconciliationist.

From the first there had been elements of discord with the view of affairs dominant in Rome. I have noted his finding somewhat incongruously the ultimate title of the Temporal Power in the choice of the Roman people. In a letter to Mgr. Talbot of 3rd January, 1866, he lets out that he regarded the enlistment of troops to defend the Holy Father as an imprudence. "My head always went against its prudence. The present state is much more to my mind. The strength of the Holy See is to be unarmed." It does not occur to him that with these sentiments he is hardly the fittest person to preach the sermon on the heroes of Castel Fidardo. But these sentiments, unlike some others that we wot of, were not "to be known where you are," indeed "I mistrust the post," *i.e.*, the papal post.

In a note of 8th December, 1876, after his visit to Rome, he complains bitterly of Roman "stagnation". "The inactive unite with the first class" (the *miracolisti*) "in doing nothing and in speaking against those who would act as *conciliatori*." "This ecclesiastical quietism (*i.e.*, abstention) seems to me to be condemned in Madame Guyon." In *The Independence*, etc., published in 1877, he thus explains and justifies the system of abstention: "They have never voted at all; and that upon these grounds: that if they were to vote they would recognise the law, they would accept the Constitution, they would be partakers in the present state of Rome, and sanction its usurpation. Moreover any men whom they might elect could not sit in the chamber without taking the oath that bends him to the revolution which now holds Italy

down, and to the violation of the sovereignty of the head of the Church."

In a note of 4th December, 1883, on leaving Rome he writes: "This time I find a new State. The *miracolisti* are gone. The abstentionists are in the ascendant, but they cannot last long; and some of their leaders know as well as we do that the policy is false. . . . They see too that the Past can never come back; that the Temporal Power may come back, but under new conditions." In a letter to Mr. de Vere, 9th April, 1888: "I am watching with anxiety what is passing in Italy, being fully convinced that Rome can only return to the Pope by the will of the Italian people, and that armed intervention or diplomatic pressure will only revive and harden the opposition of the Italian people. If it were restored by either of these interventions *ab extra*, it could stand by support *ab extra* over again, from which may heaven preserve us." With this contrast the Encyclical of March, 1877, Archbishop Manning, *Independence*, p. 117: "We therefore think it opportune, and we greatly desire that the Bishops . . . should call upon the faithful under their jurisdiction to make every effort as far as the laws of each country may permit to induce their Governments not only to examine carefully the serious condition of the Head of the Catholic Church, but also to take such measures as may ensure the removal of the obstacles which restrict her true and perfect independence". In a note of 19th April, 1889: "The abdication of natural duty called abstention, is not the mind of the Holy See, but of him that letteth, and will let until he be broken out of the way. *Quousque Domine?*" Manning has been worried by the Holy Office and so the Italians are in Rome to correct the sins of the Roman Government, "but so as by fire". P. 584: "It may be that all this spoliation is a Providential preparation for the advent of the Commune or of the times of the peoples; a rich Church would fare ill in the face of a Commune; and it would be out of sympathy with the peoples, and unable to win their good will".

*Life*, vol. ii., p. 615. "On being reminded that he was turning his back on the principles which for the last twenty years he had held in defence of the Temporal Power of the

Pope, his enigmatical reply was, 'I am beginning to feel my feet in the Italian question'." Yes, I would rejoin, "and for all these previous years you have made us feel your feet for suggesting the possibility of a fourth part of what you are now asserting". Provisional theory has no right to trample so fiercely and to ascribe to its opponents hostility to the teachings of authority. Mr. Purcell most unfairly suggests here and elsewhere that Manning instinctively shrank from the weaker cause, whereas nothing can be more certain than that he emulated the apostle in his enjoyment of a manifest door and many adversaries. But this much is true, he could not await at the tomb of a buried cause the hour of its resurrection. He must needs agitate and negotiate until he sometimes ended as in the present case in boxing the compass.

## (2) THE OXFORD QUESTION.

On this point I need hardly dwell. That the Holy See had no traditional line of its own on the matter and simply adopted provisionally the suggestions of the English Bishops is sufficiently notorious. Manning endeavoured to establish the principle forbidding all Catholics from attending the Universities, whether as residents at existing colleges, or as forming a Catholic body within the University area. For Newman's view we may consult the report made to him by Sergeant Bellasis (24th January, 1864) of his statement made to Mgr. Talbot: "I said that I believed you saw no objection on principle" (to the foundation of a Catholic Hall in Oxford) "though you did see considerable difficulties in the way of carrying it out . . . but that on the danger of Catholics going to the present colleges you had the strongest possible opinion". Newman thought that ultimately the Pope and the Bishops might come to entertain some idea of the kind; and meanwhile he was glad that an Oratory in Oxford should in an informal manner act as pioneer and feeler in that direction. This scheme was frustrated by Ward and Manning, and in consequence we are at present engaged in a late and leaderless attempt at what we might long ere this have achieved *Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*.

## (3) THE INFALLIBILITY.

On this point Manning says, "Newman was not in accord with the Holy See"; and again in another note of the same date he mentions him with Hefele and Döllinger as having "gone wrong," though he has "happily passed without note".

Now Newman was never in disaccord with the Holy See as to the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope which he always held, though not as certainly *de fide quoad objectum* until the Vatican definition; and still less of course as *de fide quoad obligationem* until the obligation was defined. He certainly could not have joined in the Archbishop's statement in his letter to the *New York Herald* of 10th November, 1874 (*Life*, vol. ii., p. 475), "The infallibility of the Pope was a doctrine of Divine Faith before the Vatican Council was held," without insisting on the above distinction. That it has ever formed an implicit part of the objective contents of the revelation is involved in the fact of its definition as an article of faith: that Catholics before the Vatican Council were not obliged to believe it as an article of faith is proved by the history of the Vatican Council; although as Manning says, it "made no new dogma" it most certainly created a new obligation. The contrary view would involve the Church in a communion of heresy seeing that Gallicans were promoted both to the Episcopate and the Sacred College.

Does the disaccord lie in the private letter written by Newman to his Bishop during the Council in which he deprecates the definition as inopportune mainly on the ground that the agitators for the definition have been so busy agitating that they have forgotten to pay an adequate attention to serious objections? But surely the Holy Father by the very fact of proposing the question, definition or non-definition, even if his own view were recognised, invited conscientious disagreement as well as agreement; and Manning if he did his duty must have taken the Pope's view because he thought it the right, and not because it was the Pope's. There can be no question here of disaccord with the Holy See. The ecstasy of his self-gratulation (*Life*, pp. 457-58) at his victory over the three whom he regards as his great rivals and



adversaries, Hefele, Döllinger and Newman, after a period of seventeen years remains almost hysterical. There is a sense doubtless in which the weak and mean things of this world may rejoice that they have been chosen to confound the strong, but it is difficult to mistake the tone of an anger that is merciless *spretæque injuria formæ*, in this unseemly trumpeting: "But we, the ignorant, the fools, the flatterers, the empty pates, were right after all. An ecumenical Council justified us, and the Catholic Church believes and teaches what we said. . . . I have seen a 'Mutual Admiration Society' label itself and its members at extravagant prices, and the world take them at their fictitious value. . . . They were wise and we were fools. But strange to say it has turned out that the wise men were always blundering, and the fools were always right. At last the wise men have had to hold their tongues and, in a way not glorious to them, to submit and to be silent."

It must be remembered: 1. That fools—neither the epithet nor the thought is mine—may be right and yet remain none the less fools, as the dunce who has found the key of the lesson. 2. That the point disputed by the vast majority of the opposition was not the truth but the opportuneness of the proposed definition; and that a definition whilst it defines its truth leaves its opportuneness in *statu quo*. Opportuneness or inopportuneness admits of many degrees; and if Manning was right in his distribution of wisdom and folly, or even in his distribution of its repute, the definition might have been more opportune, had it awaited a less invidious division. 3. "The Catholic Church believes and teaches what we said,"—not quite what some of you said. M. Veuillot, the leading Press representative of the Majority (*L'Illusion Liberale*; see W. Ward, vol. ii., p. 246), boldly used the following words: "We all know certainly only one thing, that is that no man knows anything except the man with whom God is for ever, the man who carries the thought of God. We must . . . unswervingly follow his inspired directions."

How completely at sea was Manning in the theology of infallibility may be seen in his treatment of the decree condemning boycotting and the Plan of Campaign. (Autobiog. Note, *Life*, vol. ii., p. 625.) The words as they stand fail, I think,

to yield any connected sense whatever. I have ventured upon a liberal paraphrase which I believe gives their intention:—

“The infallible magisterium of the Pope extends over politics because the question of right and wrong cannot be excluded from politics. Thus the Popes were morally within their right, *e.g.*, in the approval of the Armada, and the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign. But such an act though morally right or not morally wrong may be imprudent, both in relation to natural and supernatural prudence, and I believe this to have been the case with the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign. The decree of Leo XIII. was ‘absolutely true, just and useful, in the abstract’. It only failed in not recognising the fact that Ireland’s abnormal circumstances,—unfair rents, congestion in the agricultural market, etc., rendered the general principles as to the moral duty of fulfilling contracts, the injustice of interfering with the liberty of tenants inapplicable. The political and social condition of Ireland is not contained in the deposit, and if you urge it neither is the heterodoxy of Jansen’s *Augustinus*, I must remind you that this was a dogmatic fact,—the only kind of fact to which infallibility extends, whereas the Plan of Campaign is only a moral fact.”

I would remark upon this, first, that this decree of the Holy Office may well be acquitted of infallibility on the ground that the Pope, although formally approving and confirming the decree as its text exhibits, yet has not so identified himself with it as to issue it in his name. On the other hand, Dr. Ward (*Doctrinal Decisions*, edit. 1) follows Zaccaria in considering the clause quoting the Pope’s approval in a Congregational decree a sufficient guarantee for infallibility. But this question is practically irrelevant, as Cardinal Manning recognises the decree in question as an *ex cathedra* decree of the Holy Father’s, thus adopting the wider sense of the term *ex cathedra* rejected by the Vatican Council.

He allows that it is infallible in its abstract morals, which are anyhow “absolutely true, just, and useful”: though not in its application to this or that instance, because the Pope is not infallible in finding a moral error in a book, institution, etc.,—the moral fact; but only a doctrinal error of faith,—the

dogmatic fact. This is to substitute a distinction unrecognised in theology for one in common use. The dogmatic fact is not meant to contrast with the moral fact, but with the personal fact. The dogmatic or documentary fact includes the moral and excludes the personal fact, which last is subjective, and depending on intention, for which fallible human testimony must be invoked. The Pope may decide as infallibly that a book or formulary teaches adultery or brigandage, as that it teaches pantheism.

The Pope may be quite within his right in pronouncing on a matter in which he is not infallible, and in which in fact he commits through imprudence a great mistake. Instead of prudence, whether natural or supernatural, limiting the infallible magisterium, as Cardinal Manning grotesquely puts it, the ideas of prudence and infallibility are entirely disparate: an infallible utterance may be imprudent; and propositions "absolutely true, just, and useful" need never trench on infallibility.

The decree in question condemns as contrary to the moral law Boycotting as practised in Ireland, and the Plan of Campaign. Then, as grounds for recognising the justice of this condemnation, certain general principles of justice and charity are appealed to as violated by the actions condemned. Now as to Boycotting it might possibly be maintained that a false idea of it, as actually practised in Ireland, had been given to the Holy See; and so Boycotting of one sort or another might be defended on the plea that it was not the sort condemned. But the Plan of Campaign is a formula so clear and explicit that it cannot for a moment be pretended that the condemnation may have lighted elsewhere.

Manning's defence is not that the Holy See was misinformed as to the physical character of the criminated acts, but as to certain circumstances affecting the moral character of the actions; under which what would have otherwise been criminal is in fact innocent. Hence it follows that the abstract principles characterised by Manning as "absolutely true, just, and useful" can be nothing of the kind, for the absoluteness with which they are stated renders them false. They must needs fail of the truth in proportion to the failure

of the concrete judgment they are vainly invoked to support. I argue from the form of the decree that it was no exercise of the infallibility, whilst accepting it as in every respect "true, just and useful".

I have been forced exceedingly against my will to pre-empt my defence of Cardinal Manning in order to repel, nay to retort with vehemence, his so recent assault upon one to whom I am bound even more closely than I am to him. And now that I look back upon what I have written with intent to defend, I hardly know if it may pass as a defence at all. With some who have known the Cardinal Archbishop as a persistent benefactor and paraclete, and thus only, I know it will not so pass, and they can hardly do less than resent it. Others who, like the present writer, with all their admiration for Manning's noble qualities and brilliant achievements, have been often painfully depressed by his hopeless want of sympathy with intellectual difficulties, and impatience of anything like criticism; who have conscientiously answered what was once a pointed question in ecclesiastical politics, "What is your name, M or N?" with the second letter,—will understand the limitations under which a readjustment of Mr. Purcell's character-chart has been attempted.

One great redeeming trait there is in Cardinal Manning's character which would cover more sins than Mr. Purcell could enumerate, and that is his charity. A charity not always prudent in its manifestations, but always heroic in its intensity; and most longsuffering in the persistency with which it attached itself to the least attractive and the least deserving of its objects. To be afflicted was of itself to establish a claim upon Manning's tenderness of heart; to the cry of distress he was ever ready to respond with the frank injustice of a mother's love. Neither was it physical distress alone that appealed to him, or injured innocence, but the deeper and more difficult wretchedness of guilt. For many a heart that was hardening in its guilt from the sense that it was bankrupt in affection, has Manning's tenderness achieved what seemed impossible, and a way has been made for Him *qui convertit petram in stagna aquarum et rupem in fontes aquarum*. In the face of a long experience of this sort such adverse



criticism as I have undertaken may well seem trifling. Indeed, to perform such a function towards afflicted humanity, the claims and pleasures of friendship may be well foregone. It was only for the wounds of thinking, fiercely, narrowly, "not wisely but too well," that Manning's cruse contained neither wine nor oil. That most tantalising book, *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, which even its author, I am assured, admitted to be a failure, is a conspicuous example. It deals with one burning question after another, calmly, clearly enough till the critical moment has arrived, and the knot has to be untied or cut or recognised as insoluble. Something wise, luminous, prudent at least, there can hardly fail to be, one would think, after such a limpid prelude. But, alas! only a sonorous formula is given you which means practically just this, that the writer has not turned a hair, and that it will be well to move the previous question.

Of the multitudinous reviews and reminiscences which this *Life* has called forth, perhaps in their own way the most noteworthy are the contributions to the *Contemporary Review* for March, 1897, by Principal Fairbairn and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. The appreciation by the first-named writer both of the biographer and of his subject is at once shrewd and genial. But I am sorry he should have given the sanction of his recognised intelligence to the notion that Newman and Manning (vol. ii., p. 341) were dispensing "feline amenities" when at the close of an unsatisfactory discussion they undertook to say Mass for one another.

Papists are not in the habit of using prayers as missiles, as was once, I believe, the fashion in the Scottish Kirk; and still less the most sacred of all peace offerings,—the Mass. Such a compound of blasphemy and spite runs wholly counter to the most elementary Catholic instinct. What the offer to say Mass for each other's intention meant finds an admirable illustration in the conclusion of one of Mr. Gladstone's letters (vol. ii., p. 478): "As when they move upwards there is a meeting-point for those whom a chasm separates below".

Very interesting and charming are Mr. de Vere's "Reminiscences". I cannot forbear quoting the following (p. 329). "We stopped at Avignon, and a few minutes after our dili-

gence entered the courtyard of our hotel, a small black bag belonging to him was missed. It had been stolen, and all inquiries, whether instituted by the police or the clergy, failed to recover it. He declared that whoever had it in his possession might keep what else it contained, which included £100 in money, if only he restored the letters in it. At the first moment after the discovery of his loss the expression of grief in his face and voice was such as I have seldom witnessed. He spoke little, and when I was beginning to speak, he laid his hand on my arm, and said, 'Say nothing. I can just endure it when I keep perfectly silent.' The loss probably was that of his most precious memorials; but it did not even at the time make him negligent of the 'casual stranger'. After he had given his directions we entered the dining-room, and he sat down apart. Not long afterwards he observed that at a small table not distant there sat a maid-servant alone and neglected. The future Cardinal rose and did for her all that her master and mistress had forgotten to do. He brought a waiter to her, became her interpreter, and took care from time to time that nothing should be wanting to her dinner. When all efforts to recover the lost treasure had failed, he went to Rome by sea, and I went to Florence. We met again at Rome. He met my inquiries with a brief reply. 'No; the loss was probably necessary—necessary to sever all bonds to earth.'” No more perfectly characteristic vignette of Manning, so far as it goes, has been given, and it is an example precisely of what the *Life* lacks, a sympathetic presentment,—a biographer's first duty.

With Mr. de Vere's enthusiastic intellectual appreciation of Manning, and still more with the claim he sets up for him to breadth of intellectual sympathy, I need hardly say that I completely disagree. The sonnet which presents Manning as combining the intellect of Aquinas with the imagination of Dante, elegant as everything from Mr. de Vere's pen is sure to be, strikes me as nothing less than grotesquely inappropriate,—an Aquinas without the discursive faculty, a Dante without wings! And yet there is a true sense in which Manning may be called Dantesque. His manner, and at its best it was little less than perfect, was wont to exhibit that austere

affection, that restrained tenderness which a man may receive and be grateful for without loss of manliness, and which we associate with Dante. It was at once caressing and stimulating, no "night-old worts," but fresh as the due-laden "erbetta" with which Dante's eyes were cleansed from the grime of hell.

Of his three principal portraits, that by Watts presents the stern prelate and relentless inquisitor; Long's the courteous kind-hearted gentleman,—almost too sweet and facile; and then Oules combined the two and gave us the man in his fascinating integrity.

I saw little of him, all too little for my own satisfaction. He was always kind to me for old times' sake, although he knew me of the opposite camp. My mother had taught me an affection for him that has outworn many a hostile phase.<sup>1</sup>

I claim that he be clothed in a garment down to his feet of the cloth of gold of charity, and for the naked hands and feet and face where they have contracted any stain from the dust of human frailty, let them be wiped reverently. He has done many noble deeds, and has been a tower of strength and a house of refuge for God's people, and he has met with hard measure at many hands, at mine, alas, it may be, but none harder than at the hands of the man who undertook to write his Life.

In one most pathetic blessing of Holy Church we can all unite with confidence:—*quidquid boni feceris et mali sustinueris, sit tibi in remissionem peccatorum.*

<sup>1</sup>The reader may be reminded that Fr. Ryder's mother and Mrs. Manning were sisters.—ED.





## APPENDIX.

### SOME NOTES ON FR. RYDER'S CONTROVERSY WITH DR. WARD.

IN 1890 or thereabouts, Fr. Ryder read a paper containing a number of reminiscences of his controversy with Dr. Ward nearly a quarter of a century before. He was reviewing di Bartolo's *Criteri Teologici*, and compared the opinions of its author with those which he himself had advocated in 1867. The *Criteri* shortly afterwards found its way on to the Index, but at the time Fr. Ryder read his paper it was attracting a good deal of rather flattering notice. A French edition had just been published with quite a number of congratulatory letters to the author, first among which was one from Cardinal Manning, promising to make the book known to his clergy. The *Criteri* might be described as an essay in ultra-minimism with regard to the authority of doctrinal decisions, confining within very narrow limits the number of those which claim to be infallible pronouncements. It advanced propositions from which Fr. Ryder would have recoiled in 1867 no less than in 1890. He was startled, and also a little amused, at the consideration shown to it by quondam allies of Dr. Ward, among whom was a very old friend, who wrote in 1867 to him that after mature deliberation he had come to the conclusion that Dr. Ward was right, and in 1890, that the more he read di Bartolo the more he "became convinced that his views are just what I always held".

Those portions of Fr. Ryder's paper which deal with his controversy with Dr. Ward have perhaps a certain historical interest. The controversy itself, now that contemporary biographies are beginning to appear, is likely to be more often heard of than it was, say twelve or fifteen years ago. Further, it was a spirited combat, very characteristic of

the exciting times just before the Vatican Council. There is also the likelihood of a good many people having quite a wrong impression concerning it. Ward will always be remembered as a strong upholder of the doctrine of papal infallibility. The inference will seem obvious that his antagonist must have opposed this doctrine. Yet, in fact, the question of papal infallibility did not come up in the controversy at all, for the simple reason that both parties were agreed upon it, and recognised their agreement. What they did differ about the reader will presently learn from one of the combatants.

Fr. Ryder began the controversy by attacking Dr. Ward, who at that time was editor of the *Dublin Review*, in a pamphlet entitled *Idealism in Theology, a Review of Dr. Ward's Scheme of Dogmatic Authority* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1867). This was followed by a *Letter to W. G. Ward, Esq., on his Theory of Infallible Instruction* (*ibid.*, 1868). Then a few months later came a *Postscriptum to Letter, etc.* (*ibid.*, 1868). Dr. Ward replied in pamphlets, articles, and notices or reviews of books. His position as an editor gave him the power, which he used somewhat ruthlessly, of outnumbering his unfortunate adversary, and creating the impression that he stood alone. Thus, to give one example, the *Dublin Review* of July, 1868, besides having bound up with it Dr. Ward's pamphlet in answer to the *Postscriptum*, contained an article on Pope Honorius, reviews of several books on Dr. Ward's side, a review of the *Postscriptum*, and a letter from Fr. Knox, of the London Oratory, to a foreign paper, disclaiming any sympathy with Fr. Ryder's views.

For a fuller account of the controversy than these "Notes," which only touch upon points raised in the *Criteria*, supply, the reader must be referred to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*. One point which, while it only occasionally and almost accidentally came to the surface, really seems to have lain at the root of the whole controversy, is dwelt upon at length by Mr. Ward. It may be briefly noted here. Fr. Ryder held that (as Newman expressed it) "None but the Schola Theologorum is competent to determine the force of papal and synodal utterances". Dr. Ward's view, on the other hand, was "that the exact claim of a

Pontifical utterance, and its import were easily ascertainable, by a man of fair ability, from the Pope's own words". Starting with this assumption, he found in the authoritative tone of every papal utterance a proof that the Pope was speaking *ex cathedra*.

So much by way of introduction. The following quotations from Fr. Ryder, unless otherwise stated, will be from the unpublished review of the *Criteri*.

#### (1) COMPARISON BETWEEN 1867 AND 1890.

"The present reviewer confesses to a strong, he might almost say a personal, interest in the questions discussed in this volume (*i.e.* the *Criteri*). About a quarter of a century ago he was engaged in a serious and protracted controversy with Dr. Ward, at that time editor of the *Dublin Review*, on those very points. He then sustained the rôle of what was in those days regarded as ultra-minimism against an adversary who spoke with all the conscious weight of an exponent of authority. Although encouraged by private letters of various considerable persons, he received but scanty support in the public prints. Those whose memory carries them back to that period, or who care to turn over the pages of the Catholic papers and periodicals of '67 and '68, will find Dr. Ward's opponent severely taken to task and represented very generally as a dangerous and unsound writer.

"In '67 I was the prophet of minimism and received the prophet's portion of stones. In a number of the *Westminster Gazette* of, I think, '67, the present venerable Bishop of Amycla pronounced what I designated at the time my funeral sermon, wherein my cenotaph was erected, as it were, in close proximity to the graves of Wiclif and Jansenius. And now in '88, '89, the author of the *Criteri* comes forward like Richard III. between two bishops. . . . It is the simple truth that di Bartolo maintains every single point of my position as against Dr. Ward, nay, more than this, in several most important matters he goes much farther in a liberal and minimistic direction than I have ever ventured, or should now venture. When his book was first placed into my hands I felt as completely out of it as ever that modern Rip van Winkle,

the old-fashioned Whig, would feel in presence of the Gladstonian Radical."

(2) THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THE CONTROVERSY.

Fr. Ryder then draws up a list of propositions representing the chief points upon which he and Dr. Ward differed. He put them in the form of questions, which his opponent answered in the affirmative, and he in the negative.

I have arranged them in two groups, A and B. The former those under A, Dr. Ward seems never to have altered his mind about; the latter, those under B, he in later years withdrew or modified.

A.

(1) "Does the infallible magisterium of the Church extend to matters which belong neither immediately (explicitly) nor mediately (implicitly) to the Depositum?"

(2) "Is infallibility more than co-extensive with Divine Faith? can the obligation, that is to say, of yielding an absolute interior assent be imposed except on the authority of God revealing?"

(3) "Are all the minor censures such as scandalous, temerarious, etc., when attached by the Church to certain propositions, infallibly just?"

With regard to the first two of these propositions not much practical difference seems to have resulted from Dr. Ward's affirmation and Fr. Ryder's denial of them. The former accepted the theory of a *fides ecclesiastica*—though at the beginning of the controversy he does not seem to have used the term—one of the chief uses of which is to explain what are known as Dogmatic Facts. The latter disliked this theory, and tried to find another explanation of the infallibility of the Church with reference to Dogmatic Facts. The theory in question now seems to be adopted by most theologians; but in 1867 Fr. Ryder could speak of it as "not generally countenanced by the classic theologians, although names as considerable as Billuart and Tournely might be urged on its behalf" (*Idealism*, p. 29).

This is how Fr. Ryder described the position he took up in 1867 with regard to Dogmatic Facts contrasting it with



that of di Bartolo, who was not sound upon this point:—  
 “I maintained that the infallibility of the Pope or Church extends beyond the compass of purely logical deduction from the revealed truths of the *Depositum*, to what I called concrete realisations of dogma or dogmatic fact, both in the purely dogmatic and the moral order. Thus infallibility would embrace such dogmatic facts as the heresy of the Augustinus, the blessed state and heroic sanctity of canonised Saints, and the *Perfection* of approved religious orders.” Di Bartolo argued: “Assuredly the human book (*e.g.* the Augustinus) is not an item in the Revelation, neither is the Saint whom the Church canonises an item, nor the order which the Church approves an item. Therefore the supernatural infallibility which extends only to the Revelation does not embrace such cases.” Fr. Ryder answers: “Surely this implies a very mechanical way of looking at the *deposit* as if it were a collection of truths cut and dried, instead of a body of doctrine, large, fruitful, various, embracing not merely propositions with their logical contents, but principles and ideals, the concrete realisations of which, as well as the realisations of the opposite type, the Church may well recognise in virtue of the Holy Spirit abiding in her. She not only knows that *lupi rapaces* will break into the fold, but she has a revealed type of such a wolf with which to test the new relays of wolves which are to beset her. She not only knows that *Beatus vir qui timet Dominum*, but she possesses the types of that beatitude according to which, with the assistance of the Holy Ghost, she may recognise those whom she may safely canonise. At least there is nothing abnormal in such a conception of the deposit.”

We now come to the third question; and here Dr. Ward scored heavily. Fr. Ryder queried whether the Church can be supposed to employ her infallible *magisterium* when she attaches to a condemned proposition some censure, *e.g.*, scandalous, which does not *totidem verbis* imply falsity. It goes without saying that a statement or proposition may be highly objectionable without being absolutely false. One has only to recall such ordinary expressions as “eminently calculated to mislead,” “equivocal,” “double meaning,” “gratuitously insulting,” to recognise this. Now theologians are not agreed as to the exact import of all the censures. Fr.

Ryder recognised that there was strong ground both of reason and authority for holding that all the censures imply falsity (e.g., "scandalous" means "false and scandalous"), and that if this is the case, all the censures stand practically on the same footing, and must be regarded as infallible. But he did not think that this opinion was the more probable one, and proceeded to draw the inference that if the Church in using these censures was not defining what was true or false she was not exercising her infallible *magisterium*.<sup>1</sup>

The controversy began with a cannon ball from Dr. Ward's entrenchments: "It would be itself a mortal sin if possessing such knowledge (*i.e.*, that the Church or Pope had condemned a certain proposition as theologically unsound) I dared to embrace it as true or doubt its falsehood". Fr. Ryder, fastening on the ambiguity of the word "unsound," replied with a volley of quotations from theologians concerning the exact significance of the minor censures. After this amid the smoke and confusion of battle it is not easy to follow the movements of the combatants. I can only say I have done my best to define Fr. Ryder's view, but I am not without misgivings as to my success.

In his *Letter* Fr. Ryder owned that what he had said upon this matter of the minor censures was made "a subject of complaint by numbers who agreed with him upon every other point. 'Cry *Peccavi*,' says one. 'Let the matter quietly drop,' says another; 'it is of no importance to your main position.'" He then proceeded partly to answer objections, and on one point to make retractation. The retractation was as follows—he is considering the case of a person who should doubt whether some proposition censured, say as "scandalous," deserved its censure:—

"Of course I have all along admitted that such a person would in *most* cases commit mortal sin; inasmuch as the *pietas fidei* imposes an obligation of assent, in default of adequate *fundamenta* for dissent, the existence of which is in

<sup>1</sup> The teaching of Theologians is that these censures are infallibly just in the sense in which they are attached to condemned propositions. "Qualitas quae propositioni competere *definitur*, illi infallibiliter competit eo sensu et modo, qui in definiendo intenditur" (Franzelin de Trad. et Script.).

the highest degree unlikely. But I now go farther ; and whilst maintaining my original position as to the non-infallibility of such censures as do not involve falsity, I acknowledge my belief that such contrary *fundamenta*, even supposing their existence, from the nature of the case, cannot be discovered ; and therefore that the person in question, deliberation supposed, would commit mortal sin."

The matter of the minor censures was stored up in a very retentive memory. In 1887 Cardinal Manning drew up an account of the grounds of what he called his "variance with Newman". One of the items was, "Newman accepted Fr. Ryder's statement on the minor censures in a letter to Ward which is in the collection".<sup>1</sup> Twenty years before, the peccant matter was not this solitary point, but Fr. Ryder's "principles" *in globo*. In a letter to Mgr. Talbot dated 3rd May, 1867, comes the following passage: "Fr. Ryder of the Edgbaston Oratory has published an attack on Ward's book on *Encyclicals*. Dr. Newman sent it to Ward with a letter adopting it, and saying that he was glad to leave behind him young men maintaining these principles. This is opportune but very sad."<sup>2</sup> Newman's letter to Ward ran as follows: "I send you by this post Fr. Ryder's pamphlet in criticism of some theological views of yours. Though I frankly own that in substance I agree with it heartily, it was written simply and solely on his own idea, without any suggestion (as far as I know) from any one here or elsewhere, and on his own choice of topics, his own reading and his own mode of composition. I think he is but a specimen of a number of young Catholics who have a right to an opinion on the momentous subject in question, and who feel keenly that you are desirous to rule views of doctrine to be vital, which the Church does not call or consider vital. And certainly, without any unkindness towards you, or any thoughts whatever that you have been wanting in kindness to me personally, I rejoice in believing that, now my own time is drawing to an end, the new generation will not forget the spirit of the old maxim, in which I have ever wished to speak and act myself,

<sup>1</sup> Purcell's *Life of Manning*, vol. ii., p. 349.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 320.

'In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis Libertas, in omnibus Charitas'."

I have dwelt at some length upon this matter of the *minor censures*, although it was really nothing more than a side-issue in a controversy, partly in order not to seem to make light of the advantage Fr. Ryder's mistake gave to his opponents, and partly to supply some necessary qualifications to the bald statement, which through Mr. Purcell's instrumentality will go down to posterity. It is now time to turn to the propositions which in later years Dr. Ward in part or in whole abandoned.

### B.

(1) "Are all the direct doctrinal instructions of the Pope in Encyclicals and other like documents infallible?"

(2) "Are all the direct doctrinal decrees of the Inquisition and the Index, when sanctioned by the Pope and promulgated by his order, infallible?"

(3) "Is the Syllabus infallible so as *ipso facto* to render (a) all the condemnations quoted in it, and (b) all the documents quoted from in it, infallible?"

According to Fr. Ryder, Dr. Ward in later years "withdrew his affirmation" of the first two of these propositions and of the second part of the third.<sup>1</sup> As for the third proposition, Fr. Ryder rather understates the facts. While Dr. Ward never gave up his belief that the Syllabus was infallible, after the appearance of Bishop Fessler's *True and False Infallibility* he admitted that it was possible to be a good Catholic and at the same time to hold the contrary opinion. This was really all that his opponents asked for. They might have agreed with every one of his views without relaxing their

<sup>1</sup> Instead of "withdrew his affirmation," it would, perhaps, have been more accurate to say "ceased to affirm that they were obligatory". For a full account of Dr. Ward's opinions, and the degree to which he modified them, see *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival* (p. 255 ff.). Perrone, and other Roman theologians, whom Dr. Ward consulted, did not admit the first proposition. "They maintained that the Pope might be speaking not as Universal Doctor, but as Universal Ruler (*Gubernator*)" (*ibid.*, p. 255 footnote). In deference to the same authorities Dr. Ward gave up insisting that the view expressed in the second part of the third proposition was "of obligation" (*ibid.*, p. 257).



opposition to him one bit, because what they chiefly objected to was not his views but his insistence that these views were the only possible ones for a good Catholic.

Bishop Fessler was Secretary-General to the Vatican Council. His pamphlet was a reply to an attack on the Vatican definition and its bearing on civil allegiance, of much the same kind as that delivered by Mr. Gladstone in England, a few years later. Bishop Hefele, when it was shown him, declared that the doctrine of Infallibility as explained by Fessler presented no difficulties whatever to his mind, but, he went on to say, he did not believe Fessler's explanation would be approved of at Rome. The warm Brief of Approbation which Pius IX. soon afterwards addressed to Fessler set his mind at rest on this matter. I may select two points in Fessler's pamphlet which told against Dr. Ward. The first was that the infallibility of the Syllabus is an open question ; the second that papal *ex cathedra* utterances are very rare. The Syllabus refers to over thirty Encyclicals, Allocutions, etc., emanating from Pius IX. alone, all of which, according to Dr. Ward, were to be regarded as infallible pronouncements.

The *True and False Infallibility* was translated by Fr. St. John in 1875, by the desire of Cardinal Newman, who wished it to be accessible to English readers when his own *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* was published. When Dr. Ward heard of the forthcoming translation, he seems to have supposed it was intended to be a kind of indirect attack on himself, and would lead to a renewal of the controversy with Fr. Ryder. He owned to a friend of Fr. Ryder's, who pointed out to him that, if he insisted upon his own views as obligatory, he must expect his opponents to take such an obvious opportunity, as was afforded to them by Fessler's pamphlet, of vindicating themselves, that he ought to have noticed Fessler in the *Dublin* and acknowledged that he had altered his view with regard to Fr. Ryder's position, a position which was now extrinsically probable. This conversation took place in December, 1874. In the following April, Dr. Ward reviewed Fessler, and with it Newman's *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* which had just been published. On some points he disagreed with the writers he was reviewing, but at the same time fully allowed that their views were such as a

good Catholic was entitled to hold. He also took the opportunity to make some very frank retractations. His tone throughout was considerate and sensible: as far as possible removed from that in which he had concluded his controversy with Fr. Ryder. "I consider," he had said in his reply to the *Postscriptum*, "that your principles lead by necessary and very speedy consequences to a denial of the Church's infallibility altogether; or, in other words, to apostasy from her communion. Nor does it at all follow, because assuredly no such results will ensue in your own case, that there may not be real danger of it in the case of others. This or that Catholic may temporarily accept your principles, who does not enjoy that protection which is afforded to *you* by your personal piety, your Catholic instincts, and your priestly duties. If he be a straightforward and consistent thinker, there is every hope he may speedily abandon those principles in alarm and dismay. But there is a real danger that he may carry them forward to their legitimate conclusion and apostatise from the Faith." All this was written, in the sweetest and most amiable of tempers, on the top of some very graceful personal compliments: "I have been assailed in my time with great acrimony, and few persons are equally sensitive to such assaults. But I said in my first letter that even in your *Idealism* I had observed no one trace of unkindness or bitterness; while your *Letter* contains many kind references to me, for which I am most grateful. I have felt also from first to last that I was dealing with a thoroughly upright and honourable combatant, who seeks truth and who takes every pains to understand his opponent. I should add that, though I have not yet the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, the many private letters which have passed have generated a kind of friendship between us."

Nor did Dr. Ward confine himself to merely personal compliments. In the notice of the *Postscriptum* which appeared in the *Dublin* at the same time as the answer to it, he said "We must express our opinion that in one particular Fr. Ryder has rendered a lasting service to theology. We refer to the stress which he lays throughout on the 'pietas fidei' . . . it is to Fr. Ryder that Catholics are indebted, both for dwelling on the wide range of this 'pietas fidei,' and also

for bringing into notice the phrase itself which is excellent . . . it is this which separates him by so wide a gulf from such writers as those of the defunct *Chronicle*, and *Home and Foreign Review*. . . . Never, to our mind, were opposite theological elements more singularly mixed than in Fr. Ryder ; never was a *tone* so loyal united with principles so *malignant*."

This dissociating of Fr. Ryder from writers holding the same principles was only returning a compliment. Some of Dr. Ward's allies had in the heat of controversy forgotten their manners. Fr. Ryder after comparing Dr. Ward to Orpheus, whose sweet music drew after him some very queer animals, entreated him not for a moment to suppose that he held him answerable for "the grotesque indecencies" of his "camp-followers".

### (3) THE INTRICATE CHARACTER OF THE CONTROVERSY.

"When in March, 1867, I attacked Dr. Ward's book on Doctrinal Decisions, it was felt very generally that I had laid violent hands on the Pope's standard-bearer, and persons were scandalised in proportion as their knowledge was confined to the external aspect of the fray. It is difficult to do justice to the extent of the ignorance that prevailed as to the intrinsic merits of the controversy both amongst Dr. Ward's partizans and amongst mine, the result being that the two combatants were almost as liable to be tripped up by their friends as by their foes. Indeed the subject is one of teasing difficulty. It is at once too minute to appeal to popular sympathy, and too complicated, I had almost said too confused, in its bearings to satisfy the instincts of the scientific theologian. Its claims are a medley of appeals to dogma, morals, history and piety, and it is further complicated by the fact that its subject-matter is alive and so is capable at any moment of overleaping or seeming to overleap the categories within which we had thought to retain it. 'We have one strong bond of sympathy,' my antagonist would say to me, 'in that we at least whilst pommelling one another understand the point in dispute and appreciate its vast importance, whereas the ring with very few exceptions knows a little or nothing of the matter and cares less.' Of the first half of

this appreciation I have had my doubts, of the last I have had no doubts whatever."

(4) RETROSPECT.

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis. Upon how many since the days of my old-world controversy has the great change been wrought? How many both of friends and foes have passed away? My great opponent with whom I had all along maintained friendly relations has gone to his reward and I may be perhaps allowed to say that I for one keenly recognise and deeply deplore his loss. Although as a watch-dog of the Church's fold he did from time to time, as I think, unduly run the sheep, yet never alien foot-fall was heard about the flock that he failed to greet *debito latratu*. And since his departure how many strange forms have flitted in and out with glimpses of ill-hung sheepskins and predatory feet, and to what unseemly pipings have we not listened *sub luce maligna* and not one note of protest raised. But beyond such change as this how potent has been the unconscious change wrought amongst us that yet remain. This was brought pointedly home to me of late. One of my earliest and best friends wrote to me in 1867, as follows: 'I read Dr. Ward and doubted, I read Fr. Ryder and doubted. I then turned to Pius IX. and found that Dr. Ward was right.' This same friend, as much my friend now as then,—his friendship at least has undergone no change—wrote to me the other day: 'The more I read di Bartolo the more I am convinced that his views are just what I have always held'. Change we are told is a condition of life, by which token it would seem I must be already dead. Twenty-one years ago I was a rock beside the stream, planted where I am still planted. I was then regarded by friends embarked higher up the river as at best the *ultima Thule* of liberal orthodoxy, and now their voices reach me from far down the stream, and on their flag as the wind catches it, I read the proud motto *semper eadem*, and for my part so completely am I left behind that I am not even reckoned as a point of departure.

"One lesson remains, the lesson of patience and forbearance. Throw as few stones as you may, reserving such as



you have carefully in your scrip for the inevitable Goliath, bearing it well in mind that the time may come when you may desire again to gather them up, and may find it hard to do so. ‘*Salva fide, unusquisque in suo sensu abundet, donec veniat illa lux, quae de luce false philosophantium facit tenebras, et tenebras recognoscentium convertit in lucem.*’”

The following extracts are from the *Letter*.

(5) THE *RÔLE* OF THE MINIMISER.

“I may congratulate you upon having made one good point, at least, in the course of the controversy. You have fastened a name upon the opposite party which is likely to stick, that of ‘Minimist,’ or ‘Minimiser.’ Now, I have no objection to the name, if I may be allowed to give it my own interpretation. The word is obviously susceptible of a good, as well as of a bad sense. In its bad sense, it is, doubtless, applicable to one who, from repugnance to the claims of Church authority, would ignore such claims, whenever he thinks that he may do so without breaking with the Church altogether; who refuses to regard the *pietas fidei* as constituting any real obligation; who claims the right of refusing ‘*assent and obedience*’ to all pronouncements which are not *formal* definitions of faith; one who, in fact, is no *cordatus Catholicus* at all.

“In its good sense, I regard the term ‘Minimiser’ as applicable, in its degree, to all who *think*, in contradistinction to those who merely *feel*, upon the subject of authority. Amongst the lovers of authority, its critics, *i.e.*, those who endeavour to explore its precise nature and limits, will ever be outnumbered by its indiscriminating zealots. ‘*Auctoritatem esse rem omnium delicatissimam, satis compertum est,*’ as Muratori observes. But where the authority is Divine, it imposes itself its own limits; and those who would nicely investigate them, in order to discover where the Divine precepts end, are only showing their reverence for an ordinance of God. For my own part, I never could understand how a man can be zealous for the Law, unless he sharply defines its boundaries. To amplify the skirts of the Law, upon the principle of Tutorism, as did the Pharisee of old,

has never been countenanced by the Church. What probabilism is in moral, that is minimism in dogmatic theology; they are both based upon a common principle. 'Lex dubia non obligat.' I consider that, where it is a question of laying down what is of universal obligation *sub gravi*, it is simply the duty of every Christian to minimise. If a determination to carry out this principle to the utmost, at all costs, constitutes a minimiser, I can only say that I am proud of the name.

"The rôle of minimiser is never likely to be a popular one. He is apt to be regarded, by the mass of his brother theologians, as a sort of 'devil's advocate'; useful, indeed, and perhaps necessary, but certainly disagreeable; and he must expect to be regarded, by the general religious public, with something of a superstitious horror.

"The great minimisers have been, for the most part, missionaries, like Veron and the Walleburgs; apologists, such as Ballerini and Pallavicini; or antiquarians, such as Muratori—who, conscious of all they had to defend, did not care to push beyond their trenches. If these have had a certain popularity in their day, yet their popularity has not extended beyond the immediate sphere of their usefulness.

"Again, if minimising is useful for others, it surely has its dangers for the minimiser himself. He is apt to over-minimise, so to speak; to look at religious questions in too hard and dry a manner. And if, as is not unfrequently the case, he is taking part in a reaction against an excess in the opposite direction, he is all the more likely to overdo his part; and perhaps, more likely still, in proportion to the effort it originally cost him to assume it.

"That this may have been my fate, more or less, is only too probable; but I can say honestly that I would far rather answer both to God and man for such a slip,—be it what it may,—than I would answer for the imposition upon the consciences of my brethren of one featherweight of burden, beyond that which Christ has imposed."

#### (6) PROTEST AND CONCLUSION.

"And now, presuming upon the right, which the publicity of such a scaffold as you have erected for me, gives a man to

speaking his mind, I enter my most earnest protest against the practice of turning the easy-chair of a lay reviewer into a Cathedra of religious doctrine. However convinced such an one may be of the exclusive orthodoxy of a doctrine, unless he can presume upon its common acceptance by all Catholics, he had better let it alone; or where he cannot absolutely do this, let him state it simply as his opinion, with, if he pleases, his ground for holding it, and there leave it. Any other course will only do mischief, either by putting an additional obstacle in the way of the reception of the doctrine by Catholics, or by teaching them to think lightly of their authorised teachers.

“Surely the past history of the *Univers*, which, despite the piety and ability of its editor, for a time well-nigh split into two hostile camps the Church of France, and has left behind it wounds even yet unhealed, should be a warning to us of the lamentable consequences of unauthorised dogmatism. We shall never, I trust, arrive at the pitch of branding as heterodox those of our bishops who do not go our length; but you certainly have gone far to introduce amongst us the schismatical distinction of ‘High and Low Church’. To speak of ‘high and low levels’ in doctrine, is one step at least towards making Catholic truth a matter of sentiment. It matters but little whether our doctrine be high or low, popular or unpopular, provided only it be tolerated in the Church. ‘Sentire cum Ecclesia’ doubtless expresses a principle of Christian duty; but it is well to remember that it is not always the most popular doctrine that has proved the truest. De Lugo tells us (*De Fide*, Disp. xx., § 3, p. 128) that there was a time when nearly all theologians were against the Immaculate Conception.

“As regards the mass of those who have assailed me, and may probably assail me again, I can only say ‘si scripta mea in eos qui promptiores sunt ad reprobandum quam ad compatiendum, incurrunt, non magnopere cum iis colluctandum’.

“I submit whatever I have written to the judgment of the Church; and, as I said in my Preface, I trust that my very errors may in her hands subserve the cause of truth.

“In conclusion, I trust that I may be allowed to thank you

publicly for, what the public does not know, the chivalrous good-humour of your private letters, to one who is publicly your foe.

“For the rest, ‘Unusquisque in suo sensu abundet, donec veniat illa lux, quæ de luce falsò philosophantium facit tenebras, et tenebras recognoscentium convertit in lucem’.”

LETTERS FROM DR. RUSSELL, THE PRESIDENT OF MAYNOOTH,<sup>1</sup>  
TO DR. NEWMAN AND FR. RYDER.

*Letter 1.*

*Maynooth, May 13, 1867.*

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN,—I ought to have thanked you long since for your kind recollection of me in sending me Fr. Ryder’s *Idealism*; but I was called hence by business the very day I received the book, and the anniversary office of poor Dr. Dixon, and then the death and funeral of our old friend Surgeon Ellis prevented me till now from returning. I did not like to write till I should have been able to read this very important essay upon a very critical subject.

I have now read it carefully and I am greatly struck by the acuteness, ability, and learning which it exhibits. I am not *fully* satisfied with everything in it, but I sympathise entirely with its general spirit, and indeed I agree for the most part with its conclusions. It was on account of the convictions which it advocates and which I believe to be not only the old principles of the classic theologians, but also the only safe and judicious views to be relied on in controversy, that I resolved, with great regret to separate myself from responsibility as to the *Dublin Review* with which I had been connected for many hopeful and happy years.

At the same time I am not without fear that there are some things in the book to which exception will be taken, and on which suspicion will be fixed, especially in the section on the Depositum. I myself too should like to modify some of the expressions as to Encyclicals, and I should like a little more warmth of tone in one or two places as to the accept-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Russell’s name will be familiar to readers of Newman’s *Apologia*. “He (*i. e.*, ‘my dear friend Dr. Russell’) had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than any one else” (*Apol.*, p. 194).



ance of Papal pronouncements. But on the whole I consider the essay a very able one. The part on Galileo is conclusive.

Let me thank you and Fr. Ryder once again, and believe me, my dear Dr. Newman, your ever affectionate friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

*Letter 2.*

*May 27, 1867.*

MY DEAR FR. RYDER,—I should most willingly avail myself of the privilege which you kindly offer me of entering into the details of some difficulties which your pamphlet suggests to me, were it not that we are in the midst of the hurry of our examinations, so that I have hardly a free moment. I can only therefore say very briefly that the chief points in which I could not agree with you regard (1) What you say on p. 52 that “the proposition that the Church is not infallibly just in her application of the minor censures” “is not necessarily false”; I do not of course hold the contradictory of this to be of faith, but I do not think your proposition itself a sound one. (2) I take it to be the *general result* of what you write in Section II. that the infallibility of the Church is strictly co-extensive with the depositum, and that it is free to hold that outside of the depositum the Church is not absolutely infallible—I am sure that in reality you do not hold what may appear to be implied in this; but this strikes me to be the effect of what you write. It appears to me that your view would extend what theologians hold as to the definibility of things outside of the depositum to *the actual infallibility of the Church* in regard to such matter. And I consider this the more important as your principles apply not alone to the Infallibility of the Pope but also to that of the Church. I think moreover that you misapprehend Dr. Ward as to the notes of condemned propositions. I do not think he holds that every note implies falsehood. But this is a minor point of criticism.

I confess too that I am not satisfied with your view as to Dogmatic facts in p. 42, and particularly as to your reasoning from the language of the Pope regarding the Jansenists. I think that in this view you will find most writers strongly

opposed to you. Will you forgive me also if I confess that I share in the exception which has been taken I see by some (although quite in an exaggerated way) against a certain good-humoured tone which here and there seems to take from the dignity of so momentous a controversy.

I fear I shall have explained myself but very imperfectly ; but I think it due to you to do the best that is in my power circumstanced as I am.—Pray believe me, my dear Fr. Ryder, very sincerely yours,

C. W. RUSSELL.

*Letter 3.*

Jan. 11, 1868.

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN,—Although I was very much tired last evening after the examination work of the day, I took up Fr. Ryder's *Letter*, and I was so interested that I sat up till I had finished it. I am more pleased with it than I can tell you. It is exceedingly able, acute, learned and accurate ; and on every point on which the *Idealism* had left any difficulty in my mind, it entirely satisfies me. I do not think that the most exaggerated ultramontane orthodoxy can take exception to its *spirit*, and I can hardly imagine that any ultramontane will venture to say that even in the letter it is liable to even the suspicion of censure. As to the "minor censures" point, now that he has fully developed his view, I am entirely at ease. I will not perhaps agree to his view of the value of some of the notes,—say *scandalous*, especially—but taking his view of it, there is no escaping his conclusion.

As to the execution of the work it is admirable. The tone is good-humoured, but it is trenchant and sharply pointed ; and as a reply to Dr. Ward, portions of it are most conclusively triumphant. I am particularly pleased with Fr. Ryder's frank acceptance of Ward's pet name of minimizer. His parallel with Probabilism is perfect. I had often used the very same parallel ; and I think that the most enthusiastic *personal docility* is fully compatible with the most indulgent *minimising towards others* and especially towards those "who are without". I shall be greatly surprised if this view do not find universal acceptance.

On the whole I congratulate you all from my heart on this publication which is most opportune. I am sure it must be a great comfort to Fr. Ryder to be rid of the load which he has had to bear for the last few months.—I am, my dear Dr. Newman, most affectionately yours,

C. W. RUSSELL.

*Letter 4.*

*Jan. 14, 1868.*

MY DEAR FR. RYDER,—I am very much obliged by your letter which is most interesting to me as exhibiting the kindly relations between you and your most frank and outspoken adversary. I suppose his imputation of “unorthodoxy” will fall on what you appear to say of Honorius’ and other historical papal judgments.

I do read the *D.R.* regularly; but for the moment I have been so overpowered with work that I have not had time to read “Doctrinal Letters”—I can only speak therefore of the Theses which it contains and what I have seen in the Summary. I have no hesitation in accepting all these Theses, with the same restriction with which I should accept them of the similar general and explanatory *Doctrinal Instructions of a General Council*, as for example *the Chapters of the Council of Trent*. I think it is plain that *if* such Letters professing to instruct the Body of the Faithful make it plain that their purport in regard to any particular doctrine is to teach us as *of faith* (in any of its senses) we are bound to consider such teaching as *ex cathedra* and infallible. But I hold that this must be made plain by the received forms which are understood to have that import, and that there may be and is much in all such Letters which has not this character. Excuse great haste and believe me, yours very sincerely,

C. W. RUSSELL.

*Letter 5.*

*May 22, 1868.*

MY DEAR FR. RYDER,—I am quite ashamed of leaving your kind present of the *Postscript* so long unacknowledged. It arrived just as we were entering on the most critical part

of our work in the selection of candidates for orders; and I was so engrossed for the time that it quite escaped my memory that I owed you a letter.

I think the *Postscript* a most seasonable one, and very valuable as explaining and confirming many things in the *Letter*. I should perhaps take a little exception to what you say about Bellarmine's view of St. Leo's letter, if it had not been for the strangely unfair line taken about it in the current No. of the *Dublin Review*. The *Unam Sanctam* is admirably appropriate as illustrating in reference to Papal pronouncements the principle which Theologians *used* to apply to the *Capitula* of the Council of Trent. I will ask you to make my very warmest remembrance to Dr. Newman and all my kind friends in the Oratory.—Ever, dear Fr. Ryder, yours sincerely,

C. W. RUSSELL.



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